TEN CENTS A COPY

Woodrow Wilson, Adventurer, by William Bolitho, on page 238

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1929 — NUMBER 12

Clean Hands

CENSORSHIP has run wild in the last six months, throwing its loose-meshed nets, so easy to wiggle through, over Voltaire and Rabelais, Ernest Hemingway and Eugene O'Neill, protecting, at the cost of imagination and a knowledge of human nature, standards of decency which are either dogmatic or hypocritical or both. But censors are not altogether to blame. Their motives are sometimes sound: it is what they do that is objectionable. At the International meeting of the P. E. N. clubs in Vienna this June, where nearly all civilized literatures were represented, it was voted, that while the representative writers present had the highest sense of their duty to protect youth, especially, from pornography, they besought the guardians of morals in every country to distinguish between works of genius which might run counter to conventional ideas of decency and pornography which had no value except to be obscene. It is this distinction which our censors have wilfully failed to make; indeed they have preferred to censor books and plays of unquestioned literary merit, letting many a worthless bit of trash carry its smut without restriction. They like to throw out the baby with the bath, the vitamin with the harmless germ, the essential food of the mind because it has not been prepared by the rules laid down in mother's cook book, the brilliant satire of "Candide" because the characters do not speak as if in a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. or the W. C. T. U. These vicious and unprincipled restrictions upon good literature favor mediocrity and discourage originality, for they favor dogmatic or prejudiced moral codes, or substitute a verbal conscience for real morality.

No use, however, in raving at censorship. A steady opposition, well argued, is the only remedy. But the opponents must come into court with clean hands. The excesses of censorship cannot be entirely explained by saying that times are changing faster than opinion. Violence usually springs from violence, restriction is a reaction from license, and the question which honest men and women eager to get into this battle for freedom must put to themselves, is whether the writers have given the censors any excuse

They certainly have, and to admit this is not for an instant to countenance censorship by suppression, which can have satisfied nobody, or nothing but the vanity of the censors.

The stage is typical. No one wants the theatre to preach, but can it divorce itself from social responsibility? Managers have run from bedroom scenes to jazzed murder, from the sensational to the morbid, in the hope of finding something that would persuade the New York audience to pay their prices. Dirty cracks that would have closed a theatre in long-skirt days are now the commonplaces of theatrical dialogue. "She appeared in the first play on Broadway which contained a full-length oath" —this from a theatre program. Well, it was good for the mealy-mouthed and for dramatic literature to let in some "damns" and "hells," "pimps" and "whores." But to seek success by means of cursing and crime and smut and the outrageous, to capitalize forms of vice new to the stage, to raise weekly the danger limit in the hope of outrunning the other smut hounds of the town—this is reckless (to use no stronger term) and cannot be defended on the ground of free speech or honesty or anything except the need of cash.

Nor have the journalist-critics of the drama betrayed any marked evidences of a sense of social responsibility, or much feeling for esthetic values. The New York dramatic critics are such good journalists that not even a dull play can make them write dully. But they would wisecrack over Racine and make merry over Gorky—if he were a new writer. Only a plot of high tempo with murder, pistol shots, and characters who are dress models of the current stage convention (which happens to be "hard-boiled") can reduce them to a state of prayerful consideration. One wonders what would have happened to the quiet development of "Journey's End" if the tom-tom and staccato of the guns back stage had not satisfied their yearnings for noise and stir-about. They flow with the tide, and the tide of ethical responsibility just now is out. Instead of applying the caustic to the soft spots of decadence and sensationalism they use it only upon faults of technique. If a play is "good theatre" it is good—and that is that. Very seldom is criticism of content

(*Continued on page 237*)

The Blind Mule

By MORRIS BISHOP

I SLOWED her down, for the bad road was coming;
And I could feel the fretful tappets drumming,
Impatient fingers of a choleric man.
Ahead, on the winding bit, there marched a span
Of mules, pulling an old and queasy dray.
In tune they nodded, as they picked their way,
Walking the delicate high-heeled walk of the mule.
I honked for room; obedient to the rule,
The team pulled over. As I made to pass,
The engine growling with its drink of gas,
The nigh mule craned upon me corner-wise;
We looked a moment in each other's eyes.
O terrible blind blue eyes that looked me through,
O burst blind eyes of milky lapis-blue,
What did you tell me of the life of fear?
The dark comes down, the bright worlds disappear;
The old mule still, in memory of the light,
Brushed by the furious engines of the night,
Feeling in every gust the wild surmise,
Turns to the sound of death his blind blue eyes.

This Week

"A Farewell to Arms."
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.
"The Laughing Queen."
Reviewed by ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.
"The Love of the Foolish Angel."
Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.
"A Victorian Village."
Reviewed by MARGARET P. MONTAGUE.
"Truth and the Faith."
Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.
Books of the Fall.
By AMY LOVEMAN.

Next Week, or Later

. . . . But Is It Art?
By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

Hail, Britannica!*

By ALLAN NEVINS

THE assembling and publication of a new edition of the Britannica is today a work of generalship rather than mere editorship. Since the tenth edition, when Horace Hooper introduced American methods into the preparation and promotion of the encyclopædia, it has become more and more an international enterprise. The ninth edition was dated 1875. It seems lost in late-Victorian shades and was doubtless thoroughly Victorian in method. The tenth was ushered in 1902 upon a world which had been amply warned of the great event by what *Punch* called the noise of "Hooper whooping"; the London *Times* had thrown its massive influence behind the work, the celebratory dinner in London had a list of guests surpassing any Lord Mayor's banquet, and from Land's End to Skye, from Portland to San Diego, and from Melbourne to Vancouver, public interest had been artfully excited. Eight years later, in the eleventh edition of 1910, edited by Hugh Chisholm, the encyclopædia further vindicated its position as one of the greatest educational institutions in the English-reading world, and one of the monuments of human erudition. A revision is a staggering task; as Lord Bryce said, it means fixing a new landmark in the record of knowledge. It involves summoning the united resources of British, American, and to some extent outside learning, it requires a tremendous work of reapportionment and readjustment, it entails meeting new demands of democratic appeal, and artistic form, and it must be combed and recombed with scientific precision. It would be easy to blunder in some great essential, and a public of nearly 200,000,000 people would fall upon the blunder.

"Revision" this time is hardly the word to be used. We have a new world to describe. Twenty years have passed since the last full edition was written, and in this period Versailles has given us new nations and empires, Einstein has offered us a new cosmogony, science has provided a new outlook everywhere, and morals, manners, and ideas have flowed into radically new channels. Henry Adams's principle of acceleration makes the old encyclopædia rather a danger than a guide. The most fatal error would be to retain too much of what was true and the last word in 1910. The best method was the method here followed of sweeping most of the old work away entire. The credit for this boldness goes to Mr. Garvin, a journalist-scholar who has had ideas of his own and courage to execute them. The newnesses of the encyclopædia stand out aggressively. The print is new and better, with the old small-type sections gone entirely. The illustrations are astonishingly numerous—15,000 of them—and in practical worth no less than attractiveness set a new standard. The number of articles is greatly increased, and the long articles are broken up by subheadings. All topics have been drastically revalued.

One word of reassurance should be said at the outset. An ill-calculated type of publicity has made judicious people grieve in the fear that the noble old encyclopædia would be "popularized" like some of our monthly magazines. The announcement

* THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Fourteenth Edition. A New Survey of Universal Knowledge. J. L. GARVIN, Editor-in-Chief. FRANKLIN H. HOOPER, American Editor. WARREN E. COX, Art Director. New York: The Encyclopædia Britannica Company. 1929. 24 volumes.

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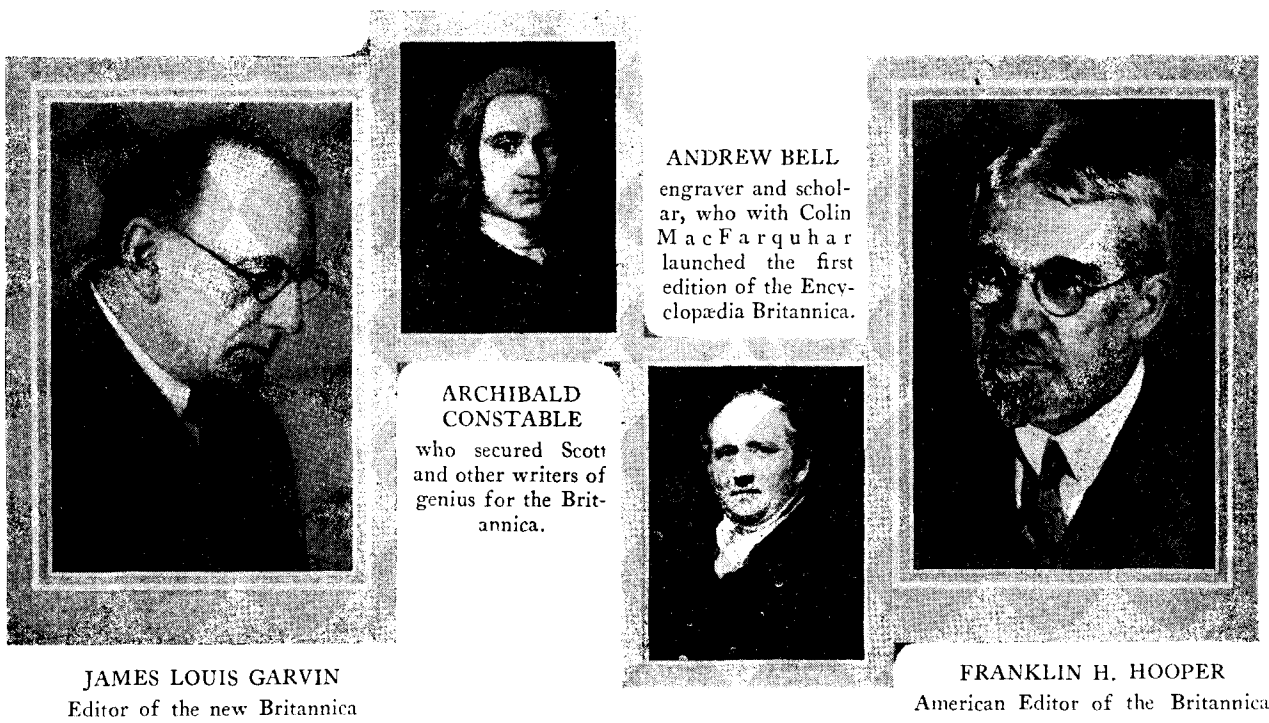
that Henry Ford was writing on mass-production, Gene Tunney on pugilism, and Irene Castle on dancing, bred a suspicion that the editors might be going in for stunts rather than solidity. But this kind of publicity proves to have been entirely misleading. The choice of persons like those just named sprang from a principle which in most of its applications has been happy. It has given us such notable essays (they often deserve the word) as Marshal Foch's on morale in war, Elihu Root's on the world court, Colonel House's on the Paris Conference, Helen Wills's on lawn tennis, Colonel T. E. Lawrence's on guerilla warfare, ex-Secretary Kellogg's on the outlawry of war, and General Smuts's on holism. It is an incurious person who will not wish to read such contributions, and they could not have been better done. The corps of sub-editors, a body of distinguished scientists, historians, economists, artists, and men of letters, is alone a guarantee of character; and the roll of contributors is on the whole a list of the most responsible and expert writers one could easily select. Those who chose the American contributors include Dr. Isaiah Bowman, Raymond Pearl, Roscoe Pound, James Harvey Robinson, John R. Commons, Henry S. Canby, Vernon L. Kellogg, and men like them. There is popularization, but not at the expense of accuracy or erudition. Probably no previous edition of this encyclopædia has had so large an array of university men and men representing research institutions.



JAMES LOUIS GARVIN
Editor of the new Britannica

ANDREW BELL
engraver and scholar, who with Colin MacFarquhar launched the first edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE
who secured Scott and other writers of genius for the Britannica.

FRANKLIN H. HOOPER
American Editor of the Britannica

It is not the "popularization" of the work which most impresses the careful observer, though the claim to "humanization" is valid. What do stand out are four characteristics which are to the credit of the edition, and two which may be counted as partial defects. In the first group we may note that (1) it has been thoroughly and carefully modernized; that (2) it has been given a much more practical character than it previously had; that (3) it has been decidedly Americanized, the excessive British emphasis of previous editions being largely overcome; and (4) that it contains many scattered innovations which are a result of approaching the field of knowledge in a new way, and accepting new divisions in that field. The defects are that it is a shorter work and in some respects materially less exhaustive than its predecessors; and that an unevenness is visible both in some of the rewriting and in some of the work of retention from the old edition.

The modernization of the work has various aspects. It is the least of them, of course, that it brings old or obvious topics like the story of the novel, or Herbert Hoover, or Massachusetts down to date. This has been well done—Edmund Gosse and Lion Feuchtwanger write on the novel, Vernon Kellogg on his friend, Mr. Hoover, and James Truslow Adams on Massachusetts; but any encyclopaedists would do it fairly well. The greatest test was in presenting a really full survey of the multifarious new arts, new inventions, new processes, and new institutions and ways that have come into being. It would not do to forget Rotor Ship or Regional Planning (capably handled by Lewis Mumford) or Russian Coöperatives. It would not do to leave out Birth Control (a long and fairly good article, though dealing mainly with British experience, and timidly signed X), or Bird Sanctuaries, or Bear Mountain Bridge. But it would be rather easy to forget almost any of these, or even to omit such a subject as Batik, which receives a long and careful article, elaborately illustrated, by the art editor himself, Warren E. Cox. The Sacco-Vanzetti case must receive its column, a cool and detached record of the affair without analysis of the evidence. The Channel Tunnel is treated in a long article by Sir Arthur Fell, strong in advocacy of the project. It falls close by Community Kitchen, discussed by the professor in charge of hotel courses at Cornell University. It is hard for anyone who reads the 12,000 words on Diesel Engines and scans the illustrative plates to realize that the edition of 1910 gave them but one hurried paragraph in the article on Oil Engines. Where the old edition had a brief and wooden article on advertising, dealing almost wholly with the nineteenth century, the new one has 10,000 words (by Daniel Starch of Harvard and others) with a host of illustrations, forming a satisfying survey of twentieth century practise. Aeronautics comes in for a treatise of thirty-three pages, and there is an article on Lindbergh which covers everything but his marriage. The editors are a year too early for the coming American census figures, which is unfortunate, but they have taken pains to utilize the best recent estimates in matters like population.

The two extremes in the modernizing of the work are the treatment of the latest scientific advances and the latest discoveries regarding remote antiquity, both dealt with by an impressive array of experts. Collectively these articles offer a stimulating exhibition of the ground conquered by man in twenty years. It is almost startling to compare the archæological sections of 1910 with the twenty individual articles on subdivisions of archæological study presented here, and decidedly startling to place beside the old treatment of physics the dozen articles (the chief by Sir Oliver Lodge) which summarize its present estate. In the former field the discoveries of Lord Carnarvon in Egypt, of the Germans Koldewey and Andrae at Assur, of the Oxford-Chicago and London-Philadelphia groups at Kish and Ur, of American archæologists in the Maya cities of Yucatan, of the French at Timgad and the Italians at Leptis Magna—all this and much more has rewritten chapters of ancient history. The editors can well say that we know more of the remote origins of Eastern and Mediterranean civilizations than was guessed by the best schools of antiquity at the zenith of their learning. New light is thrown on the yet unsettled question of the priority in civilization of Egypt or Mesopotamia; Sir John Marshall has discovered the early bronze age Indo-Sumerian culture of the Punjab and Sind and its connection with early Babylonia. In science the effort to piece great new truths out of a mass of discoveries is still more striking. Twenty years ago there could be no articles on Isotropes, Quantum Theory, or Hormones; the Atom was discussed in terms (we are told) now quaintly false; Electron got a few lines; Einstein was not mentioned; Matter bore an entirely different look. The World War will perhaps yet seem less important than the contemporary scientific changes. Here, with Einstein himself writing on Space-Time, Eddington on Astonomy, and Bohr on the Atom, a host of articles catches science at what is admitted to be a moment of revolution. As Sir Oliver Lodge writes, the array of recent discoveries "constitutes an elaborate network of interlockings and coincidences, which must have a deep-seated meaning when we can unravel the tangled skein. All we can do now is to hint at the stages that are being reached, to realize that nothing like the last word has been spoken, to wonder at the genius which has so greatly illumined and yet partly confused us, and to have faith in the advent of a great generalization."

Closely linked with this modernization is the progressive Americanization of the once insular Britannica. Its English editor notes in the introduction that there are 130,000,000 Americans and Canadians against 50,000,000 people in the British Isles, and that the United States has become the richest, strongest, and most vibrantly active nation in history. The centre of gravity of the English-speaking world has decisively changed, and the editors make the proper deduction. In the next edition they will do well to drop the title Britannica for one more accurate. American Literature (by Henry S. Canby) receives more space for the period since 1900 than English, and justifies the allotment. In the former edition Wellington was given ten and a half columns and Washington eight, an allotment obviously unfair and characteristic of a great deal else in the work. In this edition Washington receives thirteen columns and Wellington six and a half, which is about as it should be. In the old edition Alexander Hamilton and Sir Robert Peel were granted "parity" with eight columns each; in the new, Peel is cut down to five-sevenths of the space apportioned to Hamilton. Distinctively American developments like the Rotary Clubs, City Manager Plan, and Rockefeller Benefactions (this last by Arthur Woods) are taken up for liberal treatment. In articles on such subjects as Agriculture, Iron and Steel, and Advertising the old emphasis on European experience has given way to a fairly equal division between European and American practice; indeed, on most industrial topics, legal topics, and sports topics there is a distinct American section. American place names have been multiplied, and citizens of villages like Carthage, N. Y. (population 4,325) can thrill to find their town now under its own proper heading in the Britannica. The encyclopædia, quite properly, loses few opportunities to sound the note of Anglo-American solidarity, as in Mr. Garvin's able article on the English-Speaking World. There is room here and there for improvement still in the Americanizing of the work, but a strong advance has been made.

The practicality of the new edition is brought out in four or five particulars. We live in an industrial era, and the editors recognize the fact. While articles devoted to what may be called "dead" subjects, especially biographical—ancient generals, mediæval archbishops, eighteenth century actors, early Polish authors—have been boiled down, present-day industrial processes are elaborately treated. Chocolate, for example, received eleven lines in the last edition, in this there are two columns and a plate illustrating steps in chocolate manufacture, supplemented by three pages and two plates on cocoa and its manufacture. There were three columns on shoe-manufacture in the last edition; in this we find eight, with thirteen illustrations, the whole showing the layman just how every part of the shoe is made. The articles on such subjects as Photography (supplemented by Flash-Photography) and Batik are designed to be of practical value to amateur and expert alike. Another practical innovation is the introduction of articles on the greater American and British corporations. For the first time we have a scattered history of different railways, with President Daniel Willard writing on the Baltimore and Ohio and President Charles Donnelly on the Northern Pacific; a history of the American Banknote Company, the Bethlehem Steel Company, the Western Union Company (by Newcomb Carlton), and dozens of others. The statistical information —the fact that General Motors in 1927 had plants in fifty cities, built 1,560,000 cars, and had 18,000 dealers in more than one hundred countries—is quickly out of date, but this innovation is sound and should be extended. General phases of industrialism are covered by general articles; for example, there is a discussion of Company Promoting. There is

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an enlarged range of scientific articles of a distinctly practical kind. Among them are a much more thorough discussion of Insect Enemies and their control, of Distribution of Life, of Courtship of Animals, and of the whole range of topics like Poultry-Farming.

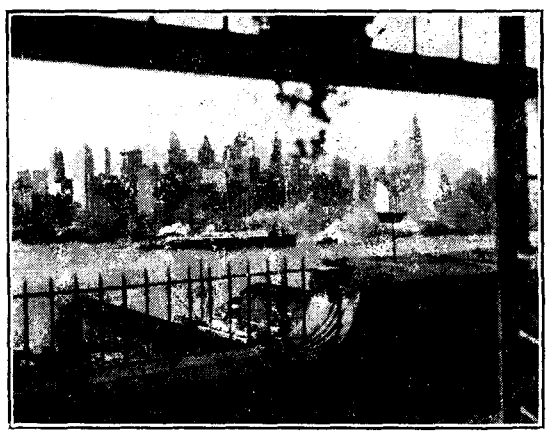
But where old conventions have been broken most sharply is perhaps in the inclusion of a large number of entirely new articles which show, as we have said, a new approach to the field of knowledge. That is, there are a series of general headings for which it would often be difficult to find parallels in other encyclopædias. Usually they lend themselves to essay treatment. Mr. Garvin's English-Speaking World, already mentioned, is one illustration. All encyclopædias have articles on government; but here we meet two stimulating essays on Civil Liberty, one by Morris L. Ernst of the New York bar, and one by Sidney Pollock Haynes of England. The discussion is rounded out by two parallel essays on Censorship, Leon Whipple's able analysis of its American aspects covering movies, plays, books, radio, and military censorship. All encyclopædias treat education; this treats Coeducation under a separate heading, Dean Louise Firch's article dealing with all important countries, including India. For the first time the American Frontier makes its appearance under a separate heading, a topic from which Frederic L. Paxson has extracted the utmost. In the past nothing has been more vexatious to the man who wanted to learn about the Cost of Living than the search in encyclopædia indexes for scraps of disjointed information; but here are supplied articles for both Europe and the United States, with Royal Meeker the American contributor. Under General Strike we find William Graham, M.P., presenting a realistic and fair essay, which gives more than two columns to the British general strike of 1926 and furnishes a striking analysis not only of the reasons why it failed, but of the reasons why any similar movement in a modern state is almost certain to fail. Physical Resources was a general topic not broached in the last edition. Here it covers a tremendous section by a rather dazzling array of specialists, who furnish an exhaustive survey of the mineral, vegetable, and animal products of every land under the sun. To turn to a decidedly different innovation, there is an article on Modern Gastronomy by Paul Reboux of Paris which some people ought to find worth the whole price of the set. After offering the delectable information that Frederick the Great mixed his coffee with champagne and mustard, and that in the Middle Ages the best Paris restaurant served dormouse pie and dishes of mixed snakes, it offers some recipes to "give an idea of the kind of dish which harmonizes with a modern dining room." These include tomato tart with cheese and mushrooms, cold pork with truffles, haricot beans with cream sauce, and stewed apples flavored with tangerines.

* * *

After this exposition of the merits of the new edition it is not ungracious to advert to a mention of some of its defects. The chief of these is undoubtedly the loss of the old thoroughness in dealing with some static phases of past knowledge. The 1910 edition comprised twenty-nine volumes of slightly over 1,000 pages each, much of the material being in small type; this edition comprises twenty-four volumes of slightly over 1,000 pages, all in large type. Add to this the marked expansion in treating contemporaneous topics, and it will be seen that many old fields of knowledge have felt the blue pencil drastically. The editor's preface has much to say in justification of this course, and it is true that a separate encyclopædia for history, or religion, or international biography, might well run to equal length—a limit must be set somewhere. But there is good reason for advising all owners of the old edition not to discard it in buying the new, but to keep it somewhere in reach. When they wish to refer to the earlier history of the Papacy, for example, they will find much in the 1910 edition that is not in the 1929. If it is the book of Leviticus which some student is scrutinizing, he will get a good deal more meat from the eight and a half columns in the old edition, most of it in fine print, than from the five large-type columns in this. Illustrations might be multiplied. For the world in which we live the reëdited encyclopædia is indispensable, but for the world in which past ages lived the previous version is in some respects more satisfying. Though part of the condensation represents a mere squeezing out of water, we think Mr. Garvin would have been well advised to cling to twenty-nine volumes or even to rise to thirty.

The other point at which this edition is most open to criticism lies simply, as we have said, in the unevenness of some of the new contributions and in the lack of judgment here and there in failing to get new contributions at all. Probably no encyclopædia has ever touched the high literary and scholarly level of the old Britannica at its best. It is a pleasure to turn to some of the classic contributions which Mr. Garvin has wisely retained. There is Lord Macaulay on Bunyan and on Dr. Johnson, two immortal papers which no increase of knowledge can ever displace. There are John Morley's fine essay on Comte, and Frederic Harrison's on Ruskin, and Sir Richard Jebb's on Greek literature. There is Prince Kropotkin, to come to a later name, on Anarchism, which the editors have wisely kept, merely adding a commentary by Harold J. Laski. But many of the old subjects had to be done over, and some readers will think that the editors let too many of them be done poorly.

In the biographical articles, which we may take as representative of others, the aims impressed upon contributors have apparently been to use the best recent knowledge, and to humanize the subject. In many instances the result has been excellent. A gleaming example is G. K. Chesterton's article on Charles Dickens, replacing the old article by Thomas Seccombe. The old was good, but this is a masterpiece, and may be pronounced one of the finest brief criticisms and estimates of an author ever



It was a little north of this present Manhattan of the towers, in the region of the Brooklyn Bridge, that Al Smith was born.

penned. The former article on Thomas Carlyle was by Leslie Stephen, and it required hardihood to try to better it; but David Alec Wilson has achieved the feat. It need hardly be said that Nathaniel Stephenson's treatment of Lincoln rises far above that previously contributed by J. G. Nicolay. The new discussion of Gladstone by Sir Charles E. Mallet is a distinct advance upon G. W. E. Russell's rather commonplace treatment in previous editions, and might again be cited as a masterpiece of condensed critical biography. But it is easy to find contributions which fall below this level. When we turn to Berchtold, by Professor A. B. Pibram of the University of Vienna, it is staggering to find not a word on war-guilt in reference to one of the guiltiest single individuals. Hawthorne, strangely enough, was better treated by Richard Henry Stoddard in the old edition than by Vernon L. Parrington in this. There are not a few biographies of men recently dead which correspond in tone to Herman Hagedorn's essay on Roosevelt, one long eulogy with scarce a discriminating or critical word. As for figures who should have been dealt with afresh, it would be possible to make a considerable list beginning with the crucial name of Shakespeare. For example, it is somewhat dismaying to find in Richard Garnett's old article on Washington Irving—in the face of the discoveries by Mr. Hellman and others—that Irving never married because he remaine "true to the memory of an early attachment blight by death." Students of American history will with displeasure that such statesmen as Henry and Grover Cleveland are represented by un articles which are unwarrantably brief and inadequate use of the materials of recent ship.

But the wonder is that in a work of s mous scope, and involving such a radical re old methods, forms, and materials, t should be so few and should so seldom a gravity. It is a production in which not editors but the whole world of England ica may take the most hearty pride, a everyone interested in education ar wish the largest possible circulation.

The Boy from Oliver Street

UP TO NOW: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Alfred E. Smith. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. L. Mencken

A CERTAIN sad refinement hangs about the opening of this interesting and instructive book: it is as if the author approached his job in a maidenly flutter, and with an eye upon the neighbors. On page 3 the second floor of a house in Water Street, down where the Brooklyn Bridge begins, becomes delicately transmogrified, in the English manner, into the first floor, and the first floor becomes the ground floor. On page 8 the fatherless and forlorn little Smith family, returning home after dark, sits down to what is described as "a hurriedly prepared dinner," and further down the same page young Al himself, after selling newspapers "between four and six," dines afterward.

For one, I refuse to believe it. Moreover, it seems to be too thick for even Al himself, for in a little while he throws all such uncomfortable elegancies overboard and begins to tell his story as it really happened, in plain United States. By the time he gets to page 37 he is eating a hearty dinner at midday, like the honest lad that he was and is, and on page 84, coming to the celebrated No. 25 Oliver Street, he boldly calls the second floor by its right name. Thereafter, there is no more lascivious dalliance with euphemism. The tale, as I shall show, has its reticences, but there is at least an end of falsetto. Hero and bard are alike the authentic *Mensch an sich*.

What are we to gather from it? Chiefly, I believe, the ancient truism that human destiny has little if anything to do with human volition. There is no sign whatever that the young Al, horning his cautious way into the politics of lower New York, had any notion of the immortality that was waiting for him. If he harbored a dream at all, it was a dream of something far more modest. What he aimed at chiefly, in those innocent days, was simply security: a safe and not too onerous job, a paltry but steady wage. Tom Foley, the boss downtown, had such things to offer, and so he became a faithful Foley man. Neither of them, so far as the record shows, saw anything more glorious ahead. So late as the Summer of 1905, after Al had been in the Assembly for two terms, doing nothing and learning nothing, Foley was preparing to promote him to the city Building Department—an asylum for docile hacks, never to be heard of again—and he was "inclined to accept."

But the powers and principalities of the air ordained it otherwise. They filled Al with a sudden, strange yearning to prove that he was not an automaton after all, and so he went back to Albany for another term, and there, in 1906, he met the man who was to influence him ... any other. That man was James ... a beginner li' ... ready, by ... the Assem ... were on o ... two poles ... Al, for th ... ments an ... vised Fo' ... the ne ... ever ... po' ...

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dom, homely but searching. That sort of wisdom runs from end to end of his book. It is not the work of a profound thinker, but it is plainly the work of an immensely shrewd and observant man.

The best parts, it seems to me, have nothing to do with politics, nor even with statecraft. I point, for example, to the chapter called "Some Responsibilities of Being Governor." Most of it is devoted to something that newspaper readers probably give little thought to—the horrible business of dealing with commutations and pardons, and especially with death warrants. Every criminal condemned to the chair tries frantically to get off, and now and then the plea that he makes would melt a heart of concrete. Al had no heart of concrete; he was a tender fellow, with a keen feeling for the unfortunate, and so he suffered dreadfully. His account of his doings and sensations at the time of the execution of Ruth Snyder is genuinely moving. Even more moving, perhaps, is his story of a condemned man who made no plea for mercy and apparently had no friends. Al was busy, but he was not too busy to take the part of friend himself. There ensued long hearings, with judges and district attorneys summoned to give accounts of themselves, and in the end the sentence was commuted.

All this is very interesting, but there are other things that might have been more interesting still. These things Al discreetly evades. Perhaps it is too much to ask him to discuss them, for he may be a candidate again in 1932, and so he must be careful, but all the same one may say that their omission is to be lamented. I can find in the narrative no reference to Tammany that gets beyond the obvious, and no allusion to its great men that does more than dismiss them politely. Of Al's long, and, in the end, unsuccessful effort to purge and dephlogisticate the Wigwam there is nothing. It may be that, having yielded to the itch to write at fifty-six, he may yield to it again later on, and so tell us his whole story. But for the present he leaves half of it untold, and that the better half. What we have is pleasant enough, but as scientific history it is as unsatisfactory as a life of Bryan without any reference to the Scopes trial, or a life of Harding without mention of Daugherty or Nan Britton.

Putting it down, one question in particular haunts me. Did Al really believe, a year ago, that he was going to be elected? It is hard to imagine so astute a fellow embracing that folly, but there is a passage on page 406 which indicates that he did. Or was he merely trying to keep up the courage of his family? In such matters a politician knows how to be mysterious: it is an essential part of his craft. Last October I traveled with Al during the last semester of his campaign. Every newspaper reporter on his train believed that he was doomed beyond hope, and so did every local statesman who came aboard to palaver with him, and, so far as I could make out, nearly every member of his personal party. But his own thoughts [illegible] never revealed, and here in [illegible] *in petto*. I am the question. [illegible]ld be very . And if . lesson in t so mag-

ace. His grace of [illegible]tory to [illegible]nfre- [illegible]vn- [illegible]h

The House of the Blessed

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HAPPINESS. By WALTER B. PITKIN. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

HAVING launched the thesis, in his "Twilight of the American Mind" that first-rate intelligence is a drug on the market, Mr. Pitkin, once Professor of Psychology, then of Journalism, in turn American editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica, follows it with the conclusion that this over-rated quality has questionable place in the kit of happiness. At all events in the house of the blessed, who are first considered, we find a gallery of examples, with brawn, and health, and capable digestions, and a high euphoric tone, with limited endowment, and insensitiveness to their limitations, who attain that much sought goal. For that is the method of this contribution,—journalistic, cyclopædic, with filmed projections in high light setting and close-up analyses. But underlying it all is an alert and sound psychological insight which yields an illuminating formula. The older moralistic and intellectualized formulæ for the evasive gift at the hands of what gods there be beside Fortuna are vain, for the most part unrealizable, because not rooted psychologically in the organic sources from which such blessings flow. Living within your psychic income but living on it as well, living fully and freely on your assets, and avoiding unsuitable liabilities, you will in a true sense be living your own life, by the grace of God or your genes, as you are inclined to place your gratitude, and without too much solicitude for Mrs. Grundy and the neighbors. There are indeed levels of happiness, and the gamut of emotion is wide; the pleasure scale is as variable as the income tax, and the common denominators of joy are organically simple.

The thesis proceeds by the case method, and in less deft hands would prove a dud. But Mr. Pitkin is a man of varied contacts with an expert's insight into personality, and a psychologist's background. Happiness is the song-theme, but the personalities are the moving pictures, often with the speaking likeness of an actual voice. The book might have been called—for the author shares James's interest in human specimens, "Varieties of Personality Experience." The lay reader (and who is not in this field?) may not agree minutely with his assignments, especially not if he takes too seriously inflated biographical estimates, or is misled by the easy assumption that those who have done notable things must be men of great parts; but he will be impressed with the keen objective analysis. Most of the examples are unknown to fame and their portraits must be disguised to prevent their intimate friends from recognizing them; so they go by as neutral names as "candle-ends" and "toasted cheese," as they try their fate in hunting the snark, Happiness, and as often land a boojum. It doesn't matter whether you know them or not: W. J. Bryan and Garibaldi, and Stanley Hall in the gallery of the blessed; and Woodrow Wilson, Kant, Pappini among the accursed. The "blessed vegetable" and the "ivory turtle" or the "hobo-æsthe" answer as well. Only we must take Mr. Pitkin's voucher for them, for he is their sole analyst. And that is where one's doubts begin. For this is not the Stanley Hall that I knew, and Dr. Lorine Pruette who has envisaged him as "The Biography of a Mind" agrees only in catching the play-boy quality of his temperament and career. Bryan is an easy mark for almost any analyst, and if this is the real inner Wilson, his camouflaging has been complete. But no matter: the result stands, that men great and small, must be examined under the same realistic microscope if they are to yield the valid lesson (a [illegible]eutral term, with slight moral and a larger hygienic [illegible]eaning) of their lives. And the arbiter of value [illegible]he liver himself; shape career to energy and [illegible]'rred satisfactions and the chance for happi- [illegible]s strong. With more ambition than energy, [illegible]ensitiveness to thwart and shock, more wor- [illegible]ilty to duty and insistent concern for rea- [illegible]good natured zest in the game and the [illegible]d your happiness balance is likely to be

such simple classification holds for motley any more than for listing the depositors as rich or poor. Most fall in the class More or Less" and the varieties of types [illegible]le-class world of ours, with a special [illegible]hose who have achieved a "joyless [illegible]misery"—a genial phrase—constitute the most instructive specimens in the Pitkinian gallery. The varieties of denatured lives, not wholly flat but lacking the authentic quality and flavor, the near-happy, more depressed by their separation than elated by their proximity, and the one-tenth-of-one-percenters who can placidly take refuge in a substitute, and above all those protected by apathy, by hides of variable toughness: these yield the varieties of known and unknown specimens that you most readily find at your fireside if you have the gift of inspiring personal confidences, or on the biographical section of your neighborhood library if you know where they stand on the shelves: d'Annunzio, Horace Greeley, Newman, Channing.

As the lay reader—interested if not cheered by this intriguing excursion, with rarely a dull moment or a halting page—reads the epilogue with its code of sound advice, offering no time-tables or traveling schedules of the trains of happiness, but definite indications of the stations from which they depart and the choice of destinations, closes the book, he will be a wiser if not a happier man. For despite its arbitrarily eclectic, personally conducted tour among varieties of human specimens, the excursion has the plan of a serious analytic purpose. In judging its intention as well as destination the comparison is inevitable between the Pitkinian and the Freudian techique. Certainly Pitkin profits by the approaches of Freud and by his concepts, but he follows them only so far as they are ready tools. The Freudian formulæ are at once too limited and too minutely elaborated within their limitation. Psycho-analysis in many instances explains too easily and too much. This realistic product is more liberal and more convincing. It is a psycho-analytic study first and foremost, but in the catholic, not the cultist sense in which that term will find more useful employment.

"Dublin critics and playgoers are sharply divided concerning the merits of the new ballet play, 'Fighting the Waves,' by W. B. Yeats and George Antheil, staged by the Abbey Theatre," said a recent dispatch to a New York newspaper.

"The piece is an enlarged edition of one of Yeats's earlier dream plays, 'The Only Jealousy of Emer,' Antheil, supplying the music for a number of ballet scenes by which the development of the main theme is introduced and rounded off. An additional feature is that the players wear special heavy masks designed by a Dutch artist, Hildo Krop, the idea being to concentrate attention as much as possible upon the spoken word. For the same reason the actors are confined to the use of strictly mechanical gestures. That much genius has gone to the construction of the work goes without saying. It is also agreed that the production, elocution, singing and dancing are all that could be desired. But that the ensemble constitutes a contribution of value to dramatic art is stoutly denied by many good judges.

THE books listed below have been read with interest by the Editors of *The Saturday Review* and have seemed to us worthy of especial recommendation to our subscribers. It is our desire to bring to the attention of our readers books of real excellence, especially books by new or not widely known authors, which may not always get the recognition which we believe they deserve.

★ANIMALS LOOKING AT YOU. By PAUL EIPPER. Viking.
A sympathetic study of animal psychology, literary (and perhaps satiric) in character. Remarkable pictures.

★THE BYZANTINE ACHIEVEMENT. By ROBERT BYRON. Knopf.
An excellent introduction to an important field of history, of which most readers know little, and most of that wrong.

★THERE IS ANOTHER HEAVEN. By ROBERT NATHAN. Bobbs-Merrill.
A delicate and fantastic portrayal of the Jew in a Gentile world.

The Saturday Review
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Story of the Brave

FAREWELL TO ARMS. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WHEN Mr. Hemingway dawned upon his native land with "The Sun Also Rises" he was received with mingled praise and doubt. His skill as a story-teller was evident, his dialogue was superb, he had that gift of creating a vivid reality which makes any suit trumps for a novelist, but his subject matter troubled the serious minded. So much art seemed wasted upon the lovable but futile revellers who ran from cocktail to cocktail up and down France, self-tortured, but flippant, as unmoral as monkeys yet pathetically appealing for sympathy in their mental woes (which were usually aggravated by a headache).

Since then we have had many short stories and this full-length novel, and now his scope and purpose become clearer. Those restless, witty youngsters of "The Sun Also Rises," charming even when drunk, were not trying to escape from life so much as from the anarchic whirl of their own minds. They were war neuroses, the electrons of a youthful generation dislodged by the rays of conflict and bombarding through the ether. Whether good physics or not, the comparison is instructive, for an electron, never still, meaning nothing except as a symbol, never all at one place at one time, is an exact similitude of the nervous wanderers from bar to bar and *plage* to bull ring.

The physical disturbance has subsided since "The Sun Also Rises." In "Farewell to Arms," war is confessedly the disintegrant, but the hero has found meaning in existence again. While the futile Italian army beats in vain against the white Austrian peaks, and the war sickens, and there is no more sense in valor or loyalty and only kindliness and good humor left in the world; when the fugitives crowd down from Caparetto, and honest men are shot as traitors, and the best soldiers want only to go home; then the trifling amour between an American lieutenant in the Italian service and an English nurse, which is the opening theme of this novel, intensifies to a love which is something to grip the imagination and risk life for. Human particle uniting to human particle turns accident into substance again. And in place of the know-nothingness of his earlier philosophy, Hemingway gives us a youth who hates fate because it attacks "the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too, but there will be no special hurry." He stands up against fate and defies it and makes of his love tragedy an experience to hold fast to in the midst of a general debacle. We have passed from the anarchic to the stoic view of things. Youth that stuck out its tongue at the world is playing the game. This is not reversal, it is only development.

* * *

I do not think that this attempted philosophic analysis is taking Hemingway too seriously. You cannot take too seriously a novel of such vivid reality as "Farewell to Arms," nor an observer and auditor of such uncanny powers. Hundreds of writers have told the story . . . weariness of routine . . . a casual love affair . . . an obsession with loving . . . the subtle change from mistress to wife (Henry never actually marries Catherine, but that is irrelevant) . . . tragedy impending upon too much happiness . . . the poignant end. But it is not the plot that counts, it is the circumstance and the complete realization of the characters. In this book you get your own times in typical essence to wonder about and interpret.

Yet I do not believe that Hemingway's strength lies in character creation. His Catherine and his Henry have nothing strange or novel in their personalities. Catherine is a fine girl who needs a lover. Henry is an individualist who acts by instinct rationalized not by principle, and makes his friends love him. Hemingway's art is to make such not unfamiliar characters articulate when he finds them. His minor people, like the pagan and affectionate Rinaldi, or old Count Greffi, playing billiards and discoursing wisdom at 94, are more original than his protagonists. It isn't *what* they are, it is *how* they are that seems important, and of course that is a true principle in art. Anyone can outline a psychology, but how many can give you, whole and self-interpreting, just a darky crossing the road, or a man nursing his first wound!

Hemingway works almost entirely through a simple record of incident and dialogue which he stretches to include meditation in the rhythm of thought. It is a fine art. He plays upon a principle which Robert Frost stated years ago, that every speaker has his own style and rhythm, unmistakable as his finger prints, and adds a discovery in which Gertrude Stein (who carries it into absurdity) helps him, that the recurrent rhythms of thought carry word repetitions with them, so that both dialogue and meditation can be charged with so much personality that further description is unnecessary.

"I'm going to have a baby, darling. It's almost three months along. You're not worried, are you? Please, please don't. You mustn't worry."

"All right."

"Is it all right?"

"Of course."

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
From a drawing by Waldo Pierce.

"I did everything. I took everything but it didn't make any difference."

"I'm not worried."

"I couldn't help it, darling, and I haven't worried about it. You musn't worry or feel badly."

"I only worry about you."

"That's it. That's what you mustn't do. People have babies all the time. Everybody has babies. It's the natural thing."

"You're pretty wonderful."

"No I'm not. But you mustn't mind, darling. I'll try and not make trouble for you. I know I've made trouble now. But haven't I been a good girl until now? You never knew it, did you?"

"No."

"It will all be like that. You simply mustn't worry. I can see you're worrying. Stop it. Stop it right away. Wouldn't you like a drink, darling? I know a drink always makes you feel cheerful."

"No. I feel cheerful. And you're pretty wonderful." . . .

We were quiet awhile and did not talk. Catherine was sitting on the bed and I was looking at her but we did not touch each other. We were apart as when one comes into a room and people are self-conscious. She put out her hand and took mine.

"You aren't angry are you, darling?"

"No."

"And you don't feel trapped?"

"Maybe a little. But not by you."

"I didn't mean by me. You mustn't be stupid. I meant trapped at all."

"You always feel trapped biologically." She went away a long way without stirring or removing her hand

"'Always' isn't a pretty word."

"I'm sorry."

"It's all right. But you see I've never had a baby and I've never even loved any one. And I've tried to be the way you wanted and then you talk about 'always.'"

"I could cut off my tongue," I offered.

"Oh, darling!" she came back from wherever she had been. "You musn't mind me." We were both together again and the self-consciousness was gone. "We really are the same one, and we mustn't misunderstand on purpose. . . . Because there's only us two and in the world there's all the rest of them. If anything comes between us we're gone and then they have us."

"They won't get us," I said. "Because you're too brave. Nothing ever happens to the brave. . . . You're brave."

"No," she said. "But I would like to be."

Nothing more is needed than just this for a story. Of course there are other ways. Dialogue can be conventionalized (like Elinor Wylie's) and then it is the ideas set in their own personal rhythm which give the effect of life. Or it can be made realistic as when taken out of a note-book record, and this, if the worst way, is sometimes effective. But H ingway is after voice rhythms and voice contr It is the way these people talk not what they that lifts the scene into reality.

I see that he is being criticized for writing English that teachers of writing would despair o because of its devastations of grammar and syntax. If the teachers despair, they are ignorant. Few experimenters are always successful, and when he does go really wrong, which is seldom, it is because in the attempt to make his English more expressive he overstrains an instrument which, at its best, is crude.

Lying on the floor of the flat-car with the guns beside me under the canvas I was wet, cold and very hungry. . . . I could remember Catherine but I knew I would get crazy if I thought about her when I was not sure yet I would see her. . . . Hard as the floor of the car to lie not thinking only feeling, having been away too long, the clothes wet and the floor moving only a little each time and lonesome inside and alone with wet clothing and hard floor for a wife.

The rhythm of this last sentence is lovely, its success complete except just for an item of wilfulness which stopped him short in the last labor necessary to reconcile rhythm and sense.

"I stay too long and talk too much." He was worried that he really did.

This is just sloppy English.

Sometimes still pleasant and fond and warm and breakfast and lunch. Sometimes all niceness gone and glad to get out on the street but always another day starting and then another night and the difference between the night and the day and how the night was better unless the day was very clear and cold and I could not tell it; as I cannot tell it now.

This (in its context) is for all its looseness an admirable rendering of half articulate thought. Hemingway knows what he is about. Let his imitators beware lest they copy him, twisting syntax, not as he does to fit necessity, but out of bravado and freakishness. English is a great language, which makes rules for text-books, and its genius is to become more expressive not more correct. -such

I am sorry to have written so technically of a human book, and yet cannot keep off this where the author so loves his story that he n new style to get out all that he feels in it not all style. There is a focussing of incidenig retreat from Caparetto, in the escape by rb the two on Lake Maggiore, and in the supef story- of childbirth that belongs to the great art even if telling in general and would be admirab of the written in the straightforward methcrom style. "Arabian Nights." But the vividness is , shocking

"Farewell to Arms" is an erotic story who do to the cold, disturbing to the conventionars lifted not like to see mere impersonal amorousnen both into a deep, fierce love, involving the best dence man and woman, without changing its depennsi- upon the senses, nor trafficking with social respnbility. It deals with life where the blood is ru ning and the spirit active—that is enough for me. As for Hemingway's frankness of language, to object to it would be priggish. There is no decadence here, no overemphasis on the sexual as a philosophy. Rather, this book belongs with those studies of conjugal love which just now are interesting the French. If you set out to write of the love life of a man and his wife when that love life is central in their experience, why that love life is what you write about and frankness belongs to the theme.

A good Victorian, I think, would have admired the frankness of this book, and also its style, but might have felt it to be narrow to the point of triviality in its concentration. Our most skilful writers today are more interested in vivid snap shots than in cosmologies. They prefer carved peach stones to panoramas. I prefer either myself to the dull tales of "cases" so much admired a few years ago, in which fiction began to look like sociology. Hemingway does lack scope. He is attracted by the vivid, and doesn't care what is vivid so that he gets it right. It's a better way to begin than the opposite method of biographing the universe as one sees it and calling that a novel. Nevertheless, his eroticism will deserve a less specific name when he has learned how to do it (I think he has learned) and begins to use it as a factor in synthesis. Not that "Farewell to Arms" is a "youthful," an "experimental" novel. It is absolutely done; and, even cosmically speaking, the flow of great social resolutions down and away from battle in the Alps to disillusion in the plains until all that is left of emo-

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tion is canalized into the purely personal business of love—that is a big enough theme for any novel. It is only that his stories seem to lack experience beyond the baffled, the desperate, the indifferent, the defiant so far. Which means, I suppose, that he is wise not to have written in that penetrative way of his about what has not yet engaged the imagination of his generation. In fiction, he is worthy to be their leader.

"Age Cannot Wither"

THE LAUGHING QUEEN. By E. Barrington. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Anne C. E. Allinson

THIS novel, like the others from the hands of this popular author, may be called the cream of history whipped up with a sprightly coloring matter. In some such way, certainly, a critic of literary form would describe it, nor would a historian or a psychologist consider it a serious contribution to a study of Cleopatra.

But all the same many, who are highly intelligent outside of these specific fields, are reading the novel with great interest. I have heard it praised by those whose knowledge of the other arts and of business quite equals a critic's knowledge of books, or a psychologist's knowledge of the springs of character. E. Barrington must be credited with the skill of attracting "the reading public" in its lighter hours to personages whose romance might otherwise lurk more obscurely in non-fictional volumes.

It is not fair to say that any book is easy to write, but this one must have been comparatively easy, with all its greater scenes ready to hand in Plutarch, in Shakespeare, in Claude Ferval's enthusiastic "Cleopatra," in Arthur Weigall's illuminating "Life and Times of Cleopatra." And perhaps, after all, these are all only enlargements of Horace's chiselled *fatale monstrum*—that prodigy of charm and fascination who could break down the ramparts of Roman character and direct the fate of Rome.

The author of "The Laughing Queen" portrays and as utterly without passion and using Julius Cæsar com Mark Antony only as tools for her ambition to to be ne Egypt and Rome in a great eastern empire, just truled over by her son. A son by Cæsar meant Cæsanat to her and nothing more. Only because compet day was over and Antony in the lead of This inors for power did she seek children by him. acteristic pretation may be summed up in a char-

She felt assage.

sometimes the atmosphere cloying and not a little tedious Asia Mir And while storms were brewing in Rome and and the r, when swords were rattling in their scabbards dim dista under of trampling legions began to be heard in filled he ice; to be condemned to talk of love and kisses worth with nervous impatience that it could not seem the so while to disguise but for the fact that Antony was senses e weapon to her hand and must be led through his Me as one tickles a donkey with carrots under his nose. ga! They filled her with alternate amusement and disust.

But Cæsar and even Antony were men of power, and both of them had drawn love from many women. Whether they could be so totally misled by a woman who never, even in the interludes of queenly ambition, was moved by the magic of passion and kisses, is a question. However, without doubt the coldness of E. Barrington's Cleopatra is an extreme more true to her life than the legendary sensualism. Weigall's brief for her clean life and maternal tenderness is convincing.

The bright charm of the young Greek girl who was the laughing queen of Egypt is described in the novel:

> They (her Alexandrians) said she came at you like a ship on a wind, all grace and swaying swiftness and gaiety, and that, passing, she left behind her, in the minds of all who saw, a dancing wake of tossing, sparkling foam. She was wine to them. The whole city glittered at her like its blue waters; and not a man there but tasted her spirit and the headlong pleasures she delighted in.

At the end, after nineteen years of ruling and scheming, of setting herself to win Rome, of bearing children, the woman of thirty-nine dies by her own hand—"well done and fitting a Queen descended from so many glorious kings." From Plutarch down through Shakespeare into all biographies and now into this novel echoes the boast of her loyal Charmion. Rome was not to see Cleopatra in chains in the triumphal procession of Augustus, returned from Actium. Her maidens were proud to die with her. The closing scene is one of history's best dramatic productions. "The Laughing Queen," repeating it, is sure of readers.

The Romance of an Angel

THE LOVE OF THE FOOLISH ANGEL. By Helen Beauclerk. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Herschel Brickell

MISS BEAUCLERK'S charming and unusual love story, which may be taken as an allegory if one chooses, is presented to the American public well bedecked with laurel wreaths. As the first choice of England's Book Society, it won the praises of many critics outside the board of selection of the organization; with us, it was chosen by the Book League. Hugh Walpole called it literature, and added that it was enthralling reading. Such lavish encomia make it slightly difficult to evaluate the book justly, for one is privileged to question some of the adjectives bestowed upon it; and yet the fact remains that Miss Beauclerk has written an extremely well sustained fantasy, which reads quite satisfactorily as a story, and which, as has been suggested, is not without its deeper meanings.

Primarily, Miss Beauclerk has made Tamael, her foolish angel, a very appealing figure. Involved quite unintentionally in that most famous celestial revolution led by Lucifer, Tamael falls into the hands of Michael, and is hurled into Hell. Lacking, Miss Beauclerk explains, the hatred and desire for revenge that sustains Satan and his supporters in their new home, Tamael finds Hell a thoroughly disagreeable place, and the unceasing labors of the devils more annoying than interesting. When he has proved himself altogether unsatisfactory as a devil, Satan sends him to Earth to learn some of the more refined ways of sinning.

His first commission of importance is to assist in the downfall of a most beautiful and adorable Daughter of Men, Basilea by name, who is sought for evil purposes by Caius Porcellus, a rich and swinish Roman merchant. Basilea's home is in a village near Golden Antioch—the time is the reign of the Emperor Diocletian—and there Tamael makes his way. He has no more than caught sight of Basilea when he wishes he were a man; in other words, the Foolish One falls desperately in love with the girl he has been sent on Earth to bring to ruin. After a time he takes the form of a man, and woos Basilea, with such success that they have made an assignation when Satan's especial emissary, the ugly devil Barshamoth, appears on the scene and congratulates Tamael upon the success of his plan. Shocked at the thought that his love for Basilea, well mixed as it is with passion, has almost worked its devilish purpose, he makes his appearance in her home and reveals the plot, asking the help of the holy man, Cyriacus, in escaping from his terrible task.

* * *

The scene then shifts to Ctesiphon on the Tigris, where Tamael meets and takes service under Shamyris, a princess, who soon reveals to him the wickedness of the city. Together they watch the revels and orgies in a famous house of pleasure, thus described:

> The passage stank with the thick smell of food and wine and burning oil and incense. In it, too, was a noise, soft at first but growing louder as Shamyris and her companions advanced, until it burst upon them at the entrance of the dancing hall in a great roar of clashing cymbals, piping flutes and singing voices. The hall was full of men and women, eating, drinking, laughing, kissing. They lay, their heads crowned with flowers upon cushioned beds, and in the midst of them a group of naked women danced and sang and made shrill music . . .

It is to this place that Basilea finally finds her way, not the virgin Basilea of Tamael's early adoration, but a woman of the world, who has known many men. Tamael, seeing Basilea in the clutches of the fiendish Shamyris, makes off to Antioch post-haste to find the good man, Cyriacus, who returns in time to assist in the loosing of devils from Shamyris, and later to marry Tamael to Basilea. . . . One night of love is all that is theirs, for while they sleep toward morning Porcellus appears with soldiers of the Emperor and runs the lovers through with a sword, tossing their bodies into the street.

It is not long before the bodies are gone, and one who saw them lifted into the air says to his fellows: "They rose like leaves upon a joyful wind —they shone in the light like silver fish." While another, wiser still, says he saw them mount, and laugh and kiss each other," but at the last there were not two bodies. There was one body." This last, one suspects, is the meat of the allegory, an allegory Miss Beauclerk does not force, and which, as has been suggested, may be taken or left as one chooses, for the story is well enough told, and for all that at bottom it is no more than the customary tale of hero, heroine, and villain, it is related with a freshness of imagination, and in a clear beauty of language, that make it a pleasure to follow.

While there is no overstressing of backgrounds, Miss Beauclerk writes in enough of the period to add considerably to the interest of her book. There is, for example, a description of the mourning for the dead god, Adonis, and the rejoicing, with its attendant ceremonies, for his resurrection, with its parallel in the Christian Easter, that is admirably done; one senses the strange atmosphere of this worship of a nature-god who became so easily and swiftly transmuted into the Christ at the proper time.

Miss Beauclerk's story has tenderness and a subtle, quiet humor, in addition to its other qualities.

A word needs to be said about the appearance of the book. The American edition is superior in every respect to the English edition. There are lovely decorations by Edmund Dulac, quite in keeping with the atmosphere of the story; the black and white frontispiece of Tamael and Basilea is less successful than the delightful end-papers and the small decorations.

Cursed like Orestes

DEATH OF A HERO. By Richard Aldington. New York: Covici, Friede, Inc. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Lee Wilson Dodd

THIS is in many respects an extraordinary book. While it presents an objective story, it must be felt to be in its essence a subjective cry of pain. It can be interpreted honestly in no other way. A profound war neurosis underlies it. Mr. Aldington, in his forthright prefatory letter, explains why he was moved to write this book. He is speaking for himself in it, but also he would be the mouthpiece for a sacrificed generation—"those who spent their childhood and adolescence struggling, like young Samsons, in the toils of the Victorians; whose early manhood coincided with the European War. A great number of the men of our generation died prematurely. We are unlucky or lucky enough to remain." Thus, coolly, when the hot fit is over!—for a preface is really an afterword. But at the close of the Prologue the hot fit itself flames forth without restraint:

> The death of a hero! What mockery, what bloody cant. What sickening putrid cant. . . . Somehow or other we have to make these dead acceptable, we have to atone for them. . . . Atonement, how can we atone? . . . how atone for those lakes and seas of blood. Something is unfulfilled, and that is poisoning us. It is poisoning me, at any rate. . . . It is the poison that makes us heartless and hopeless and lifeless—us, the war generation, and the new generation, too. The whole world is blood-guilty, cursed like Orestes. . . . Somehow we must atone, somehow we must free ourselves from the curse. . . . That is why I am writing the life of George Winterbourne. . . . It is an atonement, a desperate effort to wipe off the blood-guiltiness. Perhaps it is the wrong way.—

Perhaps, indeed, it is; for, after close reading, after pondering this book, that is the master-question which poses itself for me, not as critic, but as a member of the human race. I am older than Mr. Aldington and did not, being a non-combatant, experience the supreme tortures of the war in my nerves and flesh. The air-raids and the brief and ineffective long-range bombardment of Paris in 1918 were my closest approach to its immediate physical and psychological horrors. Slight as they were, they powerfully affected me, and changed me from a propaganda-ridden sentimentalist to something nearer at least to manhood; yet, even at the time, I knew that five minutes in a front-line trench would be another order of experience, something wholly beyond what my (after all) safely sheltered body and mind could conceive. It is impossible, I would say to myself, that men can bear all that. Well, as it proves, they could—and they could not—bear all that. Most of them could carry on somehow, through to death or mutilation or ultimate physical safety—but changed, irremediably changed. Life would never be the same to them again; nor is this by any means the first book that has clearly said so. It is, however, perhaps the first book which has said so with the full frantic energy of war-exascerbated nerves; which has let slip, in passage

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after passage, all customary, or assumed, control. It is a book that too frequently passes from its intended tone of deadly leashed irony into hysterical outcry, a book that too frequently rails, curses, screams, bleeds before us. One can understand this, one can even too easily be swept away by it; yet, on reflection, and in the name of something deeper than esthetics, one must finally regret the too frequent lack of all restraint.

The story of the book, neatly but perhaps too wilfully planned for devastating satire, is a simple one. Captain George Winterbourne is killed in action just on the eve of the Armistice. His death may be supposed a sort of suicide—the self-destruction of a shell-shocked, war-crazed man.

> I heard from George's Colonel that he had got infiladed by a machine-gun. The whole of his company was lying down . . . when, for some unexpected reason George had stood up, and a dozen bullets had gone through him. "Silly ass," was the Colonel's comment. . . .

But let the rest, too, be given in Mr. Aldington's preliminary, yet summarizing, words:

> The small interest created by this item of news and the rapidity with which he was forgotten would have surprised even George Winterbourne. . . . Nobody much minded that he was killed. Unassertive people with no money have few friends; and Winterbourne hadn't counted much on his scanty flock, least of all on me. But I know—because he told me himself—that he had rather relied on four people to take some interest in him and his fate. They were his father and mother, his wife, and his mistress. If he had known what actually occurred with these four at the news of his death I think he would have been a little shocked. . . .

Thus a pattern for harsh irony reveals itself; and one expects the total effect to be gained by a filling in, with grave detachment, of grotesque or horrible details. But Mr. Aldington, or his imagined narrator, is too angry and too nervously shattered for that. He is constantly breaking in upon himself with furious, excited comment—for the narrator has a thesis to propound. His generation was sacrificed, the following generation is being sacrificed, because the previous generations, the Victorians, were smug, stupid, hypocritical swine; particularly in all matters pertaining to sex, which (the narrator insists) is everywhere and always and for everybody the central, nay, the only genuine interest in life.

> It is She, the Cyprian, who triumphs. . . . All the thoughts and emotions and desires of adult men and women circle about Her, and Her enemies are but Death's friends. . . . If you love Life you must love Her, and if you puritanically say She is not, you are both a fool and Death's servant.—We should turn churches into temples to Venus, and set up a statue to Havelock Ellis, the moral Hercules.

The thesis strikes one, off-hand, as a little remote from the immediate causes of the European War. But perhaps one may put it this way. The Victorians were hypocritical Puritans, so Venus persuaded Mars to destroy them; but unfortunately he moved a little slowly and merely destroyed their children. It is at least an original point of view.

Happily, it is not the narrator's invariable point of view; and in this connection I must quote once more from Mr. Aldington's prefatory letter to Halcott Glover:—

> I believe you at least will be sympathetic to the implied or expressed idealism of this book. Through a good many doubts and hesitations and changes I have always preserved a certain idealism. I believe in men, I believe in a certain fundamental integrity and comradeship, without which society could not endure.

(And exit Venus, if but momentarily, weeping!) Nevertheless, after reading the latter pages of the book describing George Winterbourne's life at the front, one cannot fail to believe and honor so frank a statement—and once more regret that the satiric plan of the novel has left little scope for the development of so promising a theme; for elsewhere the implied idealism glimmers but dimly through a murk of contempt and disgust and life-weariness and undominated hate.

I am not presuming to lecture Mr. Aldington. "Death of A Hero" has come from his bowels and could not, doubtless, have shaped itself otherwise. He was not in the mood to transcend his material; the perilous stuff in his bosom was, rather, dominating *him*. It is a pity, all the same, a great pity that it had to be so. But enough of that. Here is an extraordinary, bitter, feverish, wrong-headed, and yet—in spite of everything—somehow noble book. Richard Aldington has said out his present say in it. But he will write greater books than this, serener books. The poet in him will live to dominate the shell-shocked, life-shocked soldier. Has he not himself written, "I believe in men"—?

A Passionate Patriot

GEORGE HARVEY. By WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Editor, *The Emporia Gazette*

GEORGE HARVEY is designated by his biographer as a "passionate patriot." Probably the word "passionate," describing Colonel Harvey's patriotism, is the best possible adjective to use. By no stretch of eulogy could George Harvey be called a great figure in American politics, but no one who understands the times in which Harvey lived and worked may deny that Harvey was an important figure, chiefly behind the scenes. A manipulator of affairs, his passionate patriotism functioned quietly and his political ingenuity begot two presidents, Woodrow Wilson, whose nomination Harvey himself aborted, and Warren G. Harding, whose nomination Harvey fathered proudly.

Yet each of these presidents was inevitably the product of his times. Neither could have been elected in the other's place. Colonel Harvey understood the times and, understanding them, directed them. He was in only a small way responsible for the currents which he rode, but he deserves great credit as a politician for sensing those currents, their power, their direction, and their ends. This biography by Willis Fletcher Johnson is a notable achievement, first, because of its documentation and the zeal with which Mr. Johnson has set down many facts hitherto unknown to the public, and in the second place, because Mr. Johnson, seeing through his hero's eyes the tides which his hero rode, pays no heed to their economic and historical sources, but keeps the spotlight on Harvey, the man, the manipulator, the political puller of high potency wires.

George Harvey, as revealed in this book, was essentially a little brother of the rich. He believed with no variableness or shadow of turning from the day he left Vermont until the day he died, that a million dollars was always right. Yet he was never one of the great rich men of his times. He was always, comparatively, one of the worthy poor, with a million or so at the most at the bank, associating—because he had brains—on terms of equality with inferior men intellectually who counted their wealth in eight and nine figures. They used Harvey for their purposes; he used them for his. They will be forgotten but history cannot neglect the part played by George Harvey in American politics from 1920 to 1924. He was a king of his own domain in his own right.

The two important sections of this biography, are the one devoted to the nomination of Woodrow Wilson and the one devoted to the nomination of Warren G. Harding.

* * *

No one can dispute the fact that in the nomination of Woodrow Wilson, Colonel Harvey was a providential instrument. He seems to have picked the Princeton professor in 1906 and for four years before the Democratic gubernatorial nomination which landed Wilson plump in American politics as governor of New Jersey, Harvey was maintaining a sort of publicity bureau for Wilson. Harvey had Wilson running for the United States Senate, or groomed for the race which he never actually entered, and was bringing his name out all over the country as possible Democratic presidential timber. Unquestionably it was Harvey's influence in New Jersey factional politics which gave Wilson the gubernatorial nomination in 1910. Harvey handled Wilson as he would handle a mannikin up to the day when Wilson went down to Trenton to receive the gubernatorial nomination by grace of Harvey. After that Wilson was Harvey's candidate for president until Wilson felt that Harvey's influence was hurting him. Harvey was frankly and fundamentally conservative. He had connections and relations with the big moneyed Democrats of Wall Street, Ryan, Whitney, and Belmont, and these connections had become obnoxious to the Bryan wing of the Democratic party. Bryan made Wilson his residuary legatee. Wilson ceased being a conventional conservative and became from 1910 to 1912 a militant left wing Democrat who took over the Bryan doctrine and fell heir to Bryan's friends. But Wilson realized that he could not straddle, and with the unconscious brutality which sometimes came to the surface when Wilson decided to act, he threw over Harvey and went to the White House.

After this, the story of the Harvey book is plain enough as to the facts. No one ever will know the truth. The plain facts are these, that Colonel Harvey, being scorned of Wilson, became Wilson's bitter enemy. Whether or not his enmity was responsible for his opposition to the League of Nations is a serious question. To go back to the word "passionate patriot": One may ask honestly how much Harvey's passion as a patriot was influenced by his hatred of Wilson, the father of the new internationalism against which the passionate patriot railed. The answer is in two graves. No one knows. But the facts are that for a time there was a reconciliation between Wilson and Harvey after Wilson had seemed to be going into war. Harvey's passionate patriotism demanded war. As Wilson slowly turned to war, "reluctantly" is Wilson's own word, Harvey and he made up for a time. Wilson seems to have been the aggressor in the reconciliation. It was not deep and when Wilson returned from Paris with the covenant of the League of Nations, the passionate patriot had another seizure, and from 1919 until Wilson's idea was defeated in the Senate and a president nominated who was committed against the League of Nations, Harvey's passionate patriotism was a flaming sword, smiting Wilson hip and thigh.

* * *

It is difficult to say how much actual influence Harvey had in the turn of the times. Certainly he was the cow-catcher on the train, whether he generated any steam or not. He was in the forefront, to an extent the figurehead around which the fight on the Wilson ideal was centered. He was an American publicist, the very best of his kind. Even though one disagrees with his aims one must admire the courage, the directness, the implacability behind his efforts and the efficiency withal. Probably he could not do today, public opinion and leadership being what it is, the things he did ten years ago. Times have changed. His part in the nomination of Harding was organizer of the cabal, the Senate cabal which fulfilled Harry Dougherty's prophesy that Harding would be nominated in a hotel bedroom at 2 A. M. the night before the convention chose the Republican nominee.

Mr. Johnson has written the kind of a biography which would have delighted Harvey's heart. He has created, probably honestly, certainly with factual detail, exactly the kind of a figure that Harvey would like to be in American history. Not that this is a plaster saint here shining out of the book; a human man is made with faults as well as virtues and the light and shade in the biography are well done. The fact that it is an authorized family biography does not make it a mere source book. It is something more. It is the actual story of the man, the truth if not the whole truth and certainly nothing but the truth about George Harvey, leaving only the question: Was his passion as a patriot not influenced by the resentment as a man at the ingratitude of a friend? And this question would have arisen in a negative form if the book had been written by an enemy, based upon the same facts which Mr. Johnson uses. If another author had studied Harvey's life diligently in order to hate him more intelligently, still the question would not down. But men would have asked: Was not this man's bitterness at Wilson inevitable, being the kind of a patriot he was?

A correspondent of the London *Observer* quotes from David Alec Wilson's "Life of Carlyle" the following comment made by the author of "The French Revolution," when first he saw Macaulay

"Macaulay," wrote Carlyle, "is a short, squat, thick-set man of vulgar, but resolute, energetic appearance. Fair-complexioned, keen gray eyes, a large cylindrical head close down between two strong round shoulders: the brow broad and fast receding, the crown flat. Inclines already to corpulence, tho' not five-and-thirty. The globular will one day be his shape, if he continue. I likened him to a managing ironmaster with vigorous talent for business and little look of talent for anything else. He is the young man of most force at present before the world. Successful he may be to great length or not at all, according as the times turn: meanwhile the limits of his worth are discernible enough. Great things lie not in him, intrinsically common. He is the only young man of any gift, at this period, who is a whig; another characteristic. He may be heard of, and loudly." Talleyrand met Macaulay soon afterwards and his verdict was, "They said he was a great man and he's only a big book."

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A Poet Looks Back

A VICTORIAN VILLAGE. By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

AMERICA is rich in the possession of Lizette Woodworth Reese. She is an authentic poet, with that strange and imperious gift of the heart, which from time to time, responsive to the call of beauty and emotion, leaps up to pour itself forth into the golden chalice of singing words. On the jacket of her new book, "A Victorian Village"—her first venture, we believe into prose—her publishers recite with unction the names of certain modern writers who have praised her work. Reading them one is tempted to grunt as Carlyle might have done, "Gad, they'd better!" Miss Reese had her place in American literature before these newcomers had so much as begun to lisp in numbers. They admire her poetry now; so did Edmund Clarence Stedman, and other critics of thirty years ago. So too, one may venture to predict, will readers love at least her sonnet "Tears"—and perhaps some of her other haunting lines as well,—some hundred years or more from now.

Miss Reese has sung often of a certain little village. Sometimes, as in two of her early and best-loved lyrics, "Lydia" and "Anne," she has named the village "Sudbury," and even placed it as far back as 1653, but now dipping into her book of reminiscences one realizes that no matter what its date or place, the village of her songs was always the little town of Waverly in Maryland, "Two miles from Baltimore on the York Road."

America is getting old enough to have a past, and many writers are bringing that past back for us in the remembrances drawn from their childhood. These books go to make up what one might call the little histories of the country. Miss Reese's "Victorian Village" belongs in this class, and in its early chapters she stages for us the Maryland of her childhood. Hers is not the affluent Maryland of the Pattisons, nor of the great pre-war estates; it is rather a simpler, more appealing Maryland as it showed itself in this little village of Waverly, inhabited for the most part, one gathers, by people of German extraction.

* * *

Here Miss Reese first saw the light, and—much more important—here she first saw beauty, which beauty she later translated into poetry "of a rare quality, artistic, natural, beautiful," to quote Mr. Stedman. She looks back now and recaptures for us in exquisite prose picture after picture of her little village. We see again old St. John's Church with the little girls gathered in its back pews of a Saturday afternoon, hemming their linen handkerchiefs while their Godmother reads aloud to them—What a happy remembrance to have of one's church! One sees too the portrait of the blue-eyed lady waiting wistfully for the son who never returned: and always one sees the roadsides and little gardens spilling over with bloom, for Miss Reese is at her happiest and best whenever she touches nature. "I am Thy grass, O Lord!" she sings, and indeed she is one with it.

The book is not, however, merely the account of a small town long since swallowed into the city of Baltimore, for its author has used it as a peg on which to hang her reminiscences reaching beyond it. Here she tells of the Civil War, of the burial of Latene, of Lincoln's funeral train passing through Baltimore; of her long years as a school teacher, and of holidays in England. Fortunately, too, she recounts her adventures in poetry writing, and speaks of the writers of an earlier period who were her friends. One of her most interesting chapters is "Schools" in which she records her life as a school teacher. For forty-five years she taught school, a rich and varied experience with a wide variety of children, beginning with the German English schools, and including a period of four years when she taught English literature in a colored high school. Perhaps it was thanks to the fact that her life was almost filled with her teaching that Miss Reese has never forced her art, never over-produced. Reading her book one feels that she had always more in reserve. She has never scraped the bottom but always dipped from a brimming wellspring. Perhaps it was her teaching which saved her, but probably more truly it was her own conviction that something must be withheld. In this connection one may well ponder her own quatrain—"Reserve"—being

> Keep back the one word more
> Nor give of your whole store—

So we come to the last chapter, My Mother And My Father, where we learn that her mother was German and her father Welsh. It is curious that out of this combination, and in spite of the fact—so she tells us—that her mind is Teutonic, one nevertheless feels that her verse draws straight from England. She protests that its scenery is always Maryland, yet acknowledges that the critics are always struck by its English atmosphere.

Between each of her chapters Miss Reese has placed a short poem. Very beautiful many of them are, and one wishes there were more of them. Her art is on tiptoe with her poetry, reaching down something for her readers beyond the grasp of her prose. The charm of the book is also much enhanced by J. J. Lankes's quaint and appropriate illustrations.

Miss Reese is seventy-one years old now, so we are informed. But no matter what the count of the years, she still keeps that April spirit, which she tells us her mother had. Beauty attends her yet, and out of her remembrances she offers a full and refreshing cup, the waters of which constantly sparkle over with the silver splash of poetry.

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes for "A Victorian Village."

The Ladies' Aid Society

SEVEN WOMEN. By WILLIAM M. JOHN. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THE catastrophe at the bridge of San Luis Rey started much more than gentle Brother Juniper's investigation into the mysterious ways of his God: it started also a new way of telling the tales of people. It is a way that has been quickly appreciated and appropriated by novelists both here and in England. Two rather outstanding successes have profited by Mr. Wilder's innovation and any number of published today and forgotten tomorrow novels have attempted the trick. Of course authors before Thorton Wilder had brought groups of characters together through more or less fortuitous circumstances for purposes of fiction one remembers certain pilgrims on their way to Canterbury and numerous house guests at chateaux in France, but these zestful extraverts had little thought of tracing back through their lives to find out why or how they had come to be where and what they were. They were all for effects in their stories and devil take the causes. Miss Annie Sprague and the six Mrs. Greenes would have appealed to neither Boccaccio nor Chaucer but they are of the very stuff of our day and the technique with which they are presented is a natural outgrowth of contemporary psychology and, although it takes some courage to admit it, the mechanics of the moving picture. And so it may be said that writers in adopting Mr. Wilder's method are not taking over arbitrarily an individual form but they are justifiably making use of a form intrinsic to their times which was first discovered by Mr. Wilder and first very beautifully exemplified in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

And so to "Seven Women." The action of the book, aside from the thoughts of the characters, covers only one afternoon, but birth and death and fear and envy and hate have their terrible way in these few hours. The Baptist Ladies' Aid Society of Hopeville is meeting on the afternoon of the story at the house of Mrs. Gibbs. The author strikes the key of the novel in his first, unadorned sentence, "Mrs. Gibbs' hired girl was having a baby." And while the baby is being born in the shed (built against the back of the house a few steps from the kitchen "a-purpose" for the help) the seven Baptist ladies arrive and gossip and sew and each, through some old nerve set tingling again by events occurring in the shed, is led to recall her life at its crucial moments. And of these seven lives as they unroll themselves in the narrow, prejudiced minds of the seven women who have lived them, Mr. John makes his story.

The novel proves, rather unexpectedly, to be of close, sure structure. Three devices which are admirably unobtrusive accomplish the welding together of these many discrete lives. One is the Colorado wind. It blows the whole, long afternoon. There is never a door opened but the wind comes rushing in, disturbing and destroying; no one steps into the yard for an instant but he is met and beaten back by the wind. Even safe inside with doors closed, no one can long forget its nerve racking presence without. It whips unmercifully upon the raw, dark personalities of these women who sit staring, each through her own cautious mask, at the careful masks of the others. The wind moans through the chapters like an evil chorus but it makes of the book a single, sinister whole. A second unifying element is the primitive birth-death struggle that goes on, ominously, all afternoon. In the shed life is fighting to enter the world and life is fighting to leave the world while desuetude sits in the parlor and tries to ignore it. But through the chatter and the clatter of dishes sounds from the lean-to keep breaking in marking the progress of the age old battle and neither the Ladies Aiders nor the reader can escape for long the consciousness of pain and bitter loneliness close at hand for all they cannot quite be seen. And permeating the whole book is a third element that trebly insures its cohesion,—this is the fear of Mrs. Gibbs that her husband may be the father of her hired girl's baby. Coming first as the faintest suspicion, the fear rises steadily through the afternoon to a crescendo of conviction, spreading like panic until every word and every happening is inflamed in the mind of the tortured woman to final and positive proof.

As to the merit of this background for the lives of the seven women there will be very little difference of opinion. Mr. John has done his work so surely and so well that it is only from the announcement on the jacket one discovers "Seven Women" to be a first novel. But in presenting the women separately from their own thoughts Mr. John has been much less successful. The women are all too much alike and they are all too consistently as bad as they can be. In his effort to show how narrow and selfish and unseeing they are, the author fails to make them real. Each one shows the general ugly qualities of all the others with the emphasis a little differently directed. Or rather this is true of six of the women; the seventh is Mr. John's real "good" woman but she is as stereotyped as her erring sisters, and she also precipitates a happy and sentimental ending in a book that had only too well proved this to be the worst of all possible worlds.

"Seven Women" will be best liked and most remembered for a quality that is very difficult of definition. There is a feeling in it of the earth and a feeling for what might be called the folk. American novels need these two elements which have always so marked English fiction. With them a novel is sure of attaining to a high and independent reality despite easily catalogued flaws.

"The battle still rages fiercely," says a London paper, "over the correct pronunciation of Milan. The poets are divided. Shakespeare, in fact, uses the word a score of times, and accented it as suited him. That, indeed, is the arbitrary way of the poets, and it is hard to see why they should be called in evidence in such a matter."

Esther Lombardo, one of the best known women writers of the younger generation in Italy has recently published a new novel, "La Donna senza Cuore." It is a very modern work in theme, treatment, and outlook. Its heroine is a business woman, the first one to appear in Italian fiction. Young and beautiful, she is forced by circumstances to take over the management of a bank. Love and friendship enter her life only to have to be sacrificed to her career. She cannot afford to have a heart. The book is an effective piece of work.

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Play and Make Good Cheer

THE GOOD COMPANIONS. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

IT is some years now since Mr. Priestley has come to be known as one of the most penetrating and illuminating of the younger British critics, and a year or more since "The Old Dark House" discovered him to us as a novelist at once interesting and skilful. That macabre tale revealed him as a writer of psychological insight, possessed of a genuine narrative ability, with a nice sense for the dramatic, and considerable ingenuity in the creation of scene and incident. But it gave little hint of the abundant inventiveness of fancy, the zestful delight in all sorts and conditions of persons, and the engaging high spirits which make "The Good Companions" notable reading through almost six hundred and fifty pages of closely packed story. It is long since we have had a novel so unfettered by psychological faddism as this, so amply and rewardingly unafraid of the romantic, at once so gay, so good-humored, and so robust.

Mr. Priestley, indeed, has recovered for his day the picaresque tale, at least the picaresque tale in the form in which Dickens wrote it. He has taken from his England characters in all walks of life, has knit them together in the bond of a common love of adventure, and has carried his incurable romantics through a series of highly diverting episodes with an infectious blend of fun and pathos. His personalities have both life and animation; they are sharply discriminated, consistently developed, and, even when deliberately caricatured, veraciously conceived. And his plot and episodes are fresh and adroitly articulated.

It is a queerly assorted company which he assembles and sends on tour through England, a troupe of traveling players into whose midst have been catapulated a Yorkshire laborer, galvanized from a henpecked husband into a free-lance adventurer by a sudden revolt against the tyranny of his home; a maiden lady of thirty-seven years and sheltered past, transformed by the preposterous circumstances of her meeting with an eloping couple into patron of the Concert Party; a gay and irresponsible young schoolmaster, about whom "is the air of one who is ready to fail gloriously at almost anything," and a strolling banjo player, a colossal and completely satisfying liar, who, recognizing the musical talent of Inigo Jollifant, the teacher, leads him on to the concert band and high romance. Adventurers all, the professionals as well as the amateurs, some of necessity, others by virtue of that ineradicable yearning that lies at the back of the most conventionalized or restricted life to break loose, if only once, from the shackles of the commonplace and taste the salt of new experience.

* * *

Mr. Oakroyd knew the longing for adventure, for he had once been "down South," and had ever since hugged to his secret soul the recollection of those six months spent in Leicestershire instead of his familiar Yorkshire, which in his reminiscences he seemed "to conjure up as a vast journey towards the tropics and at the end of it a life entirely alien, fantastic." What more natural then, that when untoward family circumstance finally exasperated him to rebellion he should vanish into the night, replying to the horror-stricken inquiries as to where he was going, "Down South." And to what undreamed of adventures he went!

Miss Trant suddenly discovered the desire to roam, when unexpectedly becoming possessed of a modest competence, she was moved on the impulse of a moment to buy the car of her young scapegrace of a nephew, and in the small hours of the night began in fancy "guiding a little blue Mercia down roads that nobody knew, roads that wound through the shining hills of a dream."

And Mr. Inigo Jollifant was propelled into adventure by the grace of a naturally carefree disposition and the accident of having permitted the insidious tune that was later to make his fortune beguile him into contravening the rules of his school and so carry him into the bad graces of the headmaster's wife and out of her house. Truly into a world of enchanting absurdity that seemingly ill wind blew him before it carried him into the snug harbor of success by way of his association with Miss Trant and the troupe of strolling players she had rescued from failure and organized into the *Good Companions*.

It is indeed a varied, amusing, and touching company into which Mr. Priestley conducts us and whose loves and hopes, disappointments and loyalties he sets forth with ebullient gusto. There are a dozen threads to his story, but he binds them together through the interest in his characters, achieving a steady unity through the person of Jesiah Oakroyd, who ends the book as he began, the Yorkshire laborer at a football game. One thing however, we wish: that Mr. Priestley had dispensed with his epilogue; his story needed no such final polishing off, and would have been the more artistic without it. When all is said and done, however, he is exceedingly deft in creating and resolving his complications. He has a sure instinct for the dramatic, a happy knack for the epigrammatic phrase, a virile and excellent style, sentiment, sympathy, and understanding. His canvas is thronged with figures—minor, as well as major, personalities are sharply realized—and his imagination is prolific of amusing, touching, and boisterous circumstance. Eating, drinking, music, rotund speech, hilarious incident delight him. His high spirits are spontaneous, and his temper is stout. His kinship to Dickens is evident on every page, in the kind, not the detail of his happening, his zest

JACKET DESIGN FOR "THE GOOD COMPANIONS"

in his characters, his mingling of humor with sentiment, his tendency to caricature, his rollicking fun.

But though the kinship to Dickens is there, the greatness of Dickens is not. Indeed, what strikes us as forcibly as the excellence of Mr. Priestley's novel, is the fact that a novel can be so good and yet so far removed from greatness. That something which makes the characters of Dickens for all their exaggeration more real that reality, which makes them the type with which we compare the personalities of our own acquaintance, that power to stir the depths of compassion and laughter which for all its calculated contrivance and at times mawkish sentimentality has the force born of profound emotion, are here but the pale shadows of the original. Mr. Priestley's characters are veracious characters, they are touching characters, they are consistent characters; they live as you read of them, they remain in the recollection, but when all is said and done they are the good companions of an hour not of a lifetime. Nevertheless his book is a good book, even a notable. It is something to have forced a comparison with Dickens, though only to fall short of him. It is much to have made Dickensian high spirits prevail.

The Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs, Signor Michele Bianchi, has issued a circular to the Prefects of Italy's ninety-two provinces, instructing them to check the excessive sale and diffusion of the works of Russian authors such as Gorky, Gogol, Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, and Turgeniev, and of the novels of Jack London.

"There is no desire," says the circular, "to interfere with the legitimate sale of these books at normal prices, whether in bookshops, or on bookstalls, but only to check it when contingent circumstances lead to the conviction that the works in question are being diffused with the view of propagating doctrines in direct contradiction with those in which Fascism intends to educate the new generations.

Two Wars

CLASS OF 1902. By ERNST GLAESER. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THERE are two wars in "Class of 1902"—the "Great" one, seen through the eyes of a boy just too young to fight in it—and that eternal civil war which is called adolescence. The two are inextricably entangled for the voice that narrates the story, but it is this second war that gives its deepest values to the book.

I do not mean to say that "Class of 1902" does not rank high as a "war" book, or as a picture of its times. The dark cloud hangs over the second half of the novel like a leaden sky; beneath it the people of the stuffy little town starve slowly; a sack of flour is more important than a victory, the loss of a smuggled goose more bitter than a defeat. There is nobody left but the women, the old, and the boys too young for service. The misery is dull, hungry and everlasting. The war is a machine that has been wound up, nothing can stop it, it will never run down. This is all very faithfully and accurately described.

And what has gone before has been accurately described as well—the German Main Street, with its Socialists, its Jew, and its Red Major—all three distrusted by the best people in town—the narrowness and the petty feuds—the intoxicated coming of war and with it the moment of brotherhood that did not last. The propaganda, the outburst of flags, the spy-scares, the first letters home from the Front, the first casualties—and then the War as a business to be lived through. But what is peculiarly interesting in "Class of 1902" is the angle from which all this is seen—the trenchant and hostile angle of a child at odds with the grown-up world.

The boy knew that there was a "mystery" concerning men and women and that grown-ups lied about it. He made fumbling efforts to find the truth of the mystery, efforts at friendship, efforts at love. He was terrified and alone. And wherever he went, a grown-up stood in the way. The War did not make his tragedy for him, nor his loneliness. Indeed the first news from Sarajevo shielded him from the attentions of the grown-ups and the first weeks and months of the War were wonderful to him because then, for the first time, all the grown-ups seemed friendly and gay and kindly, and there was excitement in the world. And it is his eyes we see through—the eyes of a creature living in the present, who has no basis of comparison for the strange things that happen without rhyme or reason. They happen, and one lives under them as best one may. "*La guerre—ce sont nos parents*"—but one forgets. The horrible things that occur are unrelated—and so are the good ones. Till finally, one also grows up—and lives, for bad or good, in an entirely different universe.

And it is here—in describing the grown-up world as seen from that other world of childhood and adolescence—that Glaeser has come closest to writing an enduring book. The disparity of viewpoint between the two cosmoses; the cloudy trouble, the confused pain and unreasonable joy of the years between fourteen and eighteen; the pressure upon those years, no matter how well or ill the world is going—these he has painted with more than accuracy or faithfulness—they are real and live. The war is an added weight upon his hero, and in the end, a ruinous enemy, for it casually kills the woman who might have released him from his trouble. But the roots of that trouble went back before the War into the very substance of what we are pleased to call normal existence—and the starvation was not only a starvation of the flesh.

Incidentally, as I have said, the book gives a sharp and valuable picture of life in a small German community behind the lines during the war years. For some of the adult characters I do not care so greatly—occasionally they seem drawn rather to prove a point than because they had to be in the book. But whenever Glaeser touches upon his youths, or sees the adults through them, he is on firm ground. The story of Pfeiffer is remarkable and the subterranean warfares and reconciliations between the two gangs of boys are extremely well handled.

I doubt very much whether "Class of 1902" will have anything like the same sort of success as "All Quiet on The Western Front" or "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." But it is a penetrating and individual novel—and deserves a success of its own.

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Hans Frost and His World

HANS FROST. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by G. GRAHAM BATES

A NEW novel by Mr. Hugh Walpole has come to be something of an event in the world of fiction but an event which is highly incalculable. Will a new work follow the rather gentle, well-known lines of the Jeremy stories or will it, perhaps, have the sharp, externalized outlines of "The Portrait of a Gentleman with Red Hair?" Will there be in a next book the strong mystical undercurrent of "The Dark Forest" and "The Green Mirror" or must we know again that constant inbeating of strange, intensive emotions which makes "The Old Ladies" to Mr. Walpole's other work what "Ethan Frome" is in the list of Edith Wharton's novels? Will the background have the surface placidity and leisure of the author's Trollope manner or will it crackle and flare into the modern London of "Wintersmoon" and "The Duchess of Wrexe?" The new novel in this case, "Hans Frost," proves that these are not necessarily exclusive qualities for it moves easily among them, taking something from this, something from that, and yet achieving in the end something that is very much itself.

There is no ambiguity about the title: the novel is the story of Hans Frost in every moment of its telling and it is, for all its involvements and complexities, never for a moment anything else. But Hans Frost is a man who confronts his world from many angles. His relations with his world are multiform and the currents of the world flow into his personality from many sources. He is the point, for his hour, where age must turn its back on youth, where the individual must do battle for its separate soul, where the artist faces disintegration at the hands of adulation, and where love must find new ways of life, new strengths to beat old weaknesses. This is Hans Frost,—a battle ground at seventy for all those forces we were accustomed to pre-date, as of human importance, by some thirty or forty years. By shifting the conflict to the proverbial end of life, the biblical three score and ten, Mr. Walpole has tremendously complicated his problem and greatly added to its interest.

Hans Frost is a writer, the Dean of English Letters, and it is a relief to find that he does not resemble either Thomas Hardy or George Bernad Shaw; he may have touches of several English authors and more than a touch of Anatole France but he is, at reassuring last, merely Hans Frost, whose long and successful career is being publicly recognized the day we meet him,—his seventieth birthday. A deputation has arrived at the Frost home to make the "Master" a formal presentation. And at this first meeting with Hans the reader catches at once the flavor of the man, his endearing inability to think the worst of things, and his bracing refusal to think the best. The presentation speech is in progress, painfully like all presentation speeches where and whenever, and between its periods Mr. Walpole presents his hero

"That's pretty awful," thought Hans Frost, and then immediately afterwards: "Very jolly of them to take all the trouble." Then a little later: "They like doing it, though. Gunter's been in the Seventh Heaven. . . . 'Follow in her train,' that's bad. . . . Whole thing too flowery. . . . Nice of them to do it though. . . . Why does Osmaston always half shave himself? Better not do it at all."

After the speeches Hans receives the gift the committee has brought. "And it *was* a lovely thing! It was a very small painting and the artist was Manet." The little picture opens, someway, for Hans the wall between him and the past, he goes into the library where he runs over in his mind the work he has done and the life he has lived. This chapter, "Temps Perdu," does that very difficult thing—gives the artist from the inside. It is a chapter that isolates itself so that it might be read alone for its own "very sweet kernel." And there are other chapters that so fall out of the story into separate philosophizing on literature or life and are quite complete in themselves and full of the gentleness of life, which is rather Mr. Walpole's province, that one stops with them in reading, content to let the story wait. A great deal of the charm of "Hans Frost" lies in these little essay-like units.

But there is a story and one that moves steadily from its slight beginnings to its unpredictable end, gathering to itself, with its momentum *en route*, characters and incidents varied and numerous enough to give to the novel, for all its looking rather slender, a substantial Victorian girth. It is the story of Hans Frost battling out of his too comfortable home, away from his too considerate wife, and free of all the ease and luxury that are ministering to the man but destroying the artist. All of which might have been very obvious and content with surfaces, but Mr. Walpole has looked at human beings too long and steadily to see them only as means to an end of proving a thesis. Hans Frost moves among people who are likely to do one another harm with the best intentions in the world or bring about some good with only malice in their will.

On his pilgrimage to his spirit's haven there goes with Hans a new love, the fullest and freest of his life because it knows neither the check of possessiveness nor the urge of sex. And here again Mr. Walpole has neatly escaped the obvious in avoiding, in his precarious relationship between a man of seventy and a girl of nineteen, all suggestion of the

HUGH WALPOLE

A cartoon by Low, from "Lions and Lambs." (Harcourt, Brace.)

sentimentality that would make it unbearable. Tender, Mr. Walpole always is,—too tender for the tough minded who do not like his work, but in Hans Frost there is a keen ironical current that sweeps the book clear of that too soft oppressiveness for which we have only the one word, sentimentality.

"Vitéz János Háry has come to life!" says an English paper. "The performances of the story of the peasant Munchausen—dear to the heart of every Hungarian—by untaught peasants in a village inn has allowed audiences of artistes and intellectuals to see Háry and his friends as their prototypes certainly appeared to the poet Garay when he sat in a provincial inn in the 'thirties absorbing bizarre tales. János Garay, who, by the accident of his meeting with the old demobilized soldier, assured himself (and Háry) a place among the immortals which his more ambitious works might have failed to secure him, was born in Székszard in 1812. Garay began to show signs of literary versatility at an early age, and after turning his school exercises into poetry he proceeded to write novels, plays, tragedies, poems, newspaper *feuilletons*, historical and travel essays, and criticisms. He was one of the first Hungarians to take up writing as a profession, and soon became the favorite poet of the women of his time."

Christianity Interpreted

TRUTH AND THE FAITH. By HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by BERNARD I. BELL

St. Stephen's College

ALTHOUGH most American commentators on English literature seem curiously unaware of the fact, it is nevertheless true that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by far the best prose was composed by those who treated of religious subjects. For a long time now the connection between sound writing and theology has become a tenuous one. Most of our books on religion are written in a style of sentimental gush, or else as with a blare of meretritious trumpets, or else with a dulness flat and soporific. The current divorcement between competent prose and mysticism makes this book of Professor Alexander's the more remarkable and the more welcome. Even though one may deny the truth of his contentions—which this reviewer for the most part does not wish to do—there is no denying that the man is an artist with words. The book, uniformly of a style fitted for perusal by civilized people, has in it here and there some of the most competent pages of prose writing of this year, or of several years back.

☘ ☘ ☘

Illustrative quotations are always dangerous in a review, because they must of necessity be lifted from the context; but nevertheless it is worth quoting a passage as a sample of writing colorful in a carefully achieved simplicity. For instance,

In our day we make us an idol. A scarf of nebula swept athwart the glass of space, miragelike through its æons winding into spiral and ball and disc, forming star-clusters and galaxies, flaming up into remote glories and dissolving back into the eternal night; black planetesmal flows like rivers in a shoreless ocean, stygian in darkness, atoms agglomerating and segregating, cellules of energies having light-years for their dimensions, self-procreant, and little whimpering planets where men crawl in their day, and are no more. As a God it is rather terrible, and in counterweight something might be said for an appeasable Moloch. Such is our idol, and we say of It, with John, that its names are Faithful and True, and on its thigh a name is written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!

But this book has a significance born not merely of manner but also of substance. Dr. Alexander says a number of things entirely untimely and therefore the better worth the saying. He is a believer in the validity of mysticism as a method of approaching truth. This will, of course, at once damn him in the eyes and ears of those smart people who insist on shouting aloud, as though lately discovered, the "advanced thought" of day-before-yesterday. It is quite the thing just now to pour unquestioned scorn upon anyone who rejects the Aristotelian theory of knowledge, that theory which would confine possible access to truth to scientific or sensory avenues, and who prefers the more widely held human theory of the validity of intuitions. Dr. Alexander insists, what most people suspect and many people are beginning to say, that science unaided gives us but a flat caricature of that which is. He demands that we stereoscopically regard our universe, perceiving that it is composed both of things visible and things invisible.

☘ ☘ ☘

Of course to no one will every contention in this volume seem sound. That is too much to ask of any book. To this reviewer, for instance, the author seems unduly to sentimentalize the Middle Ages; unfortunately to fail to understand that theological speculation and mystical devotion to Christ may go together, and frequently have gone together, in the same men and women; to confuse occasionally objective fact with internal perception; and to give to the mystery religions a greater significance in the formation of Pauline Christianity than the best scholars seem to think justified. Nor has proof reading always been carefully done. Surely the author cannot have written that "the sacramental ritual is emblematic of the Church's temporalities." Also, perhaps, one may criticize a little Dr. Alexander's over emphasis of his own supposed heresies, which, like the sins of the younger generation or the premature report of Mark Twain's death, seem slightly exaggerated. But such faults are minor blemishes on a great book—one which is, to this reviewer's mind, among the really significant books of the year.

A new book by C. F. Ramuz, an author from the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, has recently appeared in Paris. "Salutation Paysanne" is a collection of short stories with a Swiss background.

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe, V

A SWEET and dangerous opiate is Memory; it is well that we are rarely addicted to it. Even the briefest indulgence confuses the sense of present reality. That busy dream-life has no existence save by deliberate will, yet you can instantly create a whole world and ensphere it in empty nothing for a pause of brooding power. Yes, it can be done in the bliss of anxious thought, but to clench it in words is dreadful. I honor words and they come with difficulty. But memory is something subtler than words, of anterior substance; it lives behind the forehead and not in the lips. It floats an instant in the mind like a smoke-ring, then spreads and thins and sifts apart. If mood and moment could be found when people could just sit down, in mutual passiveness, and say "I remember . . ." what matter might come forth. How seldom it happens; what infinite instruction it might contain.

Mistletoe remembers Lake Champlain. Sometimes he wonders if it is still there. It is twenty years since he last saw it; it must be a big lake by now, and very likely too busy to remember. But shame indeed to celebrate the Lake of Geneva or any other fluid—even Long Island Sound—and not ask forgiveness of Champlain. It is not just a body of water: it is an eternity of summer days. Does the old steamer *Vermont* still come past the stony cape of Split Rock, her paddles sounding across the still mirror of the afternoon? (You could hear them best by listening under water.) At least the blue profile of Camel's Hump must be unchanged. There are red lizards on the rocks, and harebells; and pickerel to be trolled for; thunderstorms, porcupines, and chattering red squirrels that dance on birch boughs after rain and shake down a crystal spatter as you pass beneath. Once he shot a red squirrel with a rifle. That, and a bullet through his own finger, cured him of any joy in firearms.

If you make the effort to lift that lake and all its woodland shore out of the abyss of irretrievable distance, poise it tenderly in balance, you can see that the whole scene moved in a charming sentimental rhythm; and below that emerged something also much more elementary. (We are concerned of course only with the pure egotism of memory.) Like the steady pound and sway of the old *Vermont's* pistons, lulling the watcher almost to a swoon in long passages on the lake, I think I discern the power of real meanings behind apparently casual recollections.

* * *

The superficial rhythms were pretty enough. The timely routine of the *Vermont* or her sister *Chateaugay* was almost a clock. You saw the steamer's long diagonal across the wide gulf, with that air of living and working that a walking beam gives to a boat. Duly her swell came rolling over the wrinkled water, greeted by bathers and canoes. On clear northern days the road to the village was fringed along with crisping blue. It was still the Sheet Music Era; after supper canoes set out to follow the moon-path, and the primitive harmonies known as College Songs consoled the Large Pickerel who had Got Away. The shores of Champlain must still bandy in their rocky scarps some jaded echoes of "I've Been Working on the Railroad" a million times reiterated. It is pleasant to imagine, scattered Lord knows where and busied in the genteel treadmill of the middle classes, the innocent alumnæ of Lake Champlain who once flung moondrops from wet paddles and carolled "I've Got Rings on My Fingers and Bells on My Toes." Keep up your hearts, sisters: the worst is yet to come.

Holding that green and blue microcosm for study I am aware of huckleberry pastures with a clank of cowbells; glades of underbrush violent with sun; and the feeling of hills. Perhaps more than any other thing physical, one whose childhood knew big hills misses them in a life too level. Men need mountains; those who have never associated with them have missed much of earth's suggestion. Also one could hear the wail of the wildcat on some of those Adirondack spurs; it was often a blow to those who imagined they liked solitude. There was poetry as well as picnic on those unspoiled shores. No one will have forgotten Grog Harbor, or the windings of Otter Creek, where the wake of the launch sways and tosses the reeds as a strong personality draws softer creatures in its suction. There was a sandy jut, even whose name I have forgotten, surmounted by a steep plateau of pines. Quite deserted in those woods above the lake was a colony of mouldering log cabins, once the home of some utopia or other. When sunset kindled every chink of the forest those mournful old huts were as suggestive as the last line of a sonnet.

* * *

It is always agreeable to embarrass my friend Mistletoe by trying to pin him down to the essential. It's a favorite jest to ask him (in the phrase of reporters) to Make a Statement. Asked for a Statement about Lake Champlain he would prowl apprehensively about the room (an annoying habit). He knew very well the great difficulty of Statements, which usually conceal more than they convey. A serious critic (as distinguished from a mere romancer) is compelled to simulate some sort of balance sheet, cogitated in reasonable form; and, as every auditor knows, there are a hundred ways of pastrycooking an itemized report. Liars, we are all liars; and worse, timid and ineffectual liars. To deliver the meaning of anything, Mistletoe would mumble, you must remove yourself altogether from the social tissue; must renounce the innocent pleasure of having your intuitions shared, approved, or verified. In any man's memory there are areas so tender, so silly, so vital, they cannot easily be suggested.

There was a road, powdered thick with dust, that ran along the lake shore. At night it was a deep channel through pine trees where a dark ribbon of sky was granulated with stars. The water below it whispered to the stony beach with Tennysonian delicacy. Add to this the balsam savor of Adirondack woods, and all the endearing mischief of our human race. And in those days, or nights, there were no cars on such roads. It was silence.

There was a boy who, for reasons quite irrelevant, was supposed to be doing some studying. As a matter of fact he was reading Huxley, and I don't mean Aldous. It was Thomas Henry Huxley; "Science and Education," or something of that sort; good, solid, uplifting stuff, with occasional sortie (for relief) into the Oxford Book of English Verse, which was a new book in those days and highly favored by a Younger Generation that didn't know it was a Generation. There were other books too that he was reading, for instance A. C. Benson's "From a College Window," one of the quietest of sedatives.

He needed a sedative. Past the lakeside cabin which was the student's pensive citadel ran this same road—this road dust-powdered and soft to tread, now brilliant with noonday sun and upland air, this Road of Loving Hearts Stevenson's Samoans would have called it. As he sat, pretending to put his mind on Huxley's Idea of a University he was really alert for a very small and complicated sound. It only lasted an instant. It combined a faint hum, a flutter, and sometimes (in excess of provocation) a small tingling bell. It was a girl on a bicycle.

Perhaps a dozen times in the half hour preceding that hoped-for passage he would have peered out of the door to look along the road. For, if she happened to be in sight, what more natural than that he should have chanced to come outdoors: the road was free to all, wasn't it? And it would have been equally natural for her to dismount and exchange a few words. Or again, with the practical ingenuity of the young female, it might sometimes occur that the bicycle did not seem to run well, or she would weary of riding at just that bend in the road and walk a bit for a change; idly chirruping her bell in a noonday abstraction. But many, far too many, times (the child was a genius of coquetry) she spun briskly by. As he sat with eyes on Huxley but ears cocked toward the road, he would hear that faint and adorable flutter, the flickering rustle of tires and spokes, a tiny chink of the bell. He would rush to the door. Already the white dress and revolving ankles, the sunburned nape, the bronze curly hair, were far down the way. It was odd, undoubtedly, that she always chose to ride home with the mail just at the hour she knew he set apart for being there. Or perhaps it was he who arranged it so: who could remember now?

But to paraphrase the famous words, in Thomas Henry Huxley he read no more that day.

There were nights of stars on that road. Perhaps you have known roads something like it. (Strange to think it is still there; is that summer dust yet so silent underfoot? does a white dress still shine so white in starlight, visible down the dark alley of the pines?) There were certain humorous obstacles to easy meeting, to lend sure enchantment. There was a barn dance once, a real one, when the erection of a new barn was celebrated, before the roof was put on, by open-air merriment in the hayloft; there were Chinese lanterns under warm sky, and a harp and a country fiddler. And early in the evening, as happened to be duty, he drove punctually away in the old rustic surrey; but raced secretly back, miles along that same road of dust and stars, for one more caper before the end.

Well indeed if so young and in such harmless subterfuge one may first divine something of woman's immortal power.

There was a porch that overhung the water, where one fell asleep hearing the small syllables of the beach; woke now and then, as one does in open air, to see always a different pattern of planets. Usually the beam from Split Rock lighthouse was the only company in that small bungalow, except Thomas Henry Huxley. Once in a while however a friend camping farther along the shore stopped in to sit late beside the fire, to discuss symptoms in their wounded bosoms. For both were stricken of the universal endemic, and loyally sought to repair their agitation with the Oxford Book and the bottle of rye reserved for snakebite. But mostly he was alone, and turned in on the camp-cot on the porch surrounded by stars and in a happy confusion of ideas, a mixture of T. H. Huxley and the flutter of bicycling skirts.

It is very long ago; perhaps it was only a dream; but one night he woke, and something nearer and dearer than stars or Huxley had been there on the porch. Dazed as he was, he was aware of some thrilling presence; there was a soft step in the brush below the steps, a whispering, a curious radiant sensitiveness on his cheek, a faint suggestion of a sweetness he knew. Does a boy ever forget his first breath of a woman's hair? Dazzled with celestial suspicion he crept out through the cabin into the open. Down the road was a distant laughter.

Only a dream, perhaps; worse, a joke, insisted his indignant crony; but he himself preferred to believe otherwise. Surely it was not just coincidence that for several days Huxley was abandoned for the composition of an Ode on Lake Champlain; which was duly returned by the editor of the Atlantic Monthly with its delightful *rejection slip. The Editor of The Atlantic begs to be excused from the ungracious task of criticism.*

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Clean Hands

(*Continued from page 227*)

applied thoroughly and intelligently to modern plays that act easily and speedily. The implication in column after column is, that if a play runs smoothly and excites its audience there is no more to be said.

But this is a bankruptcy of real criticism. It may be that in the long series of hard-boiled murder plays which have accompanied the locust plague of detective fiction the dear public are getting what they want. This has not been proved, but proved or not, it is the duty of critics with a sense of responsibility to the ideals, to any ideals, of criticism, to distinguish between good food and bad stimulant, between tonics and aphrodisiacs. The stage's obsession at the moment with crime is certainly not an act of God through his all-wise managers. It may be inevitable and it may be an accident commercialized; but a critic who accepts apparent success as the only criterion, is not only a bad critic, he is likely to be a bad prophet also, who mistakes his own subservience for a standard or a principle.

When responsibility for the ideals of a good and sane life are so ruthlessly kicked overboard (and not only in the drama), is it strange that the opposition should take to fanaticism, and rouse its worst instincts and most ignorant emotions in revenge? A brave heart against priggishness and convention must not be stultified by dirty hands. The choice between Mr. Sumner and the author of a smut play is difficult to make. But do we have to make it?

According to recent reports from London the two outstanding books of the week in which the news appeared were Viola Meynell's memoirs of her mother, and Sir J. H. Jeans's "The Universe Around Us." Professor Karl Blossfeld's "Art Forms in Nature" came in a good second.

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Woodrow Wilson,

IN Wilson, the whole of mankind breaks camp, sets out from home, and wrestles with the universe and its gods. That is his difference from other adventurers.

The mind of Woodrow Wilson, by elementary conviction, by practice, education, and erudition, was the repository of the whole of the more subtle, as rigorously distinguished from the more puritan, dogma of democracy; which latter fell finally into the possession of Lenin. That is to say in his person Wilson summed up all the great moderate reformers of the preceding centuries, from Sièyes, or even Voltaire, to Gladstone, Garibaldi, and Lincoln. He was the consecrated guardian of the principal hope of mass-humanity, the only plan of general happiness that is on the table; self-appointed, like genius, but absolutely singleminded, authentic, and sure. Without a clear sight of this, the dimensions of his adventure will not appear. Wilson is in person the doctrine of democracy. He is the deputy of all who have believed in it, dreamed with it, fought for it. He, essentially man of action, is the instrument of those great philosophers and poets you can name yourself, Shelley, Hugo, and Heine, as well as Jefferson, Mill, and Mazzini. In their spirit and science, he tried to rescue humanity. From what peril, and with what result will develop, as clearly as possible, as we go.

So then, liking or disliking him as we choose, but not permitted in either case to ignore his functional position in history, we may look up his personal history. There are two highroads, I imagine, to the democratic belief in its entirety: evangelical christianity, and law. One after the other he used both. At the various universities where he studied, he seems to have followed the good though generally misunderstood policy of keeping his real aim always in sight, and refusing to be drawn off his goal by the vanity or complaisance of earning prizes. And from his studies and with them, after a brief hesitation, he chose the very unusual, but extremely right road to his amazing future: professorship.

The story of his stay in Princeton and struggles there is like one of the epitomical pieces of Plutarch on the hero of a city state. The scale and scope was in appearance merely municipal, in this case easily to be put down as the common-room squabbles of schoolmasters; but such was the real size of the protagonists, and the issues involved political, ethical, cultural, that, like the perfect steel model in miniature of an engine, it could bear indefinite enlargement.

* * *

The duality was the same as in all Wilson's adventures. He was here, too, the champion of democracy. This University of Princeton, like all the great universities of America, was in full rush of evolution towards something, which however hazy its exact definition was obviously not a "democratic institution." Without theory, all the more formidable because it was a natural growth of circumstances, a product of the natural will of its members, it was growing rather on the social side. That is, inside the existing structure of a provincial university for the teaching of the elements of a profession, were growing fast, and encroaching on this simple purpose, clubs and private societies with a convivial, sporting object. These nuclei at first were such as occur spontaneously in any large human conglomeration of persons of the same taste and way of life, and of course their first members would be rather those who had time to spend, whose interest in their studies was not urgent necessity; in short the richer ones.

When Wilson came into power there, this process had already gone far. The situation in itself profoundly displeased the new head, as an affront to the dignity of studies. "The side-shows are swallowing up the circus." But the deeper, more serious challenge to his fundamental beliefs implicit in the situation did not escape him. Here insolently under his nose the formation of an upper class was actively and obviously at work; the negation and enemy of a democratic America. A leisure class, possibly a ruling class, was germinating in these clubs, in the very apse of the temple of his ideals, the university system. His unrelenting, painstaking campaign against these clubs therefore is not a petty affair; it is a key campaign for making America safe for democracy.

The opposition had the initial disadvantage of being on the defensive. They perhaps realized as clearly as he the real nature of the quarrel, far transcending a dispute on how students should pass their spare time: the struggle between a baby aristocracy and a wary and well-armed democratic champion. As one of them, reported by Mr. Baker, put it obstinately: "No one can make a gentleman associate with a mucker." But all the phrases, all the principles, all the rules of conduct and citations were on the side of Wilson. For since the downfall of Hamilton, there is nothing avowable outside the purest democracy in America. Wilson had all the powder and shot; but they had the lay of the land. It is noteworthy that throughout his enemies made no attempt to defend openly what they were doing, made no defence of the "social rôle of a university" he attacked; never so much as brought into the conflict such potent words at their disposal as aristocracy, civilization, everything they might have thrown against his by no means philosophically impregnable conception of a university as a mere training school, or at the extreme, a laboratory; they disputed his facts, not his theory, and waited. In this reluctant, unsallying warfare, the rival chief was Dean Andrew West, apparently a naturally undemocratic, aristocratic mind.

* * *

The details, as I say, we must relinquish. The affair concentrated round two epicentres, each concerned with West's scheme for a graduate college, which was to surpass anything in the old buildings and stand comparison with the beauties of Oxford. This building to be acceptable to Wilson had to be an integral part of the college, on the campus site. West wanted it to be placed in a magnificent landscape, rather far from the main buildings.

Now, West had found the money, some half million dollars offered by a friend in gift, to back his proposal. This large sum against any other man but Wilson in the place and time, would certainly have clinched West's victory. But at the last moment Wilson succeeded in the prodigious feat of getting his Board to refuse it, to the amazement, fury, admiration of the whole public of America. It was the first introduction of Wilson's name to the nation as a whole. He followed up this astonishing rout of the Westites by his celebrated speech: "The American college must become saturated in the same sympathies as the common people. The American people will tolerate nothing that savors of exclusiveness." But almost as soon as this taunt song of pure democracy was at its last verse, the tables were turned. West received another legacy, this time for several millions, without conditions but under his trusteeship, and Wilson abandoned the battle—and became President of the United States.

This then was Wilson when the world first saw him: the custodian of the whole traditional doctrine, as delivered through a century of preceding history to democracy's saints, by full knowledge, by full conviction, and moreover wielding power such as no one of his spiritual predecessors had ever had. The mass-hope had at last its pope; and now we must recall why precisely at this moment, it needed precisely such a man.

The question of war has become the main preoccupation of humanity. Before democracy this was by no means the case; the exploits of Alexander, Charles, and their likes, except on exceptional occasions spaced by tens of centuries, were not fractionally so great a worry, as, let us say, the plague. Following such sublime deceivers as Victor Hugo, there has come about certainly a contrary illusion, whose prompt dissipation by facts is the first shock of any student of history. War has not only become more destructive and common, but vastly greater in the scale of those it touches, along with the very unequal but very general growth of democratic government. This concordance has not, of course, escaped the most enrapt believer in progress, and there is a brilliant, circumstantial legend, known to all, that the real reason is some international conspiracy of rich men, armament companies, newspapers, and perhaps beautiful wicked adventuresses, who steal plans from young attachés. Besides this folk-poetry, there is a more matter-of-fact charge, that the progress of science is the cause. I prefer (but you are, of course, not obliged to) the more ingenious theory that Napoleon is to blame, by his invention (rather improvement) of the *leveé en masse*. Kings used to be cautious about asking anyone but the vagabonds and tramps, and those spiritual vagabonds and tramps —the romantic younger sons of aristocracy—to murder and be murdered for them. Conscription, apart from small and unimportant precedence, is a democratic institution; do not forget that Napoleon was Emperor by expressed will of the people.

Moreover, quite apart from the habit this great and stern teacher of democracy imposed on it, of going in hordes to get killed, instead of hiring victims from the surplus population, democracy received from him a tremendous encouragement to organize itself in just the way to make these mass slaughters more likely and frequent. Nationalism, the forming of states on a linguistic and historical—that is really literary if not poetic and archæological —basis is recognized even by democrats to be a dangerous excitement of this war-spirit; for it makes all its appeal to the irrational, strongest part of the abysmal vanity of mankind. But democrats have a special sort of nationalism, diluted, luke-warmed, which they consider not only harmless but beneficial; which I am willing to believe if I could only distinguish exactly between the noxious "My country right or wrong," and "The right of every nation to dispose of themselves."

As things are, infidels must go on believing that large scale mass warfare is a typical activity of democracies, that nothing excites the enthusiam of an undoctored vote like a proposition to fight, that never yet has mankind joined with an entirely united will and effort in any other enterprise. And that, as Wilson gradually saw, unless this propensity could be cured, or dammed, or extirpated, either democracy or humanity must die.

It is unnecessary, then, to insist that the last war, with which we are concerned in this account, was a thoroughly democratic affair. England, after a heart-breaking attempt to keep the old monarchical system of sending only volunteers to get killed, adopted the full democratic institution of conscription. The only country in which the war was not absolutely overwhelmingly and openly the will of the whole people was significantly enough, Russia. In Germany, the only completely popular act of the régime was, besides perhaps workmen's compulsory insurance, this war.

And in America, for a long while, Wilson was in opposition to the will of his people, in keeping them out of it. For two or three years, in fact, he was plainly guilty of the grievous sin of benevolent despotism. How he squared his conscience for this is a curious and difficult study by itself. But at length, in the long run, he decided to let them have their war.

His motives for this latter cause, however, are absolutely sure and safe. He entered the war to kill war, and so save democracy from its recurrence, for ever. The choice of sides, no doubt was made for reasons of nationalist interest—the object, every one of his acts, speeches, and his whole life proved to have been the purest altruism, the love of democracy as the total and only hope of the whole of humanity.

The course of his intervention, the sudden and startling cutting of the bloody knot which every victory and defeat, before America entered, only tightened and swelled; this is, I hope in every schoolbook, in every country of the world. I fancy, not with entirely pure motives, but rather for the vanity of minimizing the military part played by his troops, it is general to attribute the largest share of the credit in this world-triumph to the speeches, and especially to the Notes, Points, Particulars, Principles, and Ends, which he personally emitted. If in this view is included the enormous and absolutely necessary moral encouragement to the Allied troops, which I can bear witness to as an ex-soldier, as well as the disintegratory propaganda effect on the Germans, there is some justice in it.

There are two features of these documents especially noteworthy; in the first place their absolutely plain intention to put future war out of pos-

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by William Bolitho

sibility for the sake of democracy. And then again a certain rather ominous indecision of expression. It is not only that the fourteen points, for example, rather overlap each other in places, that the logical expression of his thought is not absolutely clear, and that there is a considerable stress on a doubtful theory of the ultimate cause of war, in "secret diplomacy"—however flattering that may be for the democratic faith. The Ten Commandments themselves have similar defects. But the weakness of the too many "as far as possibles," "lowest consistents" is a grave matter; it looks (after the event), as if this was already a subtly different, less daring man than the magnificent Wilson of Princeton and New Jersey. A Wilson, let us say, who was suffering already from the ailment, dangerous to adventurers, of a too clear consciousness of the difficulties ahead. He did not speak like that to West. The thought underneath, however, is simple and grand. War is to be prevented forever, mainly by three self-denying measures; the first, national self-determination only asked from the Central Powers, the other two more timidly, as I say, from the whole world—democracy in all her children. That is, first, the abolition of armaments—the freedom of the seas as a corollary—second, universal free trade. But both, mark, only "as far as possible."

This extent, so far as it depended on the will of mankind in its peoples—all that Wilson could care about—can never of course be exactly determined. And yet on an estimate of that great possibility, all estimates of the mighty adventure, now brought to a crisis by his personal embarkation for Europe, must wholly depend. It can never be disproved that for a terribly short time—a month, a fortnight, more likely only one short week, all limits were withdrawn. As far as possible, it became in England, in France, in Germany, by the immense repentance and love of the whole common people for the man who had saved them, absolutely possible. If Wilson stepping off the boat had announced, in the tone he once possessed, world-disarmament, British fleet and German, French army, and Italian submarine, Gibraltar, Malta, Aden dismantled, and with that the abandonment of all the tariff barriers of the world—those of his own country first—as his unalterable terms, I am at perfect liberty to believe that he would have won through, and, with a larger destiny than any human being who ever lived, opened the doors to a new and fascinating prospect for the whole of his fellowmen. The common people wherever he walked screamed for him to do it; there was certainly a scream.

* * *

No one has ever had such cheers; I, who heard them in the streets of Paris, can never forget them in my life. I saw Foch pass, Clémenceau pass, Lloyd George, generals, returning troops, banners, but Wilson heard from his carriage, something different, inhuman—or superhuman. Oh, the immovably shining, smiling man.

To be sure, it would not have gone easily, this total humanitarian adventure. Singularly enough, the resistance of the two most obvious barriers, Lloyd George and Clémenceau, was quite doubtful. Both were at a tremendous pitch of relief and joy; for, remember, both were great orators, a breed who have nerves. And both were in their different ways almost mystically exalted democrats, sincere demagogues. Clémenceau in addition, through his whole history (and often it hurt his career) was an almost boundless, blinded admirer of Anglo-Saxon institutions and leadership; Lloyd George, a humanitarian much more by fanaticism than ever by calculation. There was, in that week—that is understood—just that trembling, maddening chance; and such is the very material of adventure. If Wilson had just been, at that instant, a little crazy; if—when the British Prime Minister started, in his sense of duty—for he was a small man—to push perfunctorily against the keystone of the Wilsonian arch; the freedom of the seas, the usual rigmarole of "never used except for freedom and justice"; never for a moment expecting that his hero would hear him out; and then surprised with a queer secret disappointment, discovered that he, Lloyd George, England, the status quo, and common sanity, as he put it to himself in the car home, had won the day! Technically, in short, the pressure of England came first, then the pressure of France. And then it was unnecessary to take up the third matter of world free trade.

The world would have resisted; the intelligent, sane middle-class would have let him go home, and tried to quell the revolutions. In America, in all certainty, he would have had to resign; the Princeton issue all over again. But on the London platform, waiting for the train to take them to the boat for Russia, the English Guards threw down their arms; a little unrecorded, historical anecdote. And practically every town, almost every village, in France had once a Rue Wilson. Did you know that? It was not because of, or after his share in the Treaty of Versailles; the naming took place in a moment when everyone seemed to be crazy with Wilson; in those early hysterical times of the peace. If only Wilson in that one sole week had been a little crazy.

But he was sane; conscious all the time. And now, leaving all the relief to those who feel it, we must briefly examine the causes of the strange metamorphosis of the fourteen points into the Treaty of Versailles. And immediately, that great safeguard of failures, that insurance which the great and their friends claim in case of disaster—bad advice, evil counsellors; that excuse must be ruled out. The important part of the entourage of the great President was, if possible, more daring than himself. The heavy blanket influence of the great and banal powers of money, industry, politics from his own country if, indeed, it has not been maligned, came long after the game was lost.

* * *

Wilson's acts were his own; he went through this conference with the isolated responsibility of the act of dying. All was well lost before it started. Only the rather ghastly interest of watching a killing remained. Instead of a prophet, he had been changed into a suitor, beseeching, bribing the others not to go too far. You may well believe he fought well; on his stumps, like the old hard-dying sea dog in the ballad. Even at the very beginning before they had dared quite wholeheartedly to set about him, he had forced out of them the Covenant of the League of Nations. But the blank check for reparations, the fulfilment of the secret treaties—every power seemed to have a boxful of them and every one was in opposition to the fourteen points—the whole savage, and greedy looting of the Treaty of Versailles was inexorably wrung out of him piecemeal. He would not even save his principle when the direct national interests of his own country were in play; thus he was forced to yield Shantung to the Japanese and receive the horrified scorn of the Chinese for doing it.

Such, one-sidedly, certainly (but that the outside) was the great squeezing of Wilson; whose annotated details are contained in the Treaty he signed. More, even, than the breaking-up of the Central Powers, it was the perfect partition of his own world-wide spiritual Empire, that had lasted only a few years; and he stayed to the end.

One singular incident, like a bodily convulsion, alone showed the outside world the progress of his throes. After all the great things had been sacrificed, he stuck at giving the Croatian port of Fiume to Italy. He had yielded everything to France and England; the thought of submitting to a mere Italy would have roused him, if he had been physically half-dead. Italy did not have Fiume from him; yet there was something sad, as well as noble, in his stand, at such a stage. It was as if suddenly the old, six-months buried self, in full democratic armor, "in the same figure like the king that's dead," stood up to bar the way before the aggrieved, bewildered, poor Italian couple, Orlando and Sonnino. And this towering phantom released, at last, the thunder clap. I have speculated on the effect of an appeal to the world, and its possible results, issued on his arrival. Now at last inconceivably, hopelessly, late, his cry went out! The mighty signal he had been saving; to the people of the world; and nothing but a rumbling echo answered it. The world had moved in those few months a whole century out of place.

The cause of this grand and tragic downfall, this messianic catastrophe, whose size and significance is certainly greater than the war, the occasion which it crowned, is hardly mysterious; nor in the history of adventure can it be unexpected or abnormal. Wilson went down, not because he was vain, nor because he was outwitted, nor because of any other of the small accidental reasons with which the spiteful children of his enemies sought to account for the overwhelming result of their prayers. A structural fault, nothing less, brought down that vast hope in ruins; as all great dramas end. Wilson was afraid; in that particularly deadly form, excused as it is by every moral code but not by destiny, which is called a sense of responsibility. "They held up the spectre of Bolshevism to him, and he dared not risk." Who, *They?* Clémenceau and Lloyd George? They were frightened as he was. Wilson's tragedy was no gigantic, still ludicrous version of the confidence game. He, and the world with him,—for Wilson's adventure was the world's, and one day the world will know it, even the fools—were not the victims of a vulgar trick, unless the dizziness that pulls down climbers from the peak is some cunning of the Alps. We fell there because the height was too great, because he saw all the countries of the world, the bare immensity of the mass of common people which he had worshipped all his life, but never imagined until that day he knew he had them, their lives, and all uncountable, future ages of them in his own two hands. Seeing, a great vertigo leapt on him. Those days have passed more utterly from memory than if a hundred years had gone since then; but a few who lived through them, and stood near where the pedestal of Wilson was standing, can remember vaguely, as if they had read it somewhere, something of the madness, the sheer panic, mixed with exaltation of the times. The storm has gone now. The name Bolshevism has only resonance. But those were the days in which anything might happen; Clémenceau, who contemplated quite steadily the possibility of the total destruction of Paris to get victory, used to quiver to his grey mitten tips at that subterranean Treaty of Lenin. He had been through one commune. The great killing was over: could Wilson, with its smell in the air, risk another? And so did he not risk, and so, not risking, he lost the lot. Such is the end, we have imagined, of most adventurers, perhaps all adventurers, though peer and probe as we might we could not find a trace of a necessity, which would set our minds at peace. For if only we could find an inevitability of failure of the game we are forced, singly, and in the whole slow moving column of humanity through the ages, to play against the gods, there would be a Shakespearean release, an ease, a true tragic katharsis in it; a quasi-musical compensation, that all endeavor is predestined lost. But such, like the static dream of a fixed good in the universe attainable in time, that image of space, there is nowhere any true sign of. We are encouraged to, not absolved from, adventure by the shortest and most inadequate look at it. There is no certainty, good or bad, but an infinite resilience that makes both good and bad greater than we commonly think. The heights are further; the gulfs deeper; if it is a game, the odds are enormous.

Some people think that, like Arthur and the legendary Alexander, and many other lesser men, Wilson left, even though defeated, a hope, a promise, that League, which is as it were a symbol of his perished flesh and blood, a fragment torn out of his heart and left with us, to serve for one who will come after in a retaking up of his adventure to put his feet on for the heap. It may be. But at any rate, we may be more certain now of the infinite hopeful and despairing uncertainties of things as they seem, as they are, and as they will be.

The author of the foregoing article, William Bolitho, has for some time been a regular contributor to the New York World. *He was present at the Peace Conference, where he had an opportunity of observing Wilson at first hand. The study printed above will constitute a part of the concluding chapter of his "Twelve Against the Gods," a chronicle of the world's greatest adventurers, shortly to be published by Simon & Schuster.*

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Books of Special Interest

Industrial Philosophy

JOY IN WORK. By HENRI DE MAN. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

IT is significant that this German study of the chances of joy in and through manual labor should appear at this time. Thoughtful American opinion is rightfully exercised by the same problem, and books like Chase's "Men and Machines" and Pound's "The Iron Man in Industry" indicate divergent approaches and solutions which have already occupied our attention. De Man's analysis and proposals are remarkably akin to those of Stuart Chase. And we confess they check more closely with our observations than, for example, Pound's.

Is it possible to derive happiness from labor—especially the more routinized tasks in elaborately mechanized operations? De Man's answer is, yes,—provided the total setting of the labor is properly viewed by all involved. He agrees that "the contemporary worker has practically no reason for feeling that in his case work is a duty he owes to the community." And he believes that it is on this recognized sense that the deeper feeling of satisfaction can largely be built. The ultimate problem, he says,

> is to ascertain how all the pleasurable feelings that may arise in connection with work can be intensified and integrated to produce real happiness by being crowned with the greatest of all joys, the joy of fulfilling a duty. In the absence of this motive the attempt to make work a pure delight would be an attempt to square the circle.

Whether or not one agrees with this analysis, De Man certainly documents his premise by reference to the several dozen German workmen upon whose opinions and reactions his study is largely based. And our own view is that he comes close to the heart of the question in this assumption.

If one is looking for first principles that square with an understanding of human nature, in pondering the way out of economic conflict, he will find them in this pronouncement. Become a conscious community in industry; give to all members of the community some voice in its ultimate control; assure responsible exercise of that control through participation in rewards in relation to effort and result wisely balanced;—that is a long step toward grasping the tenuous but vital thing which the phrase "industrial democracy" is trying to realize. That its application is new and different for every company, every industry, and every land, alters not at all the fundamental character of the prescription. It remains what we rarely need,—namely, a first principle.

The soundness of this principle is not found by De Man in conjecture or wish. It is found in a conception of human nature which he derives from recent psychology supplemented by his case study of workers at the bench. And it is a conception which American students like Dewey, Woodworth, Edman, Whiting Williams, Robert B. Wolf, and numerous others, academic and industrial experts alike, have been trying hard to popularize in this country.

That the writer is not utopian or oversimplified in his view of work in its relation to life needs should perhaps be emphasized. He says, "Freedom of creation and compulsion of performance, ruling and being ruled, command and obedience, functioning as subject and functioning as object —these are the poles of a tension which is imminent in the very nature of work." And in this statement we find what is in reality a second principle of the relation of the individual to group efforts and coöperative accomplishments—a principle which is basic to practical operation.

All in all, this penetrating, reassuring, and forward-looking treatise is a splendid tract for the industrial philosophy of tomorrow which is in the making. How work in its modern content and setting is to be harmonized with the legitimate ends of fulness in life is a problem as yet unsolved in the factory and counting house. But concern with the problem by those in responsible control has fortunately been growing in the last decade at a rapid rate. So that a study like De Man's is as epochal in public value as is Mr. Chase's latest book.

To that growing body of people exercised by the immediacy, universality, and pervasiveness of the problem of joy through work, Mr. De Man offers a stirring call. In that internationalism of endeavor which is now essential to the attack upon world consequences of the machine culture, this continental student is a valued supporter of the best that is being thought, said, and done along these lines in America.

A Polish Educator

STANISLAS KONARSKI. By WILLIAM J. ROSE. London: Jonathan Cape. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN P. MIZWA

AMERICANS interested in Poland, in the history of education, and in the life of an apparently obscure monk who later thrice refused to be a bishop in order to become a pioneer in introducing twentieth-century methods of education into eighteenth century Poland, will welcome this scholarly contribution by the first Anglo-Saxon student in four hundred years to receive the Ph.D. in course at the ancient University of Krakow, the Alma Mater of Copernicus. An expansion of his doctor's thesis, it is a thorough piece of work.

The story of Stanislas Konarski is the story of a Piarist Monk (Piarist, from Patres Piarum or the Order of the Pious), born in 1700, who in the course of his educational and intellectual peregrinations studied in France and Italy and became acquainted with the most advanced methods of instruction the West (in the European not American sense) could offer. Upon return to his native land, he realized that Poland, politically, intellectually, and morally, was in a bad shape. Politically, weakened from within by the famous, or infamous, Liberum Veto and externally threatened by ambitious neighbors; educationally controlled by the Jesuits who were going through the motions prescribed by antiquated and obsolete forms, morally debilitated, Poland's national life seemed to be at a low ebb.

Konarski came with his educational reform, which he used as a cudgel to knock the tottering system to pieces and as a lever to raise Poland as by her own bootstraps to a higher level of national consciousness and collective endeavor. He worked on the presumption that no country is better than its citizens, and no citizens better than their education. Since nobility was the ruling class, he first established a College for the Nobles (Collegium Nobilium) in Warsaw, then spread the reform throughout the country.

Briefly, his educational program consisted in preparing pupils for the life of citizenship and in training all their faculties—intellectual, physical, moral—for leadership. Polish, and not Latin, was emphasized; students were trained to think, not to memorize in parrotlike fashion; social sciences were grouped around history and civics; the natural sciences were taught with the aid of laboratory equipment; methodical physical training was introduced, and the slogan of "sports for every boy" followed; individual responsibility, resourcefulness and leadership were encouraged by a system of student self-government.

This program reads like a page from an up-to-date text-book on progressive education. Yet all this took place in the middle of the eighteenth century. Konarski did not avert the impending partitions of Poland, but he breathed a new life into the nation that enabled it to survive these partitions and emerge in the rebirth of a new nation a century and a half later. As a direct fruit of his reforms, he trained leaders who, in 1773, or one year after his death, formed the Educational Commission (being the first Ministry of Public Instruction on the Continent of Europe) to carry out his reforms through public school systems, and in 1791 drew the famous Constitution of the 3rd of May, embodying the principles of the best political theory and practice of the age. The constitution proved too democratic for its neighbors, and Poland's final partitions followed, but Konarski's spirit lived and actuated the minds and hearts of the people.

"A number of idealists prominent in the German artistic world," says a correspondent to the London *Observer*, "have determined to demonstrate that the Germany of Goethe and Schiller is not yet dead. They have been up-to-date enough to collect as much information about modern stage technique as possible in the belief that German drama in particular has a wide appeal to students of her history and culture. They have organized a floating theatre, built into an old-fashioned, four-masted schooner. On this ship they are going round the world."

A Bibliography of Oliver Cromwell

By WILBUR C. ABBOTT

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Books of Special Interest

Scientific Education

THE CHILD AND THE WORLD. By MARGARET NAUMBURG. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL

Bureau of Educational Experiments

MARGARET NAUMBURG, as the founder of the Walden School (originally called the Children's School), has for years been one of the outstanding figures in the United States in experimental, or as she prefers to have it called, in "scientific education." No book from such a source can fail to attract attention. "The Child and the World" will do more. For it is in the best sense of the word a "provocative" book. The title is no misnomer unless, indeed, "Margaret Naumburg and the World" might be more accurate. For although the book is cast in the form of dialogues between various members of the school staff and the public represented by different types of school visitors, it is essentially a personal book reflecting the thinking and the experiences of its writer. The discussions in the first dialogues and in the last give fairly concrete pictures of Miss Naumburg's philosophy as embodied in her actual school procedures: in the other dialogues they serve largely as a background of problems of which the school is aware because it is dealing with human material. The children themselves seldom appear:—a glimpse of the "pre-school children" as seen by the Mid-western superintendent, a discussion of parents and schools by a group of High School students, which does not sound like, and I hope is not, a recorded conversation, a play, and a record of a discussion during its creation.

It is the book of a student filled with quotations not only from recognized educators, but from anyone who can throw light on human beings and their behavior. Miss Naumburg is consistently trying to understand children first and to plan a course of study for them second. This is what she means by a "scientific," or "experimental," point of view in education as opposed to the merely "progressive" (represented in the Lincoln School, Horace Mann, and others) where the old curriculum is not necessarily questioned and the progressiveness consists merely in an attempt to better the methods of teaching old things.

Miss Naumburg's conception of a school is a synthesis of modern scientific thinking. Appropriately the dialogue form permits of wide and easy ranging from the psychoanalytic libido theory to Osborn's theory of the deterioration of modern men, from the meaning of "social" and "individual" to the persistence of certain physiological cells, from Alexander's technique of muscle coördination to the place of tool subjects or drama in the curriculum, from intelligence tests to Whitehead's "Organization of Thought." In the course of these animadversions on life and growth, Miss Naumburg hits an extraordinary number of nails on the head. Her summaries of the attitude towards education on the part of settlements, labor organizations, and public school authorities, her evaluation of psychological tests, of college board examinations, of Dewey's own school and progressive schools in general, these and many others are both pithy and profound, and constitute a real critique of current thinking on education.

The dialogue form turns out to be a subtle method of proving this school's superiority over everyone who comes the school's way. Now of course Miss Naumburg thinks she is right—what is a conviction but thinking you are right? But that is different from thinking that a few minutes conversation and glimpse into a classroom will prove you are right to a school superintendent from a mid-western Public School, to "the" sociologist, to "the" artist, to Normal School students, parents (even to a conservative father), to public school teachers, old-fashioned physician, university professor, and a modern stage producer. Anyone who has worked in an experimental school knows that the job of convincing the world is no such easy one!

What is the main educational thesis which makes these easy converts and through what technique is this thesis put into school practice? The book answers the first question much more fully than the second. "I started the school," Miss Naumburg says, "with the purpose of applying the principles of analytic psychology to the education of normal children. I welcomed psychanalysis as an educational technique." The psychoanalytic trend of Miss Naumburg's thinking is indicated in nearly every subject she approaches quite apart from the direct discussions of Jung, Freud, Adler, and others, and from the explanation of her own "middle ground" platform. The unconscious, she holds, plays the leading rôle in a child's life. The effort to understand this unconscious, therefore becomes the school's chief job. How the school is to arrive at this understanding is referred to incidentally and is implicit in the whole pedagogic argument. We are told that records and special case studies have been made over many years of both individual children and groups through the application of the analytic technique. Judgment on such analytic records must wait until their promised publication, which we hope will not be long deferred. Further, we are told that many analysts now coöperate closely with the school. Above all we are told that "at least half the teachers" and many of the parents have been analyzed, "while the rest of the teachers are equally interested in the application of analytic principles to our general educational scheme."

Of all fields in the world I should suppose the trained expert is a necessity in analysis and conversely the amateur is a menace. To attempt to interpret the hidden life of a child through personal and emotional revelations of one's own seems insecure and consequently unscientific procedure. Even if one were to accept the psycho-analytic viewpoint as Miss Naumburg expounds it—and I am intentionally side-stepping that issue in this review—I think one would hesitate to trust so delicate and powerful a technique to class-room teachers merely because they had been analyzed. Particularly as the technique is not successful unless the patients—in this case the children—coöperate. So that the teacher must be more than an observer; she must involve the children in active investigation into their own states of mind. It would seem to me almost an impossibility to keep a false element of excitement off a stage so set as well as to place the emphasis inappropriately for children. Miss Naumburg pleads for "education through experience" instead of the old "education by means of the printed word." But does she mean by experience this searching by the children for the hidden motives of their behavior?

That is not what some of us mean by a "curriculum of experience," and I presume it is not all of what Miss Naumburg means. But certainly it is the part she has chosen to stress in her book. And on this point I do not join the converts of her dialogue.

In spite of this fundamental disagreement, I found myself more than repaid for an arduous reading of Miss Naumburg's book. The problems she raises are those which every school and every family should face. And I rejoice that she has given the world her answer to them both in book form and in a school.

Alfred Hutty, Etcher

AMERICAN ETCHERS. Volume II: ALFRED HUTTY. Twelve Facsimiles. New York: T. Spencer Hutson. 1929.

THAT young artist is fortunate indeed whose early work is recorded in such accurate and sympathetic fashion. Such a book as this a generation ago would have been reserved for an artist famous and safely dead. Its appearance may be taken to indicate a greater concern for the artist still in the insecurity of this mortal life and an increasing popularity of the art of etching. Duncan Philipps provides the ritual introduction in which he justly celebrates Alfred Hutty's tenacity as a portraitist of trees and his ready geniality as a sketcher of people in groups. We have no quarrel with the estimate, yet in scanning the plates we feel, despite the prizes so many have won so quickly, a talent still immature—charming quality of touch rather than serious merit of invention. In short, without at all grudging him the honor, we suspect that the artist is prematurely *rélié en veau*. The book is perfection as to make, and besides the regular edition there is a limited edition of seventy with an original etching.

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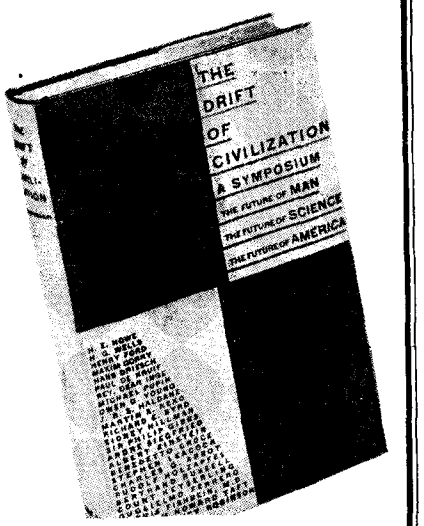

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Books of Special Interest

Marriage and Its Basis

MARRIAGE. By EDWARD WESTERMARCK. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $1.50.

Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON

IN these days when books on marriage and and morals seem to have multiplied beyond all reason, with many adding little to those that preceded, the appearance of this book of Edward Westermarck, which considers marriage in terms of its historical background, has unusual significance. Westermarck's book does what most books on marriage fail to do. It sets marriage in its historical position, considers its forms in various eras, its individual and social aspects, and its cultural characteristics. It is descriptive rather than dissective in method. In simple, expeditious way it provides the reader with many of the general conclusions that its author drew, after more elaborate analysis, in his noted work on "The History of Human Marriage."

One can find here, in rapid review, many of Dr. Westermarck's various conclusions as to the basis of marriage, the nature of the *incest taboo, the origin of endogamy* and exogamy, and the numerous theories concerning group-marriage and promiscuity among primitive peoples. The presentment is always clear but not always sufficient. The very absence of the abundant materials that made his "History of Human Marriage" such an invaluable document, tends to make this volume lag a little in interest and fall short somewhat in conviction. By way of quick contrast, for example, his book on "Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco" was striking in just those ways that this book is not. You got in the former not only a picture of marriage customs, but also the presence of the human factor, the actual "feel" of the situation, the real "spirit" of the *mores*. That you do not get in this volume. Here you have facts, but without the spirit that is or was behind them. As a result, this volume, in considerable part, reads more like a sterile monograph than a dynamic interpretation.

Nevertheless, for the general reader the book will provide an acquaintanceship with marital forms that most books on marriage leave out of account altogether or mention in a passing footnote or paragraph. The fact that marriage grows out of the family, and not the family out of marriage; that as an institution marriage is more economic than sexual in origin; that it evinces all varieties of duration through the ages—these basic facts alone will clarify the attitude of the general reader toward the whole problem of marriage and morals. In achieving such clarification the book serves a good purpose. Instead of viewing the present bankruptcy of marriage which has spread over the western world as something unprecedented, for instance, the reader can see in it a form of change that has occurred before in history, and which is to be expected in the career of any *mores*. Moralities have their curves of ascent and descent like the history of rivers. This fact is brought out in adequate detail in the discussion of the many forms of marriage that man has hitherto adopted, then rejected, and sometimes re-adopted again.

As to the specific contentions of the book—in the first place it is interesting to note that Dr. Westermarck does not here make the eager defense of pre-nuptial chastity that he did in his "History of Human Marriage." The error in his earlier position had met with severe attack by many anthropologists, in particular Robert Briffault. One of the most recent instances in disproof of Westermarck's earlier conception is to be found in Malinowski's "Sexual Life of Savages," where we find that in Melanesia pre-nuptial chastity is practically unknown. That Westermarck still refuses to recognize the matrilineal background of early primitive marriage, even when faced with all the enormous evidence of Briffault, is all the more unfortunate for his general interpretation of marriage in these mad, modern years, when, as many have augured, we are on the road to another matriarchate. The same error creeps into this book which is to be found in his earlier ones, namely, that connected with the differentiations of marriage as a concept and a practice. It is not that Westermarck, himself is not aware of the differentiations, but that the reader will most likely be misled by the failure to emphasize them. Marriage in many primitive communities resembles so little marriage as we, with our modern categories of consciousness, conceive it, that it is practically a misnomer to use the same word to describe both conditions. Among the aboriginal tribes of Malaya, for example, individuals often *marry* forty or fifty times; the Cherokee Iroquois "commonly changed wives three or four times a year, among the Hurons "women (were) purchased by the night, week, month or winter." Now while in a certain loose sense you may describe all these relationships as marital, there is a great danger of misapprehension in this type of nomenclature. It would be a highly intelligent procedure if we coined a new word for our anthropological vocabulary so that this kind of confusion could not occur. Especially is this confusion pronounced, when we discuss such a relationship as monogamy, and here Westermarck is even evasive himself.

Despite these criticisms, the general reader will find in this book a fund of data concerning the basis and background of marriage, which will make him all the better equipped to understand marriage in its present forms, and to "see through" many of the pretentions and spurious arguments that are proffered to us about marriage today.

Black Ulysses

WINGS ON MY FEET. By HOWARD W. ODUM. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. EMMET KENNEDY

AS an authentic, emotional record of the attitude of mind of the American negro soldier during the late war, "Wings on my Feet" contains much that is interesting and diverting. Preoccupied with his uncertain fate, Black Ulysses contemplates death and destruction and the terrors of war surrounding him, voicing his sentiments and speaking his mind without fear or reservation. At times there is an undercurrent of reckless humor so unexpected it is almost grotesque.

Written in monologue form, the hero gives his impressions with a natural egotism and child-like bravado quite true to life; except in a few instances where certain ideas are advanced so at variance with the immaturity of his mind, it seems that he is being used as a medium to give expression to the author's own philosophies of life. One misses, however, the pleasing originality, the variety of incident, and the frequent change of tempo, all of which gave such character to Dr. Odum's former book, "Rainbow Round My Shoulder." Black Ulysses, the troubadour, was spontaneous and amusing, chiefly concerned with his private amours and the sheer delight of roaming abroad in the happy-go-lucky world. Black Ulysses, the soldier, conscious of his uniform and brass buttons, has become self-important. Affected by the nearness of an audience hitherto ignored, he seems inclined to show off; often more deeply concerned about the impression he is making than he is about the general tone of his rambling discourse.

Prevailing monotony, more than anything else, unfortunately mars the appeal of the story. Before long the reader finds himself losing interest and growing impatient. It is like listening to a long, well-written piece of piano music, where there is never a change of key: or like hearing a performance of an unending oratorio where certain unimportant, meaningless words are sung again and again, their only mission being to fill the listener with righteous annoyance. This defect might easily have been overcome if Dr. Odum had shown a more generous sense of elimination in selecting his material. Likewise the monotony would appear less insistent if he had supplied the original music that goes with the song fragments breaking into the theme from time to time, that is, if such music is extant. For, after considering the strange verse mixture, where familiar lines of old spirituals join with the words of a well-known folk-song, with the occasional ringing-in of a line from a bawdy street ballad intended to give novel flavor, there is reason for suspecting someone guilty of a flagrant disregard of artistic verity, and the reader is left trying to decide whether the fault is due to the over-ingeniousness of the author or to the reckless fancy of his singing soldier.

However important the merits of "Wings On My Feet" as an authentic document echoing the war and revealing the vital sensations of an actual flesh and blood personality, as straight fiction the book lacks certain enduring qualities and the inventive force that would serve to rank it as an important literary achievement.

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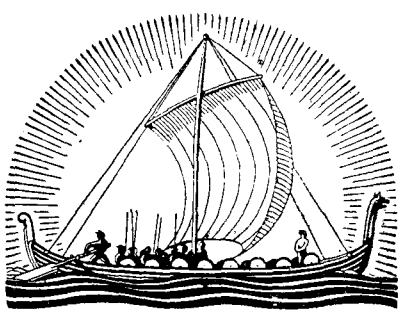

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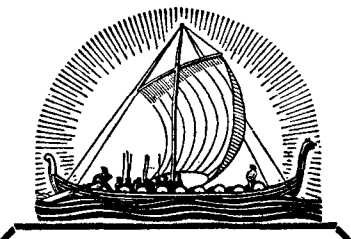

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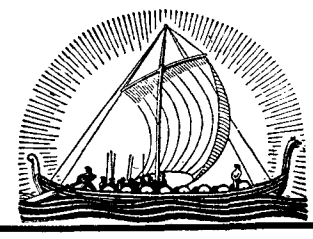

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Round About Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

WE have not read quite all of H. W. Garrod's "The Profession of Poetry and Other Lectures," recently issued by the Oxford University Press. We have, however, perused a good deal of it. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that a Fellow of Merton College, formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, should revere his language sufficiently to write it with effective fluency. But one is accustomed to decry the don, and, singularly enough, it may seem, we do not always find Professor Garrod's judgments those we should have expected of a don. Being ourselves but a barbarian journalist, we mean that as a compliment. Yet these judgments occur, shrewdly interesting as they are, in lectures that enthrone Wordsworth, set high the poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson, and award the palm of greatness to Rupert Brooke.

Certainly Wordsworth deserves eminence, certainly Stevenson's poetry—and we do not mean "A Child's Garden of Verses"—has always been underrated (chiefly because of his own attitude toward it and his brilliant versatility in prose), certainly Brooke was a true poet at times. It is a matter of emphasis. Professor Garrod's volume means most to us not as the presentation of a pantheon, but for scholarship freshened by enthusiasm and enlivened often by dryly humorous phrase. Here is a don patently less inhuman than most. He writes with modesty and an open mind. As he was originally addressing undergraduates it is natural that we should find him mentioning, as he does in his paper on Byron, that

> He played cricket against Eton; a circumstance which would be beneath the dignity of history save that, firstly, by a pretty accident, the names of Byron and Shakespeare jostle one another in the team; and secondly, though Byron was often truthful about other things, he lied about his score.

and, in his paper on Humbert Wolfe, that

> He at one time wore those short side-whiskers which are more easily admired than understood.

If this is triviality it is, after all, rather entertaining.

But Professor Garrod has more serious things to say. For instance, in his preface:

> For the new poetry I have, let me say here, a very real respect; and if I knew it better I fancy that I should respect it even more. But I confess to being a bad scholar in it, and indeed ill-read beyond what I can easily excuse. What I like best about it is its determination to supersede what went before it. There at least is something worth doing.

His first lecture was upon the profession of poetry, and was interpreted by some of his hearers (he tells us by the way) as being too Victorian. After speaking of "that rather crabbed father of all poetical criticism," Aristotle, to whom he owns "a long pupilage," he continues:

> But God did not make man barely philosophical, any more than barely two-legged. He threw in "mania"; and to a small order of "maniacal" men, men ecstatic, enthusiastic, possessed, as the Greeks variously called them, he gave eyes divining hidden connexions, the vision of obscured likenesses, the power to recognize things and name them; a faculty of imitative magic, summoning at will, and subduing by spells, the rebellious elements of the world's life.

He goes on to say that "the poet is, in fact, the prophet of the world's final causes; the interpreter, vexed often and hesitant, but still the only present interpreter, of a creation groaning and travailing after its proper meaning." We warm to this, though in his next lecture, referring to a challenge from the Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, he again attempts a definition of the poet which seems somewhat to negative that individual's connection with "the world's final causes," namely

> He is the prophet, or evangel, of our mixed desiring nature; and it is his office, essentially, to make a this or a that intelligible here and now, *and let the universal connexions of it go hang*. He does things like that because, if he does them otherwise, he is a philosopher, or he babbles.

The italics are our own.

Of the truth of what the poet says, Professor Garrod continues, "the only criterion is the effective assent of this mixed human nature. Dare I say that I know of no theory of poetical truth more satisfactory than what I have heard called the 'Click Theory'?" And he explains that theory as follows:

> Something is said; and all the intricate wards at once of the infinitely mysterious mechanism of our human nature, turn; all the parts of us meet decisively, yet softly, falling into place with that swift noiseless *click* which is the unresisting assent of the totality of what we are. You may say a trick has been put upon us, that this is not truth but persuasion. And the only answer is that you cannot put a trick upon the whole of what we are. Only the supreme hand can move so the marvelous mechanism, can thus deftly turn the key in the oiled wards.
> *And seal the hushed casket of the soul.*

In America, of course, a recent ubiquitous slang phrase is to say of any number of things, and rather indiscriminately, "that clicks with me." Here is the expression become esthetic theory. And not, to our mind, such bad theory at that, though almost necessarily nebulous, the temperamental totality of individuals varying, as it does, even more than their intellectual apprehensions vary.

In his third lecture our writer indulges in what, to us, is a most interesting discussion of the Abbé Bremond's theory of "Pure Poetry." M. Bremond's conclusion, it seems, was that poetry is, in Keats's phrase, "an awful warmth about my heart, like a load of immortality" (the cogency of which all poets must recognize), but he continued that this certainty of immanence must lead us

> to those august retreats, where awaits us, whither calls us, a presence more than human. Walter Pater has said, that all the arts constantly aspire towards a condition of music. No, they all aspire, each by the mediation of its proper magic, words, notes, colours, lines—they all aspire to join prayer.

To which Professor Garrod very sensibly retorts that "some poetry is very like prayer, and other poetry as little like it as could be."

Whether we agree with him or not, our don can remark upon different poets so as to fix our attention. For an instance,—of Byron:

> There are critics who can detect in Shelley the promise of a staid mid-Victorian old age, and can conceive him delivering to Swinburne just such priggish lectures as he himself had listened to from Southey. There are critics who can divine in Keats that most tiresome product of poetical sensuosity, an elderly voluptuary. For myself, I have not this debauched acumen. yet I can catch in *Don Juan* what I sometimes fancy that I miss in, say, *The Triumph of Life*, or even in *Hyperion*, the hint of a procession from strength to strength. The real tragedy of Byron lies, not in his early period, but in the period from 1818 to 1824; for there is no such tragedy as virtues brief and unfortunate.

and, earlier, he says so well,

> Over that "expense of spirit in a waste of shame" which genius in action so often is, it is base to cry our cheap pieties; and silly, when fate or character overset in the dust this precious wine of human greatness, to indulge the peevish hysteria proper to spilt milk and small accidents. Let me add that, from the cant which so easily besets us, we can only escape, I suspect, into a different kind of cant, when, against the rest of Byron, we plead the redeeming months at Missolonghi.

In other words, he prefers his Byron complete, as he lived. And quite rightly, too.

Discussions of Wordsworth's "Lucy" and of "The Nightingale in Poetry" need not detain us here, though they are proper to the groves of Academe. As I have intimated, I think that, on the whole, Professor Garrod overestimates the stature both of Rupert Brooke and of Humbert Wolfe, though I am an admirer of the poetry of both. I feel also that he too much "has it in" for A. E. Housman, so greatly the superior of the other two, but he interests me very much indeed when he remarks, in speaking (rather strangely, as it seems to me) of the influence of Stevenson supplanting the influence of Swinburne over Rupert Brooke (and what would Brooke have thought of that, I wonder?)

> The influence of Stevenson—Stevenson the poet—upon the poetry of the twentieth century has not, I fancy, been sufficiently observed. I can trace it plainly, I think, in Mr. Housman, and in the epigoni of Mr. Housman. I remember Mr. Phillimore telling me that he once showed the *Shropshire Lad* to Andrew Lang, but could not interest him. This was the sort of thing, said Lang, that Stevenson could write; and the connexions are real, I think; and are not merely *verse*-connexions, but touch, thought and temper. Stevenson might have guessed that, in the hands of the first poet of genius who imitated him, his sham optimism would issue as sham pessimism.

Professor Garrod then, however, appends a footnote to say that in the lectures on Stevenson and Mr. Housman he has qualified "these too sharply pointed expressions," yet, in the one on Housman he wields no blunt instrument in attacking what he calls his "false pastoralism."

> But the rest is fake: the town-and-county patriotism; the lads and chaps with their ploughshares and lost neckties. the girls with their throats cut, and their lovers that were hanged for it.

Nevertheless he recognizes Housman as a great poet and has much to say of him as a scholar, which may be summarized in, "He stands to-day the first scholar in Europe; if this country has had a greater scholar, it will be only Bentley."

> His favorite poet is a writer so difficult and obscure that . . . of living Englishmen, I vow that Mr. Housman and myself alone have read him from cover to cover, and only Mr. Housman has understood him.

This is, in fact, the most stimulating essay on Housman we have ever read. The enigma of the man is thoroughly comprehended. When Professor Garrod says that Housman hates and fears poetry and particularly his own, he is quite convincing.

Recommended:

Poems. By *John Masefield*. Complete in one volume. Macmillan. 1929.

Dark Summer. By *Louise Bogan*. Scribner's. 1929

God-Beguiled. By *George O'Neil*. Liveright. 1929.

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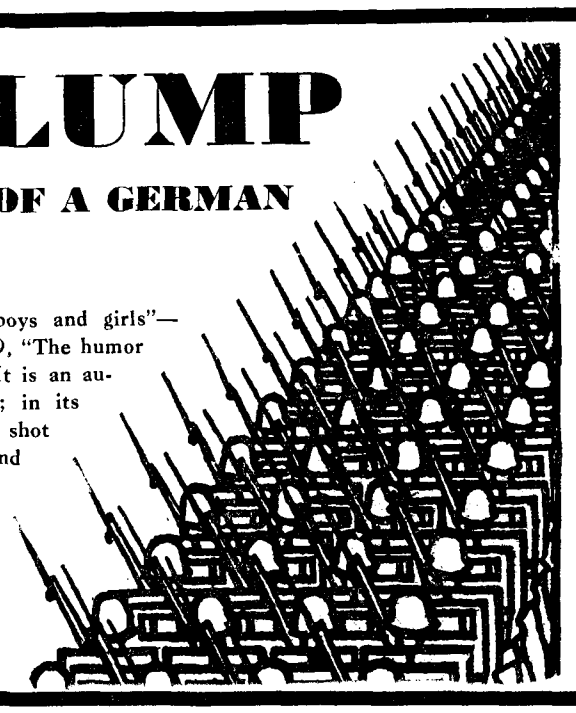

HARCOURT, BRACE $2.50

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS. By CUTHBERT LEE. Rudge. 1929. $15.

This carefully made album in quarto offers as its chief attraction its excellent typography and fifty good plates from as many of our contemporary portraitists. The text, judiciously descriptive, balances the cuts page for page, and the reader is left to draw his own critical conclusions. The scrutiny of this well chosen gallery leaves at least one critic more cheerful about our portraiture than he was before. The sheer power and insight of an Eakins are absent, as are the supreme elegance of a Whistler or a Chase at their best, but there is much honest and vigorous work from our younger men, and withal assurance that the tradition of Copley, Stuart, and Morse is not in abeyance.

THE LIGHTS OF CANOPUS. *By Anvár J. Suhail.* Described by *J. V. S. Wilkinson.* Rudge. $12.50.

ERIC GILL. By *Joseph Thorp.* Cape-Smith.

Belles Lettres

A NIGHT AMONG THE HORSES. By DJUNA BARNES. Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

This collection of short plays, tales, poems, first appeared several years ago under the title "A Book," and its present reissue is now in demand because of the vogue enjoyed by the author's later work. Miss Barnes's talent for highly sophisticated prose—her verse seems to us less important—is vigorous and imposing, strongly marked by Slavic influences, that of Chekhov being particularly evident. Her men and women, principally temperamental foreigners and Americans of distinctly alien cast, are the victims of morbid emotionalism or of disordered intellectual stress which afflicts them with a great deal of sorrow and ill. Indeed, sometimes it is not easy to discover just what obscure thing ails these people, though many of them are garrulous enough in the discussion of their troubles to give one the definite idea that they are a bit abnormal. Irony blended with a sharp cynicism, tragedy, sensual passions, futility, and despair abound both in the plays and stories. The technique employed leaves much to the reader's responsiveness to suggestion, and the contents of the book should be gone through attentively if one would gather the full measure of its artistic significance. Perhaps even thus read, the subtler—and finest—qualities of Miss Barnes's craftsmanship may escape the grasp of the majority. But it is obviously to the few that her prose work is addressed, and to the appreciation of these one may confidently commend her work.

LANDMARK. By LADY BELL. Liveright. 1929. $3.50.

The volume consists of three essays on social subjects, with Postscripts written twenty or more years after to note the changes between the first and third decade of the century; one essay on Old Age, the shortest as well as the best; three Appreciations, of Coquelin, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Elizabeth Robins; two articles in French written for a French *Review,* on Eton, and on Thomas Arnold; and ten Fables, in French verse after La Fontaine, on political incidents of the time of the Boer War. Lady Bell has been the versatile author of many different kinds of books, and this volume illustrates the range of her interests. The article on Eton is a very informing inside description of the peculiar institution, the English Public School.

MY SKIRMISH WITH JOLLY ROGER. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Random House. 1929. $3.50.

This is "an introduction to a popularly priced edition of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'." It's eight pages of type, price $3.50, eight hundred copies to the first edition, suggest that there are collectors of Lawrence items at whom this special imprint is aimed. The title of the essay refers to certain pirated issues of the novel, but its interest is mainly in Mr. Lawrence's defense of the use in print of "so called obscene words," something to the effect that all such taboos are perverse and stuffy, and turn healthy nature into fuss. To "the stock old puritan—the smart jabby person of the young world—and the low uncultured person with a dirty mind—to them all I say the same: Keep your perversions if you like them—But *I* stick to my book and my position."

But is not Mr. Lawrence himself making most of the fuss? These "so called obscene words" are not very numerous, or vitally necessary to any writer. If they are offensive to nineteen out of twenty readers, it is hardly surprising if so large a majority is somewhat dictatorial on the point. So long as it is numerous enough to set the convention, and objects to hearing such words in public places, it will probably object to and try to prevent their appearance in public print. If Mr. Lawrence insists on having his own sweet way, this may be said: his doctrine is debatable, but let that go; the sources of it may, or may not, be all that he represents them, but let that go; at any rate he is making a gospel out of an oddity, a holy war out of a personal obsession; and that is worse than perverse; it's fussy. Most attempts at censorship are ineffective if not odious, but his sufferings are not great enough to move us to tears. Righteousness is with him in the matter of piracy. His short stories are marvelous. It is regretable that a few "so called obscene words" seem to him so important.

A CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL AND OTHER ESSAYS. By HILLAIRE BELLOC. Harpers. 1929.

Some of these essays suggest that Mr. Belloc's preoccupation was mainly to make copy, a misfortune that it is by no means his habit to permit. "A Conversation with an Angel" is not good at all. Why make an unsuccessful skit so prominent? But "On Getting Rid of People" is delightful.

We are used now to Mr. Belloc's peculiarities. He writes admirable English. He is witty and learned and opinionated. His opinions are rather more insistent than important. He is anti all things Protestant and nearly all things modern, and pro all things Catholic and nearly all things medieval. If his opinions seem opinionated it is not because of their general directions, but because they seem to stand for contentions rather than for conclusions. If the Catholic Lord Acton had said that Gibbon was a great writer but a bad historian who not only had little historical sense but even lied, one would be on the alert for his reasons; but when Mr. Belloc says it (see the essay "On Gibbon") one does not greatly care for his reasons, and can probably guess this one: that Gibbon was an eighteenth century rationalist and had little understanding of early Christianity, which of course is true.

He so hated the Christian religion that he did, not once but a hundred times, suppress essential facts, wilfully distorting and wilfully overemphasizing. He often and deliberately distorted what he knew to be historical facts. In the matter of the True Cross, the First Council of Ephesus, and a dozen other capital examples.

"Wilfully" and "deliberately" are question begging epithets, unprovable and unproved, maugre Mr. Belloc's conviction that he has proved them. Gibbon was too coldly constituted either to hate or to understand the heart of Christianity. It is not surprising that Mr. Belloc should dislike Gibbon as a historian, but it is odd to hear him denouncing Gibbon for advocacy, and over emphasis, and calling him a good writer but a poor historian.

Yet these epithets, even as applied to Mr. Belloc, are more obvious than conclusive. To have learning and to write well is so far to be a good historian, and perhaps no historian is really interesting who is not in some sense and degree an advocate. But to have so many dislikes, and mistake them all for social foundations and eternal truths, is to become wearying at length. One could better enjoy Mr. Belloc's fertile wit, and his style so easy and yet so finished, if he were a little more amiable, a little less "set," not quite so candidly omniscient.

STYLE AND FORM IN AMERICAN PROSE. By GORHAM B. MUNSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Munson's method is of preliminary discussion followed by example: Prose for Literary Criticism, illustrated by excerpts from Poe and Mr. T. S. Eliot; Prose for Philosophy, illustrated by Emerson on Intellect, James on The Common Content of All Religions, and Santayana on James; Prose for Fiction, with examples from Melville, Stephen Crane, and Waldo Frank; Prose for Humor, followed by Mark Twain, "Mr. Dooley," and Donald Ogden Stewart. It has the advantage of the example convenient to the precept, but it has

(*Continued on page 252*)

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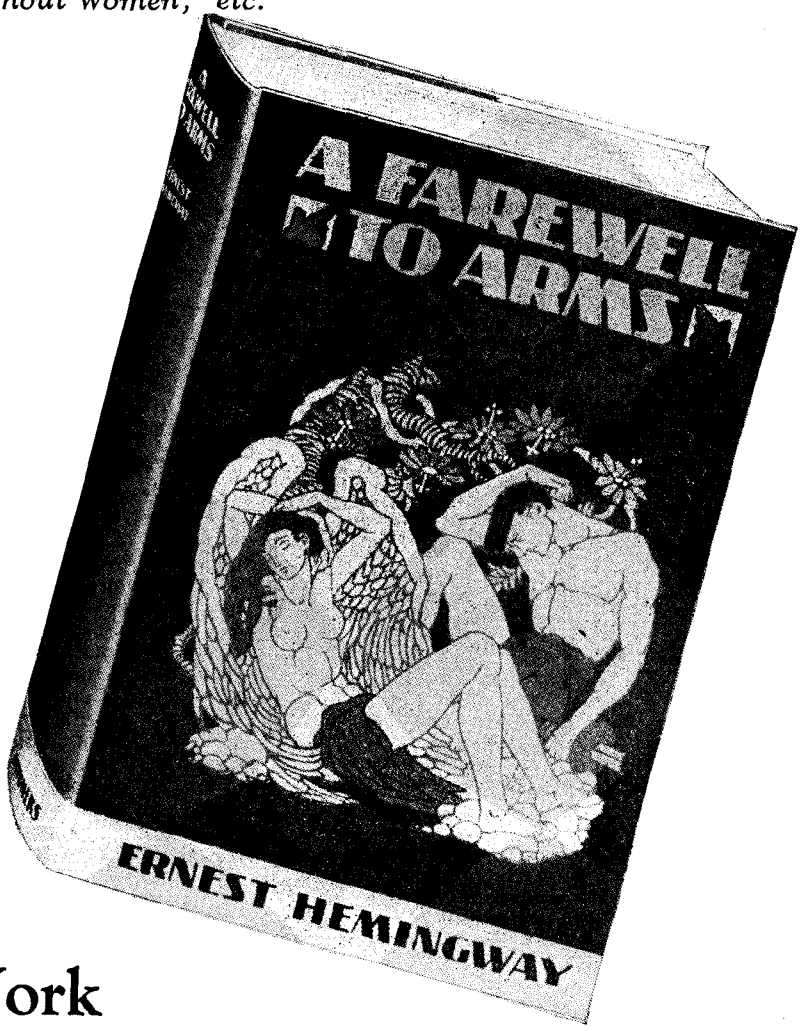

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

(*Continued from page 250*)

this disadvantage for his purposes, that it seduces the attention into other paths from those into which he wishes to lead. The correctness of his characterizations,—the journalistic familiarity of James, the melting suavity of Santayana—are evident enough, but James on Religion and Santayana on James are so interesting that we forget to watch for the technique of those qualities.

The technical analysis of style is a sort of laboratory botany. Mr. Munson is convinced that "the main thing (in the present chaotic condition of American prose) is to comprehend the principles for classifying prose writings." But it does not seem to us the main thing at all. Some amount of classification we must have to set our minds in order, we admit it with regret. It creates a fictitious precision, and then is prone to assume that the facts themselves are precise. Mr. John Buchan, in an essay on The Muse of History, remarks: "The scientific method (applied to history) may give us order, but that order is angular, not shapely, and, being an artificial imported thing, in no wise indigenous to the fact, it will obscure and distort rather than clarify. M. Bergson has shown us that half the blunders of philosophy are due to the application of the methods and ideals of physical science."

Mr. Munson is a critic of insight and fresh feeling, and his direct reactions are better than his machinery. Moreover, I do not see that his classifications follow the lines of any real species. Philosophy in America, as elsewhere, is more apt to be written in a style resembling Mr. Eliot's, rather than that of William James. The prose of Emerson is the prose of Emerson, not prose for philosophy. Fiction and criticism are written in America in all kinds of styles. Mr. Santayana's would be a delicious style for a humorist. An absorbed admiration for one great writer will do a young writer more good than all the classifications ever made. If he tries to learn from schematic divisions of prose styles, or by taking note of anapæsts and dactyls—to say nothing of the dochmiac, the anti-Bacchic, and the Ionic a minore—his style will be more apt to creak than flow, like the language one has learned by paradigms instead of by idioms. Good style is partly a matter of logic and partly a matter of the inward ear. Mr. Munson's remark that the chronological sequence of "The Education of Henry Adams," was only a convenience, for the real order is that of meditation, is an admirable saying which did not come to him from analysis. His brief scansion of Adams's rhythms seems to me rather misleading than significant.

The article by Mr. Munson in *The Saturday Review* for August 24th, entitled "Taking Stock at Thirty-three," was both interesting and valuable. It has documentary value to the literary history of the period and illustrative value in the matter of what literature means to a young writer when it means, not a business, but an experience.

THE MEANING OF ROUSSEAU. By ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT. Oxford University Press. 1929.

Rousseau is a very live subject, still there is a contemporary school of thought which sees us all gone astray like lost sheep in the footsteps of Rousseau. Professor Wright, stuck by the contradiction of his innumerable critics, has asked himself why Rousseau has been so difficult to understand. It is not his style, which is lucidity itself. Neither is his matter especially abstruse. The reason seems to be partly Rousseau's own doubts and changes. Undoubtedly he was more fertile of ideas than rigorous in welding them into unity. He would have saved us trouble if he had drawn up a brief of his first principles instead of leaving them to be gathered from scattered passages. Moreover he had a way of packing things into an epigram which could be unpacked to various results. But the chief causes of the critical chaos are the passions which he roused, the disturbance that he made, the disturbing historical events that came after him. He was a far more logical thinker than most of his critics. In respect to his realism this may be said: His ideas are built into the structure of most modern states, and into the basic principles of modern education; the creed of the Savoyard Vicar is perhaps as nearly that of the majority of modern liberal, moderate, and religiously-minded man as has ever been formulated.

To give any adequate summary of what Professor Wright finds that Rousseau's meaning really was would require a very long article; but by way of illustration it may be said: that the return to nature did not mean a return to the primitive; that the "Social Contract" did not mean any actual or hypothetical origin of governments, but the necessary principles of the ideal state. "Nature is right" is the key to his position, but any superficial assumption about the meaning of "nature" and "the natural man" in Rousseau is sure to be wrong. He was a very cogent reasoner, and "The Social Contract" is perhaps "the best example of Cartesian reasoning since Descartes." His meaning does not lie in epigrams picked out for the purposes of controversy. Most of the controversy has been about things that he did not mean.

THE KING'S MARKET. By *Fred B. R. Hellenis.* Boulder, Colo.: University of Colorado.

FRENCH LIBERAL THOUGHT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *Kingsley Martin.* Little, Brown. $4.50.

HENRY JAMES'S CRITICISM. By *Morris Roberts.* Harvard University Press. $3.

ENGLISH THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. $2.50.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOK. By *Henry Van Dyke.* Scribners. $2.50.

THE LITERARY WORKS OF COUNT DE GOBINEAU. By *Arnold H. Rowbotham.* Paris: Champion.

THE FILOSTRATO OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. By *Griffin Myrick.* University of Pennsylvania Press. $6.

Biography

THE LAND OF THE LITTLE COLONEL. By ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON. Page. 1929.

While the "Little Colonel" books cannot be numbered among the masterpieces of children's literature, they have nevertheless filled a larger place in the reading of adolescents than many books of greater truth and beauty. Sentimental and often saccharine, they are that comfortable combination of reality and unreality so satisfying to those formless years between twelve, or even younger, and sixteen.

Mrs. Johnston, beleaguered by questions of all sorts from adoring readers in all parts of the earth, was forced in self-defense to write this little sketch of her life and of the material from which she evolved her characters—a fact that makes one realize that the circulation of the "Little Colonel" legend is widespread and therefore to be taken into account. The author tells of her childhood in Indiana, of the stories told her by her mother of life in pioneer days, of how she came to know the Kentucky about which she writes, of the original Little Colonel, and of how by the play of imagination over actual character and incident, by the combining of one fact with another, or of fact with fiction, embroidering here and deleting there, her stories came into being. A new generation may be justified in demanding sterner stuff than Mrs. Johnston is able to give them, but for those who have sobbed and smiled, and to that somewhat lessening number who are still sobbing and smiling, over "Two Little Knights of Kentucky" and "The Little Colonel's House Party," this book will no doubt prove interesting, especially as it is illustrated with photographs of the author, of the young lady who was Mrs. Johnston's inspiration, and of the country which forms a background for this famous heroine.

ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS. By *Evelyn Graham.* Dodd, Mead. $5.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY. By *William Roscoe Thayer.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

MATTHEW SAMPSON. By *Clarence True Wilson.* Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL. By *Sister Rose Anita Morton.* University of Pennsylvania Press. $1.50.

BLOOD AND FIRE: General William Booth. By *William H. Nelson.* Century. $2.50.

MY UNCLE, KING GEORGE V. By *C. G. Gordon Haddon.* New York: Harhill.

BEAUMARCHAIS. By *René Dalsème.* Translated by *Hannaford Bennett.* Putnam. $5.

BORN TO BE. By *Taylor Gordon.* Covici-Friede. $4.

MRS. WILLIAM BUTLER. By *Clementina Butler.* Methodist Book Concern. $2.

THE HARLEY STREET CALENDAR. By *H. H. Bashford.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Drama

BRITISH DRAMA. Edited by *Paul Robert Lieder, Robert Morss Lovett,* and *Robert Kilburn Root.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.80.

THEATRE MANAGEMENT. By *Sanford E. Stanton.* Appleton. $1.50.

FOUR FAMOUS GREEK PLAYS. Edited by *Paul Landis.* Modern Library.

STUDIES ON SIX PLAYS OF EUGENE O'NEILL. By *Alan D. Mickle.* Liveright. $2.

REPRESENTATIVE MODERN PLAYS. Edited by *Richard A. Cordell.* Nelson.

THE PLAYS OF FERENC MOLNÁR. Macy-Masius. Vanguard Press. $6.

LITTLE PLAYS OF ST. FRANCIS. By *Laurence Housman.* Cape-Smith. $2.50.

Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN FACT AND STORY. By *George F. Reynolds.* Century.

SENIOR METHOD IN THE CHURCH SCHOOL. By *Mary Anne Moore.* Abingdon. $1.50.

THE TREND OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY. By *David Starr Jordan.* Stanford University Press.

THE NEW AMERICAN. By *William Lawrence.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

TEACHERS' BOOK TO ACCOMPANY A CHILD'S NUMBER PRIMER. By *Julie E. Badanes* and *Saul Badanes.* Macmillan. 80 cents.

A HANDBOOK OF CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY. By *George Howe* and *G. A. Hanes.* Crofts. $1.50.

ENGLAND FROM WORDSWORTH TO DICKENS. By *R. W. King.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

STANISLAS KONARSKI. By *William J. Rose.* Cape.

ENGLISH AND SCIENCE. By *Philip B. McDonald.* Van Nostrand.

YOUTH IN A WORLD OF MEN. By *Marietta Johnson.* New York: John Day Co. $2.50.

ADDING A NEW DIMENSION TO EDUCATION. By *Cora L. Williams.* San Francisco, Calif: California Press. $2.50.

Fiction

THE VALE OF ARAGON. By FRED MCLAUGHLIN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $2.

A duel by night in New Orleans (the year is 1821), with the fair Doña Dulce for prize, starts the hero of this tale, a brawny veteran of Jackson's campaigns, upon the adventures which bear him to Venezuela and service there under Bolivar in the great liberator's war of independence against the rule of Spain. Most of the tale is the usual flatulent, swashbuckling stuff, and the best of it is contained in the battle descriptions and in the vividly etched portrait of "South America's George Washington."

THREE LOVES. By MAX BROD. Translated from the German by JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

The title of Max Brod's penetrating study might well have been "Three Kinds of Love." But that would not be quite fair, perhaps, because Agnes, Erwin Mayreder's second love, is a rather specialized case and not a well-defined type. The other two, however, are wholly typical: Dorothy was for Erwin mere bodily excitement and gratification; Stasha brought to him the fiery, demanding love that is likely either to break a man's spirit or drive him insane. Stasha ruined Mayreder's life, leaving him purposeless and crushed. We learn the moving story from Mayreder himself, as he tells it to a chance acquaintance picked up in the foyer of the Folies Bergère. There is little movement to the narrative, and hardly more than the mere fact of sequence to hold the events together. Plot there is none. The distinctive merit of Max Brod's presentation of Mayreder's years of love is a subtle, analytical sympathy. The infinitely variable relationship between a man and a woman is studied in a dignified, purposeful manner, and no reader should count himself too wise, too experienced, to find the novel suggestive and stimulating. Those who wish no more than an entertaining narrative should not attempt "Three Loves."

(*Continued on page 256*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 252*)

SHAM. By JOSEPH HOCKING. Revell. 1929. $2.

In the guise of a novel, "Sham" preaches an earnest uplift lesson on the power of true Christian faith to redeem the sinner and convert the scoffer. An Oxford graduate, at the close of a five-year term in Dartmoor, served for embezzlement, drifts to South Africa and there, in a deserted mining camp, meets a dying clergyman with whom, on the latter's demise, he exchanges identities. Equipped with the other's credentials, in answer to the dead man's appointment as rector of a church in Cornwall, the impostor returns to England. Everyone, from bishop to peasant, accepts this magnetic, eloquent man as the person he pretends to be, and quickly he becomes the community's pillar of light. But while Hugh carries on his deception unsuspected in his parish duties, in the pulpit, and among the simple villagers, his better nature transcends the baser, conscience conquers, he confesses his duplicity, and departs to begin the battle of self-reclamation anew in Australia. There is much liberal discussion of religion in the book, and the successive phases of Hugh's struggle for regeneration are evolved without undue resort to the implausible.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN. By G. M. ATTENBOROUGH. Stokes. 1929. $2.50.

The subtitle of this engaging light novel terms it "A Comedy with Digressions," which seems to be an accurate, if reticent, definition, since a very substantial portion of the book is given over to the business of digressing. In a small English Midlands town lives the exuberant Samela, a narrow-minded, shopkeeping family's younger daughter, the embodiment of intellectual revolt, irrepressible seeker of beauty and soul freedom. The bulk of the heady stuff Samela constantly spouts has been imbibed from the eighteenth-century French philosophers and from her joyous comradeship with elderly Mr. Twig, a gentle, dreamy soul who is internationally renowned as a connoisseur of curios and antiques. Her Rich Young Man had inherited his wealth from a war-profiteering father and been naturally content to live in idle affluence until he meets Samela. She boldly tells him that to possess money unearned is as dishonorable as to have stolen it, and that until the adoring lad conforms to her views there can be no love between them. Eventually, of course, Samela has her way and gets her man, who has voluntarily released himself from his disgraceful golden bonds. The story is pleasantly written and amusing, but Samela's endless utterance of mouldy platitudes as if they were words of iconoclastic wisdom tends to grow a little wearisome.

SARAH AND SON. By TIMOTHY SHEA. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.

Perhaps if the author and publisher had not explained that the writer of the book and its chief character are both well-known people carefully disguised under false names one would not have expected quite so much from this novel and so not have been considerably disappointed in it. "Sarah and Son" is a fairly good externalized story of mother love, with sufficient plot and fictional characterization to keep up the reader's interest until the not unexpected dénoûement is reached. But it is not a powerful or moving transcript of real life. The central character, the mother, whose son is taken from her as a baby, is developed by the author from a cockney variety performer to an elegant, world-famous actress whose private life is above suspicion. This is an interesting feat and affords ample opportunity for contrasts and color that keep the story from lapsing into a dull search for a missing child. The life of Sarah Strong may be, as the foreword says, actual fact, but Mr. Shea has made it read like pure fiction.

EXTRA-GIRL. By STELLA G. S. PERRY. Stokes. 1929. $2.

Readers who cannot get enough information about Hollywood life and celebrities out of the film magazines will enjoy "Extra-Girl." A beautiful, convent-bred, "womanly" girl from Louisiana migrates to the California picture-coast and once there, oddly enough, is immediately launched into both the highest and the lowest stratum of society in the moving picture colony. One of the most important, although frightfully wicked, male stars falls in love with her, an honest, ugly publicity man does likewise, and several vicious, girl-destroying men-about-pictures feel her fatal charm but are quickly rebuffed. She also has a prominent part in saving, or nearly saving, beautiful and brilliant young girls from drugs and drug-distributing villains. She looks on at an actual murder where the girl really *has* to kill a man. And so on and so on, until she tells the ugly, honest man that he must take her away from it all to "the street of babies." One supposes that he will and that they will be happy ever after and will lend helping hands to other "extra-girls" in time of stress.

GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE. By BAYARD SCHINDEL. Doubleday, Doran. 1929.

This novel might well have been called "What Peter Knew about the War." Peter Longman, who was six in 1914, idolized his father, an American army officer stationed in Washington. In 1916 the family was transferred to San Antonio; later to Little Rock; and finally back again in 1918 to an unfamiliar, topsy-turvy Washington. Through these four years, in these three widely differing environments, Peter learned to keep quiet, to listen, and to think. The novel is a record of his meditations and his perceptions during these years. Mr. Schindel has in general done well enough, but there is a besettting lassitude and inertia about the novel. A series of incidents (that is all the novel really is) cannot have the energy of a connected narrative. And when all is said and done we do not remember Peter's troubled interpretations of portents and events as we do the things themselves. "Little Pitchers," by Isa Glenn (who is, by the way, Mr. Schindel's mother) and "What Maisie Knew," by Henry James, show what a skilful novelist can do with a story told through the consciousness of a child.

We are interested to note that, though Peter's father is idealized as a soldier and a gentlemen, "Golden Pilgrimage" is far from complimentary to the state of mind of army families. Perhaps the greatest service of the novel is its vivid reminder of the rigors and hysterias that the United States experienced during the War. We have had too few novels dealing with the War as it made itself felt three thousand miles west of the trenches. And yet Mr. Schindel's novel is not to be fully commended, in spite of its intelligent historicalness. It lacks continuity and energy; the weight of conscientiously developed background dulls the edge of both character and narrative.

(*Continued on page 258*)

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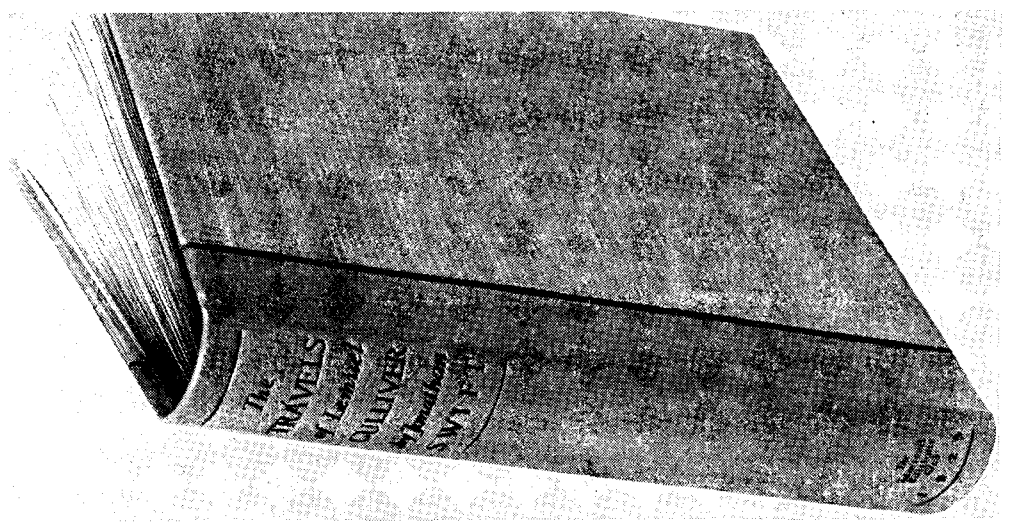

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 258*)

Fiction

THE MAN IN THE QUEUE. By GORDON DAVIOT. Dutton. 1929. $2.

Albert Sorrell, race-track bookmaker, is standing in the dense crowd which is waiting outside a London theatre for the doors to open on the play in which lovely Ray Marcable has the leading feminine rôle. When the crowd surges in to the house Sorrell falls dead on the pavement, a dagger sticking in his back. Sorrell was in love with the actress.

This exceptionally good detective story is worked out carefully enough so that even the Scotland Yard inspector who takes charge of the case strikes the reader as a human being, something rare enough among the Scotland Yarders of fiction. He makes a large number of mistakes and they are all intelligent ones. One thing about the tale which made it most acceptable to one reader at least is that miracles are barred in the strategy of deduction. The rather original result is that the mystery isn't solved at all. The murderer confesses his crime for good and sufficient reasons at the end. The book is an interesting commentary on the value of circumstantial evidence. It is recommended to all detective story addicts.

THIEVES' NIGHTS. The Chronicles of DeLancey, King of Thieves. Dutton. 1929. $2.

This is a mystery story without a crime or a detective. The interest comes from mistaken identity, and from ingenious situations that are by no means unbelievable. To a reader tired of the usual murder story "Thieves' Nights" will be welcome and diverting. Mr. Keeler is remarkably inventive, and he has a sense of literary effectiveness that enables him to tie us completely in the desired knots as we read. Original in many ways, the novel is perhaps chiefly interesting for possession of a story within a story, the secondary narrative being loosely but satisfactorily tied in with the primary. If we wished to, we could list ten or a dozen points which will puzzle anyone who takes pains to check up on the interlocking of the plot, but "Thieves' Nights" as a whole rises above its inconsistencies. Mr. Keeler can safely be recommended to almost any sort of reader.

The course of the narrative may be indicated thus: a wealthy Chicagoan hires Ward Sharlow to impersonate a man who has recently been drowned; Sharlow soon finds the impersonation complicated by the death of his employer and by the entrance into the affair of a notorious criminal, one DeLancey, alias Melekoff. The novel ends less excellently than it begins, becoming slightly bogged in an overcomplicated game of "Who is it?" Nevertheless, "Thieves' Nights" is notably entertaining and out of the ordinary.

LIVING. By HENRY GREEN. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

What did living mean to Tupe, Craigan, Bert Jones, Lily Gates? Each one of these people swung as in an orbit around the sun of Dupret's foundry in Birmingham, England; to each of them living was irrevocably bound up with the progress, the eccentricities, of Dupret's. It is not likely that Mr. Green wishes to suggest any good or evil influence from Dupret's upon these men and women; rather, he shows the simplicities of their everyday lives becoming significant, the little commonplaces piling up to make the one important fact of living. As a result of this purpose and this point of view, the plot in the novel is comparatively simple and unobtrusive; the strongest emphasis is always upon character and upon the social background that produces character. Using this emphasis, Mr. Green builds up a solid, workmanlike novel. We remember the atmosphere of the city and the shop when we have forgotten the different individuals, and the whole way of life of these inarticulate, obscure workmen becomes a part of our stock of knowledge.

The novel has a very definite style. If its baldness were not so apposite to the subject matter and mood, we should be tempted to say that it was merely a mannerism. But as we read we grow accustomed to Mr. Green's terseness, which is even more accentuated than Mr. Hemingway's, and we feel its strength and intensity. In a stony, skeletal manner Mr. Green tells of the lives of his socially and economically submerged characters. We shall not soon forget them. We shall remember not what they do, but what they are. And it is very likely, is it not, that living consists of *being* thus-and-so rather than *doing* such-and-such?

PELICAN COAST. By ALAN LEMAY. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

This is a very full novel—full of tall doings, odd people, strange sights. Mr. LeMay tells us about Jean Lafitte, the pirate chief, who flourished off the coast of Louisiana and in the bayous south of New Orleans over a century ago. If we are to believe the present account, Lafitte never boarded a merchantman nor personally superintended a plank-walking party; he was, rather, the general behind the lines, the executive watching the salesmen's reports. But he was crafty, plausible, and hardly less than a genius in getting men to sweat for his selfish interests. Mr. LeMay does very, very well in his effort to give us the life of these pirates. Loafing on shore, waiting for another voyage to be started or for the payment of share-money, every captain, every man is made to seem part of an authentic mode of life and thought. No less skilfully drawn are the characters of Madame De Verniat and her daughter; they are intense, fantastic—much like Conrad's women. The whole De Verniat outfit and its influence on the various men is almost purely Conradian.

Although Mr. LeMay's "Pelican Island" is overflowing with splendid episodes, it is not, as a whole, a satisfactory novel. The progress of the narrative is neither steady nor climactic. Where characters, incidents, and backgrounds are so excellent, it is a pity that the development of the narrative acts as a brake upon the momentum of the novel. But in spite of this perhaps overnice disparagement, the novel is one to be read and remembered. Its entertainment value is high.

A word of thanks to the publishers; no little part of our pleasure in the book is due to the admirable map of the New Orleans-Barataria district that is on the end-papers.

SCRAPS OF PAPER. My MARIETTA MINNIGERODE ANDREWS. Dutton. 1929. $5.

Mrs. Andrews, a distinguished Southerner and social historian, makes a neat job of editing an undistinguished volume of letters, journals, and intimate documents, written by relatives and friends among her endless family connections and revealing the hazards and tribulations of Virginian Confederates during the Civil War. The fourth and last section of the book is devoted to the prosaic letters of Karl Minnigerode, the author's brother, and the equally commonplace epistles of Andy, the author's son,

THE MATHESON FORMULA. By J. S. FLETCHER. Knopf. 1929. $2.

Mr. Fletcher's latest tale hinges on the theft of a formula for an explosive "so effective as to make war impossibly terrible" by one of those desperate gangs of international crooks or fanatics or something who are the main reliance of the hard-pressed mystery writer. This particular band commands unlimited resources, including, as usual, high-powered motors, airplanes, spies in the very heart of the Foreign Office, beautiful and titled accomplices, and desperate assassins "of Eastern European origin who will shirk at nothing." These villains kidnap the inventor of the explosive in a highly complicated fashion, and are only run to earth by the relentless bloodhounds of Scotland Yard to the accompaniment of much shooting, the rattle of machine guns, and a military attack *en règle* by the forces of the law. The noise of the firearms helps to distract attention from the inadequacy of the solution from a rational point of view. Mr. Fletcher seems to be slipping. But he includes some admirable pages of exposition and some deft sketches of the English countryside, just to show that he is capable of better things than this rather loose-jointed and unsatisfactory book.

FAMILY GROUP. By DIANA PATRICK. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

The Harlyns, a well-bred English provincial family in moderate circumstances, include the parents, staid, ineffectual people in their mid-fifties, and their five youthful, grown children. These latter range, in age, respectively Meredith, Bayard, Irene, Patrick, Rosalind, the youngest of whom, due to her beauty and sterling fineness of character, stands forth admirably distinguished from the others. The earlier half of the book presents full-length, physically individualized portraits of the entire flock and establishes uncertain sentimental ties between the eldest three and the objects of their love, then radically reverses the worldly position of the family through sudden inheritance by Harlyn *père* of £150,000 and a country-house in Cornwall. Comparative wealth at once exerts meanly negative influences on the personalities of all the young folk but the incorruptible Rosalind, and it requires the occurrence, in their midst, of a dual tragedy to reawaken their better natures of earlier, impecunious days. The story is gracefully written, pleasantly entertaining, and worked out with a semblance of consistency, but try as Miss Patrick does to suggest the psychology of her creations, little deeper than impressions of their surfaces is conveyed.

SACRIFICE. By OWEN JOHNSON. Longman's, Green. 1929. $2.

There is little to commend in this novel. It is for the most part a routine chronicle of divorce and reconciliation among the fashionables of Long Island. Obviously Mr. Johnson is at home with the well-bred people he writes of, but that fact does nothing towards making "Sacrifice" a good novel. Vigor is lacking; an we should likewise have been grateful for a little imagination and subtlety. Mr. Johnson puts forward the thesis that the married pair should make sacrifices to keep their home intact, that they should not take divorce as the easy way out of domestic unrest. That is all very well, but the proposition seems neither interesting nor important as we find it here stated.

(*Continued on page 262*)

"DON'T YOU SEE THAT YOU ARE PLAYING WITH CHEATS?" whispered Voltaire, in English, to Madame du Chatelet, who was gambling with the Queen. At once he saw the deadly peril he was in, and fled to the chateau of the old Duchesse du Maine, where for a month he lived in a locked and shuttered room. He wrote by candlelight, and in the early morning hours stole downstairs to dine with his hostess and read her what he had written. She was the first to hear *Zadig*, that incomparably subtle and delicately bitter satire on trust in the good faith of Princes or the justice of Fortune.

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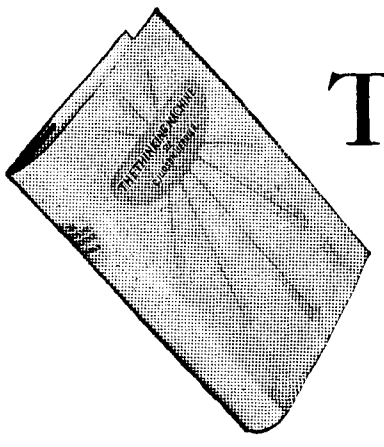

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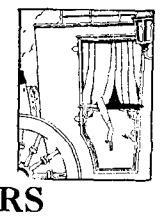

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René Béhaine

By Ford Madox Ford

I REMEMBER Conrad telling me, long ago, that, years before—and the "long ago" and the "years before" between them make up, I can assure you, a sufficient space of time—he had been inspired to his ambition to travel the world over and then round and round again, by the waste spaces on the then Mercator's projection of the interior of Africa. It seemed to him extraordinary that, in the advanced and lively stages to which civilization had then attained—say in 1870!—there should be great tracts of the world—and even of the World Known to the Ancients—that the cartographer must still designate by the words Terra Incognita. And even as Mr. Squeers said: "*W-i-n-d-e-r:* winder! . . . Go and clean them winders," so he construed the mystic adjective: "*Incognita:* Unknown: Go thou and know it," So we have "Heart of Darkness."

That was natural in its way—the surprise, I mean. But I imagine that the large—but how not nearly large enough!—body of intelligent readers of Anglo-Saxondom would feel the same start of surprise if they could learn that there is a considerable continent of letters in the world today that is almost completely terra incognita not only in our language-linked nations but in France itself. I refer of course to the work of M. René Béhaine.

For books—and particularly long and protracted and sedulous and linked efforts—always present to me the aspect of stretches of land through which the writer has painfully journeyed, the reader following along the trail that the other has blazed. I remember I used to sit in the Elizabethan room over the porchway at Brede Place and watch poor Stephen Crane's pen journey with his minute handwriting over the desert tracts of immense foolscap sheets that made up his manuscript. And, apart from the terrible effect of weariness that I had from the spectacle I had also the singular illusion that that frail and beautiful genius wore, not only the riding breeches and boots and the shirt, rolled up past the elbows and open at the neck, that he actually did wear when writing, but also a pith helmet such as you see on the pictures of African explorers or British troops in tropical colonies. Precisely as if he were a traveler into unknown deserts. And wasn't he? Alas, aren't we all whose pens travel eternally from left to right and from left to right, day in day out, through the deserts?

Still, I imagine that we hold it as a canon of our existence that there aren't any Great Unknowns, today, traveling on those particular deserts, that the Keatses of today are acclaimed as if they were Byrons of 1820, that the Chattertons are all snugly installed as curators of State Museums, that the Poes are at least columnists with incomes running into six figures and readers by the million, and that you and I, oh brother Writer-Reader. . . . Alas!

❧ ❧

And alas again! We know how we cultivate the Muses on a little thin oatmeal; we know how we are exploited, how the godly publisher grows fat at the expense of the poor, b—y, unrighteous Gringoires of the world. Our hearts know their own bitternesses, but still we imagine that with all the publishers frantically going through the world with toothcombs and all the Critics frantically sharpening their goose-quills ready to acclaim the weekly, new, genius—with all that and all the rest there can't, anywhere in the nations that surround the North Atlantic at least, be anywhere, anyhow, any way, or by any imaginable freak of the imagination remain any Great Unknown.

Alas, once more!

M. Léon Daudet, leader of Royalists, is almost universally acclaimed—his political eccentricities, if eccentricities they be, apart—as one of the best critics and one of the keenest intelligences in the world of today. And you have him writing as if it were an acknowledged fact;

> Trois noms—je l'ai dit bien souvent—dominent le roman contemporain. . . . Marcel Proust, Bernanos, René Béhaine. C'est de René Béhaine et de son plus récent ouvrage que je veux vous entretenir aujourd'hui. . . .

And he goes on to devote his leading article with spaced and leaded headings to the latest book of M. Béhaine, "Avec les Yeux de l'Esprit."

Now that is a very singular honor: I would rather have it happen to me than anything else in the world. And you will find the most remote and inaccessible critics—the critics most remote from literary politics and inacessible to popular outcry—saying much the same thing in isolated entrenchments all over Eastern Europe—"Proust, Bernanos, Béhaine dominate the work of creative imagination of today, the novel that is said to be dying but that in fact is only at the beginning of its second flowering," those last words representing the dots from the citation from M. Léon Daudet's article that I have left out above. Or you have a critic of the eminence in Switzerland of M. Robert de Traz writing in the *Journal de Genève* as to the injustice of the complete neglect that has been the lot of M. Béhaine even in France:

> Here indeed, is a man of a steadfast character. And requited with what terrible injustice! For this is not the case of an obscure Bohemian or an amateur. You have here a great writer, profound, virile, complex, and original—and no one reads him! . . . What a mournful spectacle the world must present to him! Yet he retains his intrepidity. Whilst the reader of Proust is forever obsessed as if by his feverish fantasmagoria, by his invertebrate and sickly projections, and forever embarrassed by the too whispered, too feminine tones of the confidences offered him, under all the phrases of Béhaine the reader catches the vibrations of a virile, grave, and lofty soul. . . .

For the matter of that, for a long time now, I have been descending from my Paris garret onto Fifth Avenue and running about and saying just those same things to ever so many people.

M. Béhaine, then, has been writing for ever so many years at one immense book which has been published in six separate volumes entitled respectively: "The Newcomers" ("Les Nouvéaux Venus"), "The Survivors" ("Les Survivants"), "If Youth But Knew" ("Si Jeunesse Savait"), "The Conquest of Life" ("La Conquête de la Vie"), "The Lure of Fire" ("L'Enchantement du Feu") "With the Eyes of the Soul" ("Avec les Yeux de l'Esprit"). The whole has the general title, "The History of a Society."

❧ ❧

I am about to make one of those statements that, while they are exactly true are singularly irritating to the bulk of a man's readers. That is to say that it is impossible to be a proper man—a man of clarity of intellect and of insight into the affairs of the world—unless you know France. For, whether we like it or not, and whether or not the fact falls in with one's political interests or one's ethical prejudices or one's religious views or one's hopes for the future, France is so extraordinarily the touchstone of the worlds of the arts, of thought or of rational material prosperity, that unless you know her you have nothing with which to measure anything in the way of the arts, of thought, or even of material prosperity. I will add another dictum which may be less irritating but that may cause more astonishment: that is that it is impossible to know France if one is an outsider unless one has read the "Histoire d'une Societé" of M. Béhaine.

I will leave aside for the moment the esthetic side of the matter to consider M. Béhaine's work from that purely utilitarian aspect. And I will clinch the matter to begin with—which is bad art, but suits my purpose of the moment, by asking where else will you go if you do want to know France? I don't know. There are Baedeker and the Petit Larousse—and Histories of France. (I was looking at one the other day, by an American Protestant who wrote of France as if she were the Scarlet Woman.) And there are, say, Stendhal, and Flaubert, and Maupassant. There is Proust. And the newspapers. But the first three date back; the fourth is esoteric and exotic; and the papers, giving only exceptional news, give as queerly distorted a view of France as New York papers give of New York.

But of great, quiet France, flung across her great territories, descending from the Massif Central on the one side to the Atlantic, on the other to the Mediterranean, and from the Alps to the Rhine and to the Rhone—the France of tranquil, industrious, and wealthy people, of manor houses, farms, and cottages—or even of great, quiet Paris, with, outside the clamors and illuminations of the Right Bank, its tranquil, industrious, and prospering populations, where will you get the quiet and serious historian who shall give you the real sense of these quietudes and seriousnesses and of what lies behind them? You might use up a whole library on the effort, read endless regional writers, go for endless tours, and live for years in the most modern of hotels and yet the secret would elude you.

But the moment you take up "Les Nouveaux Venus" you are plunged deep into these sanctities and graveness. The opening is quiet—the interior of a chemist's shop that is only active on market days; then you have the family of a singularly tranquil château, with its woods, its terraces, its dependences, its peasants. These families mingle to make up the *haute bourgeoisie*, the high functionaries, the judges, the professional men of the early Third Republic. As of necessity, because the central government is there, these families gravitate, as promotions come to them, to Paris, where there are the Ministries, the Supreme Courts, the wealthier practices of physicians, lawyers, officers of the Army. There they form a grave society that is hardly even suspected by the outside world. It is cold, balanced, enlightened, reasonable, domesticated, and impeccable. It raises its children to pass at tender ages examinations so excruciating that the adult Anglo-Saxon professor's brain reels at the mere sight of the questionnaires.

❧ ❧

The mingling of several such families results in "Si Jeunesse Savait," in the evolution of two prototypes of the generation that in the 'nineties was in its hot youth. Even as in the elder generations of their predecessors the women were mostly devotees and the men either slothfully practising Catholics or indulgent free-thinkers, so the girl represents a weak, socially-minded Catholicism and the boy is a violent sceptic. That is progress! The world has become harsher, more rapid in its pace, more cruel in its condemnations.

The boy becomes violently enamoured of the girl, the girl enamoured, but irresoultely and temporizingly, of the boy. And the world goes on, Michael's father rising higher and higher in his judicial career, his mother paying more and more and ever more calls every afternoon, his sister working harder and harder to pass the almost impossible examinations that she does pass. The girl's parents—and most particularly her mother—becoming aware of the young people's attachment, oppose a violent negation to their desires for union. Their attachment, however, continues in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles. The boy will not pass examinations which he regards as useless and anachronistic; he will not serve in the Army, which he will have to do because he has not passed his examinations. He grows more and more fiercely rationalistic, denouncing ceaselessly for her pusillanimity the young woman who for the sake of peace and quiet performs some of her religious duties. They are racked with irresolutions; they part in despair and make it up again in agonies until "Avec les Yeux de l'Esprit" we arrive at the verge of their union in an atmosphere of storm and opposition.

And meanwhile the history of France continues around them, the boulevards surging, the ancient aristocracy being entrenched behind their high walls, the *haute bourgeoisie* almost more entrenched in their gray and austere *parages*. And across those worlds there sweeps the Dreyfus case—the Affaire. For France is the country of *affaires*: if nothing big is going on they will manufacture one out of the failure of a small bank for a couple of million francs. It is necessary for the French to find some shining outlet for their scepticism as to the honesty of any moneymaker. But the Dreyfus case was l'Affaire alone. The Panama scandal was one thing, the Humbert case another. But the Dreyfus case split France from crown to rootstock and that cleft has never been healed.

And I have read few things more exciting than M. Béhaine's projection of the Affaire as it affected Paris and its life. I was there myself most of the time and although M. Béhaine's hero is Dreyfusard and I was certainly the reverse it still makes my blood tingle to read of his emotions. It was a time of breathlessnesses, of agonies mental and social; families split within themselves and, as verdict after verdict was rendered and the rumor ran along the packed boulevards men looked at each other, speechless and incredulous. For whichever way the verdict went the results were disastrous since in effect all France was on trial for the benefit of individuals like Dreyfus and Labori and their subscribers. And that is put very dramatically in M. Béhaine's rendering of Michael's feeling at his confrontation of the Dreyfusard protagonists.

And, indeed, quiet and introspective as are M. Béhaine's methods, he works his matter up into moments of extraordinary excitement. You could not have anything more dramatic than the episode when the young man gets a friend to send a perfectly mendacious telegram to his fiancée to the effect that he is on the point of death, because her ceaseless temporizing and tergiversations have made him go to any extreme to have an interview with her. . . . And the admirable reasonableness of his parents, their calm distress, their effective concern; the night travellings, the psychological voltes-faces, the outcries. . .

I know of no subjective work of the imagination in which the simple stuff of humanity is so worked up into the tragedy that all our lives are. . . .

So that you may know how much the career of the French man of letters of any originality resembles that of his Anglo-Saxon confrères of the same type, I translate here part of a biographical sketch which M. Béhaine has written for me:

> I was born at Vervins, in the Aisne, and, as it chanced in the province from which my family originally came and at about an hour's drive from my family's estates. My father who finished his career as Dean of the Faculty of the Bar at Paris had begun it as judge-substitute in that town.
>
> I was an infant prodigy—and a martyr! At seven (Seven!) I had completely mastered French grammar and syntax; but at thirteen I resolved—and I still congratulate myself upon that determination—to become the very worst learner in the school. At seventeen I founded a review with the aid of some schoolfellows; at eighteen I published my first book. It is today completely undiscoverable.
>
> At the age of twenty-one in the *Grande Revue* I serialized "Alfred Varambaud" and two years later "Celine Armelle"; and part of "Michel Varambaud" appeared in the *Revue de Paris*. These three books in one volume make up "Les Nouveaux Venus."
>
> This first volume was published by Fasquelle. It had an extraordinary press but no commercial success at all. You know that in France—and perhaps elsewhere—expenditure on publicity is worth all the critical eulogia in the world. I had leading articles in the literary columns of the (London) *Times*; in the *Temps*; in the *Figaro*, but they helped nothing.
>
> Of Volume II, "Les Survivants," the first two books were serialized in the *Revue de Paris*.
>
> The war came on the day René Boylesve was to have consecrated to this book a leading article in the *Gaulois*.
>
> I was refused for service on account of my eyesight. I continued to write. My estates were devastated by the invading troops—on the Aisne, near Vervins, on the Chemin des Dames, at Corbeny, at Graonne. Those were atrocious days but less atrocious than their successors. My father dying I tried to restore my estate after four years of the ravages of the war. There were no windows in the houses no roofs, no doors. I employed myself in every kind of craft—and I wrote "La Conquete de la Vie." I became a painter, a paper-hanger, a glazier, and a layer of parquet floors. Thanks to the laws of a democracy my tenant benefits by pre-war leases; I am scarcely able to keep body and soul together and have had to sell my favorite estate.
>
> Worn out as I was I left for the South and tried to fix up for myself a very modest Provençal *mas*—a farmhouse; but the rapacity of contractors, laborers, lawyers, and experts of every kind have rendered even this almost impossible. . . . Alas, in France an élite of the intellect, infinitesimal in numbers, but one that I believe to be without equal on this earth, leads agonizing lives in the attempt to react against the corruption of the times—and continues to work.
>
> I wrote at Antibes "L'Enchantement du Feu." Then in August 1927 Daniel Halévy commissioned "Avec les Yeux de l'Espirit." Daudet wrote a great article about this in *L'Action Francaise*, and I tasted a little more and a little less than success. More, because of the value of the praise I received, and less because the book hardly sold at all.
>
> But as a corollory the Confederation of Fascist Students offered me a residence in Italy! Up to the present that is the only material and agreeable reward for so many years of work.
>
> You observe that, from 1904 to 1913, my books, or portions of my books appeared in prominent reviews. I have often been compared to Proust. I have only read his first book. Well, Proust certainly read "Les Survivants" in the *Revue de Paris* when he had not published anything at all. This is only to claim priority in time. . . . But all that has no importance. If I can judge by the little of him that I have read there are immense differences between the two of us. . . ."

And M. Béhaine adds the tragic detail—that we all know so well—that a single copy of his first book, which sold but one copy for five and a half cents on publication, lately fetched two hundred and fifty francs. . . . And he adds—and don't we know that too!—that unless in his case the New World redresses the balance of the old his fellow citizens will afford him no measure of recognition.

I hope the New World will. For M. Béhaine is the novelist—as historian in an almost perfect degree. The construction of his works is extraordinarily fine. And, as to his writing. . . . I will tell you. The novelist who deals in the perfectly ordinary tranquillities of perfectly ordinary life knows that it is only by his writing that he can hope to be readable. And it is the sheer beauty of M. Béhaine's sentences and cadences that carry through the immense number of his pages without your noticing that the number is immense or that there are pages at all. You live in the atmosphere that he has projected for you. That is the supreme test of writing.

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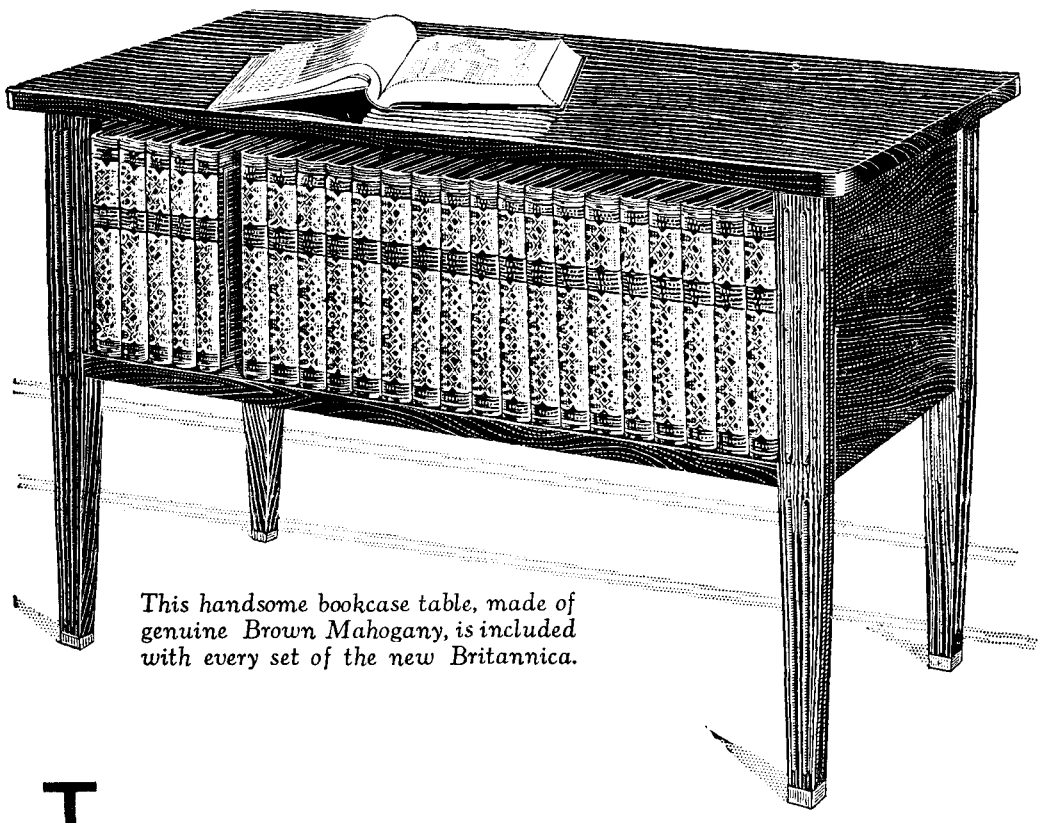

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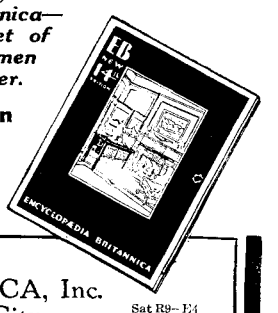

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Books of the Fall

By AMY LOVEMAN

THE worst has happened. The Fall books include over 5,000 titles. No, we don't dream of quoting it. We know too well that even the devil can cite Scripture for his purpose to think of saying that of the making of many books there is no end. But we insist on stating that much study is a weariness of the flesh. It is, it is, it is. But still we know we'd feel much more distressed if there were too few books to pore over than we do now because there are too many. So an end to our plaints!

We should have been prepared for it anyway—this deluge of books we mean—when works which lately we had been hearing of as dwelling merely in their authors' imaginations suddenly began appearing in all the reality of print and covers. It was but a year ago that we were enthralled by the news which reached us that J. B. Priestley, having completed half a novel of 250,000 words in length, had decided that the turmoil of London was more conducive than the quiet of the country to ease of composition, and had removed himself to the metropolis to complete his tale. Well, after reading "The Good Companions" (Harpers) we should recommend urban life as a lubricant for writers. It is a good, sturdy tale, rich with diverting incident, peopled with a diversity of characters, and carried along on a tide of high spirits. Still, you never can tell. Mary Lee wrote her "It's a Great War" in Westport on Lake Champlain, with the Green Mountains before her and the Adirondacks behind, and the shimmering water frozen between the shores, and all the country wrapt in the seclusion of winter. And what did that book do but win half of the prize offered by Houghton Mifflin and the *American Legion Monthly* for the best World War novel? A good book it is, too, with a vast amount of veracious portrayal, high voltage of criticism, incident that has its background in actual happening, and an insistent, inflexible hatred of war. It is the first novel to portray the war from the angle of the woman behind the lines in France. Mr. William T. Scanlon's "God Have Mercy on Us!" (Houghton Mifflin), which divided the prize with it, is an enlisted man's account of battle, moving in its unaffected sincerity and straightforward realism. We're not sure where that was written, whether in country or city, but we have a lurking idea it came from Chicago.

We don't, for that matter, know where Ernest Hemingway wrote "A Farewell to Arms" (Scribners). In France, probably, since he has been spending so much time there. Boston, of course, placed the stamp of interest upon it by banning it in magazine form, an amazing performance even for that town of amazing censorship, but we have no doubt that less tyrannized over communities will seize upon it with avidity. For here is a book of almost startling force, that depicts battle and retreat on the Italian front with a truly astonishing power to recreate scene and dialogue, that moves with the acceleration of an engine picking up speed as it runs, and that for all its unwavering realism has passages of true and genuine sentiment and a love story all the more touching for the restraint with which it is told. One of the most vivid and effective of the war books which have recently appeared, it shows Hemingway no longer looking upon the world as merely one of wastrels and futiliarians, but regarding it as having purpose and pattern.

We hadn't in the least intended to plunge into the war so early in our survey (or into fiction either, for the matter of that), but since we've been so to say propelled into them by a casual allusion to the respective merits of town and country as a nursery for books, we'll follow along the way we've started on. (How's that for a sentence with a prepositional end?) There's no ignoring the war books this season, at any rate, for they are an impressive lot. Now at last we are getting the war as it appeared to the Central Powers, for in the wake of "All Quiet on the Western Front" (which zooms along merrily setting new records with every week) have come a succession of tales depicting the struggle as the enemy saw it. "War," by Ludwig Renn (Dodd, Mead); "Schlump" (Harcourt, Brace), the story of a German soldier; "Siberian Garrison," by Rodion Markowitz, which is shortly to appear from the press of Horace Liveright, and which narrates the experiences of a Hungarian soldier who went unwillingly to war, are all of them forceful depictions of a reality horrible in the recounting as well as in the living. The first interested us particularly in the light it cast on the psychology of the German invaders of Belgium, and for its picture of the war-weariness of the retreating German armies.

Not of the war, but saturated with the effect of war, is Ernst Glaeser's "Class of 1902" (Viking), the chronicle of the generation in Germany just too young to be called to arms before the Armistice put an end to the fighting,—a chronicle which is at once a study of adolescence and one of the most devastating revelations we have seen of the utter moral demoralization that may befall a people through the curse of battle. It is a powerful and gripping book, completely outspoken, relentlessly tragic. But if it is bitterness you want, read Richard Aldington, whose "Death of a Hero" (Covici-Friede) is written in the very heart's blood of its author. Mr. Aldington is a poet of note, one of those of England's poets whose voice, even while the combat was raging most insistently, sounded the despair of the civilized man confronted with the ghastly waste of warfare. Now in this novel, the first to come from his pen, he writes with entirely unfettered frankness (no, we are wrong; the censor has seen to it that the frankness is not unfettered) what he terms "a threnody, a memorial in its ineffective way to a generation which hoped much, strove honestly, and suffered deeply." Mr. Aldington frequently grows well-nigh hysterical, to the detriment of his thesis, and the more surprisingly because despite his despairing excitement he professes himself, and is, the idealist. But he remains, even at his shrillest, that always impressive, if depressing, object, the soul that disburdens itself of agony.

But we must be mad. We write as though there were no five thousand books from which we must cull some several hundred for mention, and as if time and an eternity of blank space stretched away before us. We have sinned, we admit it, but we repent, and shall take the next group of books at a hurdle. See how we skim over "The White Coat" (Duffield), by P. N. Krassnoff, a story of counter revolution in Russia, and Peregrine Acland's "All Else Is Folly" (Coward-McCann), the war from a Canadian's point of view, and "G. B.," by W. F. Morris (Dodd, Mead), a double-barrelled tale with a neat mystery attached which just misses being extremely good and is still exceedingly interesting. And—no, we're going to bed to get up courage for the 4988 books that still remain unmentioned. We cease upon the midnight with no pain.

Comes the dawn and 4988 books still to be sifted. Well, we suppose as long as we are launched on fiction we might as well continue in that lane. We'll have a go at the historical tales for a change. To begin with, there are Gertrude Atherton's portrayal of "Dido, Queen of Hearts" (Liveright) and E. Barrington's "Laughing Queen" (Dodd, Mead) who is Cleopatra under an epithet, and coming on up through the ages "Crouchback," by Carola Oman, daughter of the historian, who has apparently an inherited interest in the past, and who in this tale writes the story of Anne of Warwick as well as of Richard III. That's a trio of ladies by a trio of ladies for you. Then there are Manuel Komroff's forthcoming "Coronet" (Coward-McCann), a work of panoramic scope which traces the struggle of aristocracy to hold its own from Renaissance Florence to Soviet Russia, and the major part of whose story deals with Napoleon's disastrous Moscow campaign, and Donn Byrne's "Field of Honor" (Century), which plays also in the period of the Napoleonic Wars, and "The Whirlwind" (Macmillan), by William Stearns Davis, a romance of the French Revolution, and finally, "Elva," by Durward Grinstead (Covici-Friede), which is a tale of New England of the witchcraft days with much authentic material worked over into fiction form and with the shadow of Cotton Mather hovering over its pages. Ladies and gentlemen, you pays your money and you takes your choice of an epoch.

You can have your choice, too, of *locale* in the new fiction. It ranges indeed, broadly over the Western hemisphere. If your interest lies with the Emerald Isle there's a new book by Peadar O'Donnell, "Adrigoole" (Putnams) which those who read his earlier "The Way It Was with Them" will be certain will contain faithful and sympathetic reflection of Irish life. If it is Latin-America that allures, you can turn to Mariano Azuela's "The Under-Dogs" (Brentanos), a powerful and flashing presentation of revolution as exemplified in Mexico, or L. I. Crawford's "On the Anvil" (Morrow), a story the first part of which takes place in South America and which especially in those early chapters is a book of charm, delicacy, and moving portrayal, or Ramon del Valle Inclan's "The Tyrant" (Holt), a satirical story of Central

(*Continued on page 272*)

The New Books
Fiction

(*Continued from page 258*)

PAYING GUESTS. By E. F. BENSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

Odd sticks of humanity drift into the backwaters of boarding-house life. There they form a restless, unstable, serio-comic community, absurd in pretensions and idiosyncrasies, yet never dull or characterless. Novels of this queer world are likely to be worth reading; "Paying Guests," the latest, is particularly entertaining. Mr. Benson is amused by the boarders at Wentworth (a select establishment at Bolton Spa), but he is not cruel or aloof. Rather, we perceive absurdities of character without once losing our human sympathy. We chuckle and even guffaw, but we do so from no sense of finicky superiority.

Colonel Chase, Mrs. Bliss, Miss Howard, and Mr. Kemp are really amusing characters; we should hardly like to live with them, but between the covers of Mr. Benson's comedy they are pleasant companions. The dining-room, the healthful baths (faintly smelling of rotten eggs) in the center of the town, the exhibition of water colors and the piano "improvisation" by Miss Howard, the pedometer and anecdotes of Colonel Chase, the untiring propaganda for Mental Science conducted so smilingly by Mrs. Bliss—all these eccentricities may be mean and unimportant intrinsically, but they become memorable as Mr. Benson tells of them. Wentworth, Mrs. Oxney (the proprietor), and her paying guests come to us with a zestful, contagious good humor that is completely delightful.

There is no plot in the novel, no implied comment upon life. But there is great good fun, and, what is more, intelligent fun. High brows need not sniff at "Paying Guests"; low brows will not find much of the comedy over their heads. Probably the only substantial body of dissenters from the favorable opinion expressed in this review will be Christian Scientists; that is, unless they can laugh offa rather merciless and quite unmistakable kidding. Mrs. Bliss and her Mental Science aside, however, Mr. Benson has produced a widely acceptable light novel of boarding-house foibles in a British health resort.

THE ROMAN HAT MYSTERY. By ELLERY QUEEN. Stokes. 1929. $2.

This "Problem in Deduction" introduces two new detectives, the Queens, father and son. One is a genial snuff-addict, the other a philovancish bookworm. They are agreeable enough, if somewhat too coy and too chorus-like in their repartee. Their business here is to learn who poisoned Monte Field as he sat in an orchestra seat at the Roman Theater watching the second act of "Gunplay," and what happened to his top hat. The suspects present at the same performance include the dead man's former partner, who had threated him; a gangster who had been one of his clients; and Miss Frances Ives-Pope, whose handbag was found in his pocket. In spite of minor defects — such as a theater-manager who doesn't know whether he has a seat-plan and a motive used not long ago in another theatrical mystery—this is a competent piece of work for those who like their detective stories straight, though shrewd customers will be pretty well along the right track by the time they reach the interpolated note that tells them the evidence is all in.

TOMORROW'S VOYAGE. By LEONARD HESS. Ives Washburn. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Leonard Hess was first introduced to us through the pages of the *American Mercury* and the *Bookman*. "Tomorrow's Voyage" is his first novel and a splendid one it is. Through the misty, sea-dreaming eyes of Samuel Jones we are presented with Hell's Kitchen as it flowered in all its pristine and fetid grossness during the dog-days of Anthony Comstock. Within a stone's throw of Denniker's bakery and Leopold Schmidt's grocery store, Samuel Jones lived sullenly with his "pony playing" father and his hardworking, sensitive mother. Occasionally he read the books he borrowed from the library: Marryat, Russell, Du Chaillu. What Samuel wanted even more than a grocery clerkship with Leopold Schmidt was to ride the high seas beside fragrant Amanda Stark on the good ship *Ventura*. That demanded brawn and all Samuel had was dreams. Tragedy—in the guise of Carrie Sodger, the neighborhood Cleopatra—moved insidiously into Samuel's life from the moment he married. Mr. Hess's flavorous, emotional prose communicates its "defeatist" message with a beautiful tenderness and strength.

(*Continued on page 274*)

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 70. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most appetizing Ballade of Good Food. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of October 28.)

Competition No. 71. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best version, as Gibbon might have written it, of—

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

(Entries should consist of between 200 and 300 words of the indicated prose and must reach the office of the *Saturday Review* not later than the morning of November 4.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH COMPETITION

THE prize offered for the best lyric called "The Sea Serpent" has been awarded to Clinton Scollard.

THE PRIZE POEM

THE SEA SERPENT

SHE was trig and trimly sparred,
As fine as a brig might be,
Yet she was evil-starred,
For there crossed her bows at night,
In a spindrift smother of white,
The serpent of the sea.

The lookout saw the thing,
Yet he knew not what he saw—
Ominous, soul-stirring,
But he gave it a long-drawn hail,
"Ahoy! Is that a sail?"
This with a touch of awe.

A sail, my man? Not so!
Rather a shape of dread:
Eyes that burn and glow,
Twin inhuman fires—
Carniverous desires—
Set in a scaly head.

And a body long and lithe,
Monstrous, jaws agape,
That seems to oscillate, writhe;
Spewed from the uttermost caves
Of the deep, with its yawning graves,
A murk incredible shape.

Nay, she will never come back
To the watchful hearts that yearn,
For a portent has crossed her track;
She will lie erelong, that ship,
Warped to an oozy slip
In the Port of No-Return!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

This competition proved extremely popular, bringing nearly two hundred entries of which a higher proportion than usual was up to prize-winning standard. It was a pleasure to be able to award the first place to one of the most faithful of our Wits, Clinton Scollard, who, in spite of the high quality of innumerable past entries, has suffered a run of unusually bad luck. (Perhaps I may take this opportunity to commiserate with some others who have fared even worse during the past year, particularly Marshall M. Brice, Leonard Doughty, Phoebe Scribble, and R. D. Lucas.)

The outstanding entries came from Charles D. Cameron, Dalnar Devening, Homer Parsons, Bert Leach, Claudius Jones (whose very amusing entry could not really be called short), Dorothy Hurlbutt, Vivian Breckenfeld, Corinne Swain, K. M. Gibson, and Eleanor Glenn Wallis who spoiled a striking poem by omitting the articles before the nouns in her concluding stanza; nobody objects to a well-placed extra syllable particularly not to a *the* or an *a* in the iambic pentameter. A selection from these entries appears below; but, although the Wits' Weekly has more space than usual this week, it is not possible here to print all ten poems.

I—By HOMER M. PARSONS

His scales were burnished copper,
And his wings were flaming red;
His eyes, as green as Irish grass,
Popped from his yellow head.
I leaned upon the windward rail
And smiled, as is my wont
Whenever I encounter
Such a large aglyphodont.

He lashed his long anfractuous tail
And belched a bright blue flame,
Until I whistled soft and low
And called him by his name.
The steward brought another glass
And, as I turned to pay,
A purple hippogriff appeared
And chased my friend away.

II—By CHARLES D. CAMERON

The sea knows not the forest, as the shore
Knows not the ocean's buried wilderness;
We cannot tell what shapes of dread may press
Through watery twilights down to the dark core
Of unplumbed night—and yet, as more and more
Our knowledge dims, we peer, and gaze, and guess
That Mermen throng in empires fathomless,
From coral towers proclaiming peace or war.

While dancing dolphins peer at us, *and dream*
Of land-whales on the hills, while grass-waves boil
Where ground-sharks swim for prey from grove to plain—
Sea horses, herds, and harvests form our *theme,*
Bordered with nightmare dragons, and the coil
Of the vast Snake cramped in the boundless main.

III—By DALNAR DEVENING

Square-sailed galley propelled over gray seas;
Pushed through the big waves by long oars and broken hearts;
Slaves chained to benches.
High-pooped galleons and black craft of pirates.
Gold in the holds of galleons.
Plumed admirals, ear-ringed sailors, the Cross at the masthead.
Blue seas, gray seas, thundering surges of seas;
Hurricanes and halcyon weather.
Heroes all, heroes bound nowhither with a bellyful of hope;
Hearts crammed with a mixture of fear and exultation.
For the seas, the blue seas, the wind-deviled seas,
The gray, endless seas are full of devils.
And the mightiest devil of all, the longest,
Weirdest, scaliest, dreadfulest, gale-spouting
Demon of all the legion of sea demons is here,
The mile-long sea serpent, the fearsome, the bane of far-sailing and wandering men.
Look! where his hideous head cleaves the green combers.
His scales glitter; his body is longer, more dreadful, than gale-driven surges.
Woe to the sailor!
Thus in the old days, the days gone by.

Now man flies over the land, over the sea.
Steam-driven monsters have beaten the dark surges.
Down in the silt, deep, deep in the silt,
Five miles under the gray water,
Lie the moldering bones of the sea serpent.
Rotting bones mixed with the dregs of the sea.
Mixed with the golden nuggets of Eldorado;
Mixed with the parings of apples of Hesperides;
Mixed with the keels of Ulysses' black ships;
Mixed with the sea-green hair of mermaids;
Mixed with the dust of dreams.

IV—By BERT LEACH

In the depths of my unconscious,
In the slippery, sloshy slime,
He is crouching on his haunches
Speaking thus to me in rhyme:

"Try as hard as he may like—O—
Howsoever staunch and stout,
I defy the wisest psycho-
Analyst to fish me out.

"You're the sea, and I'm the sarpint,
Shiver, shake, and hold your breath;
In my forty-colored war-paint
I will scare your soul to death.

"I have sixty different titles,
Take your choice—it's all the same;
I will gnaw your mental vitals
And destroy your mortal frame.

"I've been king of all complexes
Since Old Man Neanderthal;
Bring on all your y's and x's—
I'm unknowner than them all."

So I'm pining and declining,
Full of dark and dismal dole,
With this devil daily diming
On the contents of my soul.

VI—By CLAUDIUS JONES

The sea-serpent, in languor curved
About a rock, the world observed,
How all the beasts and birds
And fishes, too, from near and far
Were pigeon-holed by genera
And tagged with Latin words.

"They lose thereby, each one," said he,
"His individuality
And influence to boot.
The others mark his spot or stripe,
Ignore the beast, but not the type
And pitch their praise to suit."

So sailormen he shunned, save such
As a double grog had drunk too much
And had a mighty bun on.
"For these," said he, "will ne'er agree:
Some give me one head, some say three,
And some that I have none on.

"They credit one with variation,
A virtue in intoxication
As excellent, as rare."
And then he swore, while life was his,
To be just sui generis,
A fearful oath to swear.

For still the world in anger raves
Not half so hard at cheats and knaves,
Its anger all is turned
On harmless chaps whose end and glory
Is not to fit a category;
This truth our hero learned.

In boat and plane and submarine
Bewhiskered pundits, students keen
Pursued him day and night,
Inventing terms of barb'rous Latin
That Julius Cæsar could not chat in
Or Cicero recite.

At last, of food and sleep bereft—
No leisure more or refuge left—
Of long pursuit he tired,
And softly murm'ring e'er he died,
"Thank God, I die unclassified!"
Resignedly expired.

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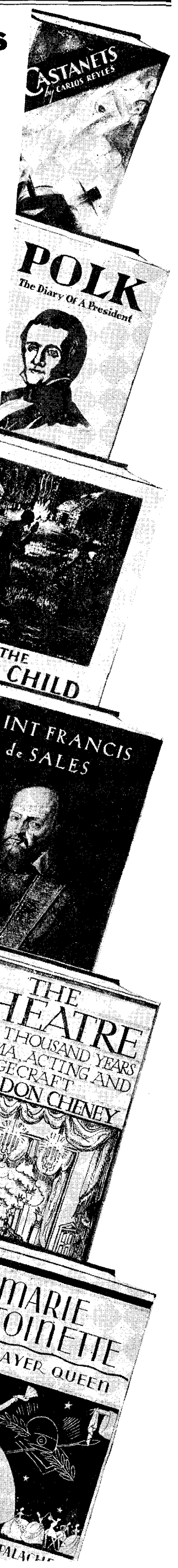

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Dante and His Times*

By C. H. GRANDGENT
Harvard University

As a work of piety, the "Divine Commedia" marks the close of a development that had extended over a thousand years. . . . It is the conclusion, it is the personal application of the accumulated wealth of the Christian heart." "The Middle Ages desired to incarnate their own political conscience—and created the absolutely moral personality of Dante." "What is loftiest and most universal he has made most intimately his own. And the higher the superhuman rises, the deeper it becomes rooted in humanity."

"As a work of art, and only as a work of art, the 'Commedia' is original; only in the evolution of art did it create anything new, namely, the mastery and adjustment of the two imperfect medieval styles: apocalyptics and allegory." "To the advancement of piety, of science, and of the life of the intellect in general, the 'Commedia' did not contribute, directly, anything of essential importance. We found its significance, not in what it brought, but in what it is; not in the creation of new, controlling, cultural values, but in a unique personal assimilation of the fundamental ideals of religion, philosophy, and practical life which the Middle Ages had evolved up to that time. The 'Commedia' is not a factor but a symptom; not a lever, but a mirror, of culture."

SUCH quotations as the above, picked here and there from Karl Vossler's "Mediæval Culture," betray to the expectant reader more things than one. Firstly, they disclose the writer as a conscious artist. For this great critic of style is himself a stylist of high degree. Take, for instance, the central note in his picture of Pier delle Vigne, who, transformed into a netherworld tree, can find relief in utterance only when the fracture of one of its twigs affords an outlet: "A burdened human heart, a great tragic doom, struggles forth from the little painful wound and reveals itself." Occasionally, to be sure, stylistic effectiveness may (in Vossler as in Dante) run into preciosity. "Yes, we can conceal it no longer, the great man wears a queue;" thus humorously are we reminded of the master's lapses into schoolmasterdom. In the "Tesoretto" of Brunetto Latini, more pedagogue than poet, "the allegorical form is a mere pretext, a ready-made scaffolding, from the top of which the author pours all his knowledge down on us as if from a potato sack." So, with a deft touch or two, is lightened the "high seriousness" of two massive tomes. Exacting indeed was the task of the translator; and so admirably has it been performed that one has constantly the impression of reading an original text. And in a text of uncommon cogency, not in phrasing alone, but in lucidity of exposition, in firmness and coherence of construction does the craftsman prove his craft. That architectural foresight and consistency which he so admired in Dante our author has made his own.

Already we have discovered that "Mediaeval Culture" is a treatise on the "Divine Comedy." In fact, its baptismal name is "Die göttliche Komödie," "Entwicklungsgeschichte und Erklärung." Since 1904, when he published "Die Philosophischen Grundlagen zum Süssen Neuen Stil," Karl Vossler has been a towering figure among Dante scholars. Earlier still was his "Poetische Theorien in der Italienschen Frührenaissance;" later, his "Dante als Religiöser Dichter." In the seemingly remote field of linguistics he has pointed new ways with his "Gesammelte Aufsätze zur Sprachphilosophie" and his "Geist und Kultur in der Sprache" (1925). These diverse excursions are unified by an underlying philosophy of language and literature, for Karl Vossler considers both of these as manifestations of social states. To understand Dante one must study Dante's place and day; and only the scholar who comprehends the Middle Ages as a whole is prepared to enjoy full appreciation of the "Divine Comedy." More than any other epoch in any one man, the medieval period is embodied in Dante Alighieri. Hence it comes that the English title is no mismoner. If Volume I consists mainly of Medievalism and Volume II prevailingly of "Commedia," it cannot be denied that Dante pervades both and that both are permeated with the "culture" of the Middle Ages.

An approach peculiarly appropriate for German readers lies through "Faust." For both Goethe and Dante sought world-harmony "in the loftiness of their own natures;" both dealt with the fall and redemption of man, one viewing the subject from the individual standpoint, the other from the universal. Follows a useful sketch of the development of Christian concepts and doctrines—the contributions of Paul, Augustine, the Pseudo-Dionysius, Gregory, Bernard, Francis of Assisi. In ancient Greece the "Philosophical Background" starts, and extends through a sequence of *isms* well into Thomas Aquinas. But really "medieval and modern philosophy begins with Augustine, the first to whom doubt was a conscientious necessity and a sacred thing;" an intellectual kinsman, then, of our poet. "Not a personal bond," says Vossler, "but the fateful force of the Idea, unites the first to the last gigantic work of the Middle Ages," "De Civitate Dei" and the "Commedia," both of them "moralizations of history." With St. Thomas, on the other hand, our critic is in scant accord; for him, Thomism lacks "clear illumination of the contrast between acceptance and renunciation of the world, between natural pagan virtue and Christian virtue." We are told, indeed, that Dante was injuriously affected by the great theologian's inconsistency and casuistry, being saved by his own upright character. Vast though Dante's debt to Thomas, the most striking examples of Thomistic thinking in the "Divine Comedy" "are to be found chiefly in passages of inferior poetic merit." In our Florentine, "reverence in the presence of mystery is greater than confidence in the solution." Such views turn up in the discussion of the "Ethical and Political Background," where Pope and Emperor play briefly their expected parts, and where Peter Damian grows to unexpected stature. After all this, one is not surprised to find "Dante's Personality" portrayed in the brightest colors. Marred, however, is his perfection (happily for literature) by sensuality and pride; "without *luxuria* and *superbia*, no 'Divina Commedia.'"

"The 'Commedia' is in fact a Danteid." Dante is the only personage always on the stage; never changing, he is the same Dante in all three parts. So our author; yet is not the Dante of the "Paradise" imbued with a sad but trustful submissiveness which contrasts with the sturdy cheer of the "Purgatorio" and the nightmare of the "Inferno?" Vossler is bent (doubtless with reason) on stressing the unity of the poem, its flawlessly coherent plan, its uninterrupted sequence; for he believes (rightly, no doubt) that it was all written between 1314 and 1321. With penetrating sympathy he harmonizes apparent dissonances; and he shows wonderful insight in the explanation of puzzling details of arrangement; witness his accounting for the order of blasphemers, sodomites, and usurers, of simony, soothsaying, and barratry; for the special juridical turn given to a religious theme immediately before the entrance of the great jurist Justinian.

Why did Italian literature begin with its greatest masterpiece? Why did poetry on the peninsula spring up so late? Many have asked the question; none has answered it more comprehensively than Vossler. The gist of it is, Italy was out of the main current, she "never passed through a political Middle Age;" entirely taken up with local squabbles, indifferent to religion, imitative and utilitarian, she was, from the tenth to the twelfth century essentially unpoetic. "More unfavorable preliminary conditions for the creation of a masterpiece could hardly be imagined." Poor Brunetto is a natural outcome, "One can hardly imagine a ruder conglomeration of art and science than Latini's (Tesoretto)."

Moreover, Christianity, despite Chateaubriand's unsubstantiated claim, is not in itself conducive to literary art. Early Christian literature is not artistic. The artistry of the Church showed itself first in the sixth century in the Gregorian chant, next in the cathedrals of the twelfth century and the thirteenth. Apocalyptics and allegory are scarcely congenial handmaids of the muse; for the former is formless "because of the passive attitude of the imagination," while in allegory . . . poetry is . . . forced into unfitting service." It was the popular religious movement of the Franciscans that first introduced the poetic problem, and it was the poets of the *stil nuovo* who first attempted to solve it." The "Commedia" is a monument of lay—as

Not novel, but sound and sensible is Vossler's discussion of the "Vita Nuova," its distinguished from professional—piety.
date, its purpose, its composition; so is his interpretation of Beatrice and the Gentil Donna. New light comes from his pages on Lucan, Horace, Ovid, Statius, Virgil; especially the last—the historical Virgil and the essentially correct Dantesque conception of him, and the comparison of Maro and Alighieri. "Virgil's nether world attains its purification and revival in the Hereafter of Dante." "The careful polishing and adjustment of parts Dante learned from Virgil," Yet "what most closely unites the two poets is not their art: it is their common love of the common fatherland." "To cement the bond between Dante and Virgil, Dante must first become an Italian rather than a Florentine, an imperial cosmopolitan instead of a Guelf partisan." The local politician in Dante ends with Henry VII.

Both profound and evident was the effect of Provençal and Early Italian versification. Vossler gives it due importance. Indeed, a student of the literature of the *langue d'oc* is not only amazed but a bit disconcerted by the degree of individuality and power attributed to the several troubadours by the German critic, and by his assumption that Dante knew them better than we. In compensation, the flatness of the "Sicilians" is perhaps flattened beyond fairness. If we could accept Vossler's estimate of Arnant Daniel, we could easily share Dante's admiration. We may suspect the ground of Dante's awe of Sardello. But why did he revere Brunetto, and Cunizza, and Folquet? And, since we are asking still unanswered questions, why did he never mention the saintly Louis IX; or Albertino Mussato, the most distinguished Italian man of letters of his own generation; or the "Roman de la Rose," Europe's "best seller" of the generation before? Still unexplained are the mysteries of the girdle, the *pozzo* and the vertical descents of hell, the tangibility of spirits, the height of the purgatorial mountain. From Medusa the critic with prudent promptness averts his gaze.

After abundant perparation we have the "Comedy" itself, presented in an interpretative analysis, admirably conceived and fascinating to read. It affords a most helpful commentary to the new student, and a delightful condiment to the old. Like Croce, our introducer (now that he has prepared the way) touches lightly on doctrine, system, and allegory; but he does not follow the Italian critic into the extravagance of denying poetic importance to all but the lyric element. He is a "creative critic" in that he presents us not so much the literal Dante as his own impression and visualization. Vossler's, not Dante's, is the Christ on the gigantic cross that doubly traverses the planet Mars. Vossler's, rather than Dante's, are the figures of Ulysses, of Guido da Montefeltro, of the snaky purloiners who "are not accidental thieves but confirmed kleptomaniacs." Both Dantesque and Vossleresque, however, is the ice-bound Satan: "Lucifer is the immovable and crushed devil, conquered and petrified like the giants into an allegory and memorial of himself." "The lowest level of moral degradation coincides with the death of the soul, and the benumbing of nature. The dead-point is marked by Lucifer, whose life is only apparent, a crying, self-detesting mockery, and a parody of real existence." To present-day esthetic criticism of Dante's infernal topography, Vossler makes just reply:

> Only if we materalize and dogmatize the structure, arrangement, and landscape of Hell as something existing for itself alone, instead of regarding it as the dreamland of the poet's soul, does the arrangement interfere with the life of the "Inferno," and the poem falls apart into disjointed, arbitrary poetic episodes. But instead, we have shown that it is an unbroken stream of poetry, which may have its windings, rapids, and dams, but never loses itself.

Is it possible, by the way, to excogitate anything novel about Francesca da Rimini? Vossler has found a remark that is both original and true: "In all the literature of the world there is but one living Francesca: Dante's."

As in most synopses of Dante, Purgatory and Paradise get scant measure, contrasted with the amplitude of Hell. Concerning the souls in penance, to be sure, our critic does offer a comparative generalization that deserves to be tested in detail; namely, that they "reveal themselves by speech, not by act." "Sin is, for the souls in Purgatory, only a memory, and virtue only a hope. They hover between their past and their future, and have practically no present. Instead of living, they dream; instead of acting they suffer; instead of willing, they remember and they hope." If one must find fault with anything in these chapters, let it be with our announcer's failure (in treating of Paradise) to emphasize the exact balance in the stories of St. Francis and St. Dominic, symbol of the parity of the "two wheels of the chariot of the Church," and example of the perfect equilibrium of God's plan. Nothing could be fairer, though, than Vossler's evaluation of the "Paradiso":

> The heavenly journey is, in its inner action, a contemplation of faith. . . . If, accordingly, these theoretical, speculative, contemplative, and visionary processes make up the backbone of the poem, one might characterize the threatening, scornful, warning utterances and retrospective allusions to political, ecclesiastical, and moral evils on earth, especially in Italy, as interruption. This is in a general way true. Strictly speaking, however, the conditions are not such that the entrance of the mortal Florentine into the abodes of Heaven disturbs the untroubled calm of the blessed. The mere presence of the premature guest reminds the glorified spirits of human misery and sin: so that the damnatory and admonitory, blessing and cursing passages of the Poem are, so to speak, the dust which the vehicle of the traveller cannot but stir up wherever it traverses the plain of external peace.

As yet unmentioned is the final part of the second volume: to wit, the extraordinarily comprehensive and critical bibliography furnished by Dr. J. E. Spingarn, a generous contribution quite worthy of the monumental work which it adorns and completes.

If Vossler's epitome of the "Comedy" is an attempt to reconstruct Dante, the man, and to convey an impressionistic visualization of his allegorical journey; if Croce's smooth-running summary is an esthetic appreciation of the poem, with attenuation of its distinctively medieval and Dantesque elements; the new outline furnished by Dr. Dunbar may be described as a restoration of the poet's symbolistic setting—a background mostly invisible to the twentieth-century eye but necessary for a real understanding of Dante's intent and his appeal to his own contemporaries. All conceivable associations, religious, mystic, moral, literary, historical, that may reasonably be thought of as lurking in Dante's mind, shaping or shading his every phrase, and determining every vicissitude in the plot of his "Comedy"—all these tangled threads are meticulously untangled and exhibited by one who knows, loves, and enlightens. A combination of the three interpretations—if all three could imaginably be read and comprehended by one and the same reader—would constitute a well-rounded commentary.

Of the three modes of exegesis, the one selected by our author is the most difficult and the least likely to be followed by the unguided student. In fact, to a modern not steeped in medieval symbolism it will appear dizzily impracticable, even with the best of guidance. Dr. Dunbar dismembers the "Divine Commedia" just as old time theologians dissected the Bible, expounding it not only literally and allegorically, with all thinkable associations, but also tropologically and anagogically, even enhancing the traditional theological intricacy by a scheme of "nine levels" of significance to match the miraculous "nine" of Beatrice. One conspicuous result of such analysis is a more or less consecutive picture of Dante's political story and the story of Florence, running on from *cantica* to *cantica*. Another is the emergence of a continuous allegory of the life of our Savior and of the "Body of Christ," which is Humanity. For the expounder is convinced that Dante looked on himself, and represented himself, as a "type" of Jesus; indeed, she is astonished that no one has seen it before. In medieval interpretation, to be sure, various Old Testament characters—notably Joshua—were held to be "types," or symbolic precursors, of Christ, mystically revealing in their lives the career of the Messiah who is to come. Still, there would seem to be a fundamental difference between the writ of the Holy Spirit, dictating, impersonally, long in advance of the event, and the work of a mortal man, talking about himself, long after. This disparity, while not incompatible with Dr. Dunbar's most striking thesis, should be borne in mind in discussion of it.

However one may disagree with the author's specific deductions (and she expects disagreement), one cannot fail to be immensely benefitted by her intelligently sympathetic attitude toward the symbol and her comprehensive and erudite tracing of its history, from primeval myth down through philosophy and theology into the thirteenth century. For the book, as its title indicates, is primarily a study of symbolism; and a most competent and stimulating study it is, peculiarly to be recommended both to the literalist and to the pseudo-symbolist of our year of grace.

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* MEDIÆVAL CULTURE: An Introduction to Dante and His Times. By KARL VOSSLER. Translated by WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 2 vols. 1929.

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Points of View

SYMPATHETIC ART

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

The novel-reading habit is a pleasant vice which afflicts all sorts and conditions of men and—particularly—women. Delvers into the folklore of literature assure us that before the novel evolved into a *genre* of its own the tales, stories, songs, and legends from which it gradually took form were largely devised to entertain fair ladies sitting in hall while their stern lords, geared in chain mail or plate armor, were abroad redressing wrongs or committing them. In those brave old days, however, no real lady seems to have graced the profession of yarn-spinning. At least not in the western world. Only in the Orient did the Scheherazades ply their arts for the enticement to forgetfulness of their peccadillos on the part of their masters.

That times have changed historians of literature long since took cognizance. The story-telling, which is to say, the story-writing, sisterhood of this lively age multiply and bourgeon, each apparently anxious to make two novels grow where only one—or eke none at all—grew before. Their success in this vocation is attested by the advertisements of the publishers and the items to be found beneath the caption: "New Books Received—Fiction," in the reviews.

But a great change has come over their conception of story-telling. A survey of contemporaneous efforts upon their part in the trade which they have adopted reveals the fact that with rare exceptions they scorn to entertain except by excoriating, harrowing, or otherwise distressing their readers, athirst for the wherewithal of whiling away a tedious hour, or even, if of higher purpose, for edification and enlightenment. Nothing so revolts the lay novelists of the modern mode as any indication of what might be referred to as sweetness and light. The medium in which they work is, instead, bitter upon the tongue, and to the eye as gray upon the gray. Even when the offering is most alluringly vended it is difficult to discover anything else when the heart of the matter has been reached. Reference is made, it scarce needs be remarked, to those products of the fiction-writers which are or aim to be classified as Literature, which disdain the suffrages of the serving-maids, and are directed toward the attention of the intellectual and the sophisticated.

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I have before me, to use a somewhat shopworn phrase, the latest example of the contemporary novel of the species to which I have referred. It bears the title: "They Stooped to Folly," in itself a masterpiece of best-selling selection, and is, all things considered, so almost perfect an example of the order to which it belongs that it well deserves the vast amount of appreciation which it has been receiving and to which these paragraphs are an unpretentious addition.

Experience in contemporary novel-reading has instructed most novel-readers, with little doubt, that the Proper Thing must begin with a seduction. But in the present case the fair author has, as it were, parlayed her one best bet, as the sporting fraternity would say, clear across the board, backing it straight, place, and show. For her point of departure is not one seduction, but three. These interesting events, moreover, cannot correctly be termed departures. For we never get away from them. Not for a moment. There are times in real life when such occurrences are forgotten, for the nonce at least. But never in this novel in which they have been embalmed and treasured up. They are placed in the center of the stage, directly under the spotlight, at the beginning of the show. They never budge from it. And they are the last thing in evidence as we close the book. Perhaps the contemporary novel reader never tires of seduction and its consequences. Perhaps, too, he—or even she—may. Even where the censorship has been benignant the memoirs of Casanova have had a much more restricted sale than many suppose.

Readers of those adventurous and almost intolerably prolonged chronicles, howbeit, will recall that their relator—their creator in the true sense, seeing that many of them are now believed to have been imaginary rather than authentic—fixes upon the page the lineaments of the seduced ones almost invariably with a "longing, lingering look behind." He felt for them an affection which, with few exceptions, he wishes also to evoke in the reader's breast. How many endearing epithets he finds for them, how many charming and ingratiating details he weaves into his narrative in the effort to persuade us that they were lovable! Which is one reason why their story still enthralls.

No such emotion, however, has glowed in the breast of the creator of the three heroines of "They Stooped to Folly." On the contrary, she has for them a corrosive scorn and contumely. Taking each unfortunate in turn, she, as it were, strips her naked and exposes her to the jeers of the market-place. With a pen like that of Suetonius, pitilessly barbed, each in turn is flayed alive and placed quivering before us. Not only is this true of poor Aunt Agatha—it is just as true of the second and third members of the trinity. Of a different type and temper, seduction had with them very different sequels. But that makes no difference with their ultimate fate. Through the protective armor which they attempted to put on the merciless pen riddles them completely. There is no doubt in the world that they are contemptible and are limned so of set purpose.

However, while it is the seduced who get the worst of it, literally and otherwise, in this so-very-popular production—popular alike with the critics and the public, it is proclaimed—nobody gets the best of it. That is to say, the best of the author. These characters, the books says very explicitly, may have fooled themselves, they may have fooled others, they might even fool us, the readers—but the author does not propose to let them. Not she. Always at our elbow with another damaging detail, sly innuendo, subtle disparagement, witty sneer, or civil leer, every page becomes in effect an indictment of the so-called human race. "What a shabby set they are!" the writer seems to say. "Wait a moment! Let me whisper you something more ignominious. They are really without extenuation. People are like that."

One closes the book marveling that throughout its length the writer has not betrayed a spark of genuine sympathy for a single one of its protagonists—for just at the moment when she seems about to do so, you may be sure that she is merely preparing some fresh stroke of derision. Ibsen, in one of his letters, describes how he kept a viper—dead, one supposes?—twined about his inkwell while writing one of his most envenomed arraignments of society. What, one wonders, did the author of "They Stooped to Folly," festoon about hers while in the act of composition?

Meditating how completely the quality of mercy has been strained out of the volume, one recalls the great masters of the art of fiction and recalls also that they were of sympathy all compact. We remember the triumphant cry of Taine: "Balzac loves his Valérie!" when he was contrasting the author of the "Comédie Humaine" with Thackeray and the latter's unconcealed loathing of his Becky Sharpe. The great French critic, one of the most creative of all practitioners of his art, reproached the author of "Vanity Fair" for his lack of sympathy which his own heroine and bade us turn to the pages of the "Comédie" in order to discover how much greater were its portraitures. Becky, in comparison with the atrocious Marneffe woman, was an inoffensive creature—but Balzac places the latter before us with a sympathy which makes her live with an immortal virility; whereas Thackeray, lacking that sympathy, accompanies Becky with an unflagging *obbligato* of detraction.

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All modern satirical novelists—at least all who write in English—nest in Thackeray, just as all novelists whatever, as Henry James has said, nest in Balzac. But Thackeray, was not merely a satirist, though a very great one. He was also the man who was found convulsed with weeping when he had "killed the Colonel." *Sunt lacrymae rerum* was, after all, true to Thackeray after his fashion and he paid his devoir to that truth from the greatness of his heart. . . . But we cannot conceive of the author of "They Stooped to Folly" indulging any such weakness. All her characters, as the youthful Joe Vance would have said, are hinsecks—and pearly drops for trampled worms are unspeakably victorian.

So we are shown only one side of these poor beings. All are static and never dynamic, never for a moment truly human: as, not having been conceived in a humane spirit, they cannot be. All the literary skill that has been expended upon them cannot alter this condition.

Suppose—just suppose—that Aunt Agatha had been presented to us with the sympathy that her "case" really demanded. Not with any false sentimentality, but with a comprehending charity, whose aim was to show her in the round, not merely a figure, cleverly caricatured, upon what is in effect a flat surface. Aunt Agatha, done as she is in *eau-forte*, vindictively etched and "bitten" with a bitter brilliance—suppose she had been bathed instead in the *ære perennius* of sympathetic understanding, that we had been allowed to walk around her and know her in her habit as she lived instead of as a puppet in a show of marionettes. What a poignant, what an unforgettable creation she might well have been!

While it is, I am aware, terribly *déclassé*, in any consideration of literary art, to intimate that anything produced in the America of the 'eighties was anything but futile, contemplating Aunt Agatha my mind instinctively has gone back to a book which graced them. For I was reading novels in the 'eighties and some of them I still remember. The book I now have in memory was also written by a woman—Constance Fenimore Woolson, who, beside being a niece of Fenimore Cooper, was in her own right one of the finest novelists that America thus far has produced. Her story, "For the Major," was perhaps a novelette rather than a novel, but in this day its theme would have been expanded into double the length she allowed it, for the novelist of the 'eighties seldom, as a practice, beat out her materials so thin as is now the vogue.

"For the Major," like "They Stooped to Folly," is a Southern story, though Miss Woolson was not a Southern woman. But she lived for years in the South and few of its own daughters have written of it so lovingly or so well. The heroine of her tale is a little New England woman who has married "the Major," a Southern Major of the Old School, such as it is now the fashion to depict as a fatuous person composed principally of plaster of Paris. The Major had been captivated by the New England girl's pink-and-white beauty and blond tresses and she had accordingly devoted her energies to preserving them indefinitely for his benefit and her own. But as it happens, when Madam Carroll captured the Major she was far from being all that he supposed. Instead of a child-wife, deserted by a reprobate husband who then conveniently had died, leaving her with a babe in her arms while still little, but a babe herself in knowledge of the world, she is really a dozen years older than she represents herself, has seen the seamy side of life, and is the mother, beside the babe in her arms, of another child, a son, who disappeared with his father, being then already quite a lad. Husband and son are both assumed to be dead by the deserted woman and she does not hesitate to marry the Major when so fortunately he crosses her path.

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Strangely enough, the Major's passion for his child-wife grows by what it feeds on and is returned with equal fervor—something, of course, that could have been portrayed only in a novel of the 'eighties. By a marvel of make-up, of what we now elegantly term beauty-culture, Madam Carroll, nearing fifty, retains her girlish figure, her rose-leaf skin, her dimples, and flowing tresses (which the Major particularly adores), her youthful grace and ease of movement, her almost childlike personality. Meanwhile, the Major is "breaking." Two wars, first the Mexican, then that between the States, have left him just a splendid shell of a man: the First Citizen of Far Edgerly, at once its hero and its martyr. Gradually his faculties slip from him, but Far Edgerly remains innocent of the truth through the exquisite stage-management of his wife, who exhibits him to it only at carefully chosen moments in which his condition is not apparent.

The Major has a daughter by a former marriage who returns home from a finishing school as the tale opens. There is a clergyman who appears about the same time—a clergyman who is also, instead of being lampooned and burlesqued and made a pottering imbecile or a crafty crook, according to the *art moderne*, much of a man as well as a member of the cloth. Of course being young he falls in love with the stepdaughter of Madam Carroll, as he was bound to. But into the tale there follows on his heels another young man decidedly questionable. A dark, exotic personage, something of a poet and musician, wilful in his ways but curiously attractive, a very bright spot indeed in the humdrum, dessicated social scene of Far Edgerly. What is strangest of all, not only the stepdaughter, but dainty little Madam Carroll herself becomes much taken up with the adventurer. The shock to the young clergyman is terrible and he loses his head greatly to his own disadvantage, and is sent about his business. Soon after the adventurer wanders out of Far Edgerly much as he had wandered into it, then comes back there to die in the arms of—Madam Carroll, who is his mother! Neither Madam Carroll's first husband nor their son had died as they were supposed to have, very tragically. In fact, the husband had lived on until shortly before the son appeared in Far Edgerly. And Madam Carroll is really not Madam Carroll at all. While the frail boy that she has borne to the Major, the idol of his old age, were the truth to be known is—illegitimate.

But the truth never does become known except to the reader and a select few other people for it is unnecessary that it should. The Major, whose mind has gradually been becoming a blank for several years, has an illness which leaves him a complete mental ruin. His eyes also fail him, until he is no longer able to gloat over the Dresden china loveliness that he adores. But with the necessity for the masquerade it has ended. Madam Carroll comes down to meet the repentent rector upon his return, a gray and haggard old woman, her face seamed and wrinkled, the faded, faltering ghost of the delicate creature of yesterday, asking to confess and be absolved. . . . That evening the Major is brought out onto the balcony to watch the sun set. Through his vacant mind memories of the day when he and Madam Carroll were married persist in running. And as the rector is there, to please and amuse him, the marriage ceremony is again enacted. The priest is clad in his vestments but Madam Carroll wears a somber gown of black as she repeats carefully for the Major the response that he cannot remember and can scarce articulate. As the last ray of the sun strikes from Lone Mountain before it sinks behind it, we leave them there, man and wife at last, Madam Carroll staring dumbly into the twilight as the Major babbles on of the little boy whom he no longer knows.

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I have been constrained to sketch the story of "For the Major" because, while it is one of the little masterpieces of American fiction and will so remain, it is, presumably, nowadays read by few people, as is the case with "Anne," "East Angels." "Jupiter Lights" and Miss Woolson's other works, despite the fact that as social studies and on the score of literary art they have been surpassed by none of our women novelists of later days. What makes "For the Major" live, what gives it its enduring charm, is its perfect sincerity and exquisite sympathy. It is written with a quiet humor that abounds in touches worthy of Jane Austen, with an extraordinary insight and clairvoyance, a lightness of touch that is unfailing. Far Edgerly literally swarms with "characters" which are brought before us with firm, fine strokes of assured art, but not once, from beginning to end, is there a jeer, a sneer, or a gibe in their depiction. They were created in love and to subject them to such an indignity would have been impossible to their creator.

Now, one can imagine without great difficulty the story of Miss Woolson retold in the manner and with the accent of Miss Glasgow. Nothing would be easier, to so expert a craftsman as the gifted author of "They Stooped to Folly," than to turn it into just such a book as that one is. Without exception, there is not a character in "For the Major" that would not lend her or himself to the uses of satire with complete facility and once they had been exposed to its attacks what rags and tatters of sheer futility they would become! After the spectacle of Aunt Agatha, of Mrs. Dalrymple, of Milly, as that implacable and caustic pen has portrayed them, one shivers to think of the fate of little Madam Carroll, of the Major, and of all the rest—particularly the clergyman, whose abjectness would no doubt leave him no lower depth to which to sink. . . . Miss Woolson, however, saw them with a difference and she invested them all with the garment not of hatred but of pity. Little Madam Carroll, especially, that living lie—with what infinite mercy, what a penetrating and beautiful sympathy she surrounds her, making of her not a puppet but a living, breathing, suffering human being, clothed with a luminosity and a passion that elevate her, at last, into a tragic figure in the high Greek sense.

A novel is, after all, only a story: what the author, what the reader, makes of it. But in the end it remains either sincerity or a simulacrum. Either it is warm with life and suffused with humanity or it is something got-up and frigid, clever to the ultimate but unconvincing. "They Stooped to Folly" will plead in its own defense that it is merely a comedy of manners. But outside Thespis's own domain few things more veritably tragic than the lives of Aunt Agatha and her fellow-victims could well be imagined. Fate was indeed unkind to them, but their crowning misfortune has been the hatred of their own creator.

"Balzac loved his Valérie!". . . . And by that sign he conquered.

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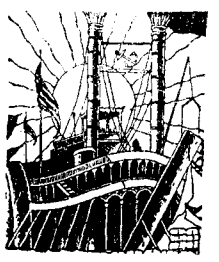

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A New "Treasure Island"

EAST SOUTH EAST. By F. V. MORLEY. New York. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

WHEN a writer is taken by the desire that seized Stevenson at Braemar one fortunate day some fifty years ago—and this happens to somebody every season—he is confronted by a practically flawless model whose outline has become almost a convention. To accept the convention and exercise one's originality within the outline becomes a game as challenging as chess. This Mr. Morley has done, utilizing the island treasure, the boy hero, adult opposition, and even the complication of a third piratical party, but to a new and individual effect. While "East South East" leaves its model still safe and unsurpassed, it makes a very interesting assault on that classic's preëminence, and one closes the book with a feeling of marked pleasure such as can come from only personality-stamped work.

Hamilton Farr, a Baltimore boy of 1806, loses his temper thrice of a Saturday and runs away from home. He ships aboard *The Tropic Bird* for Liverpool and falls into the colorful company of men who have served under Nelson. There are forecastle tales of distant treasure. Peril impends, but distantly like thunder behind a hill, only to have the sky clear when Farr forsakes the sea for a linen-draper's shop.

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This change of atmosphere and lull in conventional action would be dangerous to most books of adventure, but thanks to Mr. Morley's truer talent the story actually comes to life here. Mr. Parker of Parker's Peace was possibly introduced as a foil, a land-contrast to the sea-tumult brooding and to follow; he threatens to become more engaging than the hero, and the wary author soon withdraws Farr from this fascinating digression and helps him onto a whaler.

But there is distance between London and the guinea-loaded island. In fact the whaling industry intervenes and provides the most spectacular portion of the book. In his foreword Mr. Morley acknowledges borrowings from three books; but Melville will not care, and, as Emerson says, it requires as much originality to adapt as to invent. The use of this chapter on "the gam"—the chance meeting of two friendly whalers—is doubly effective. It is good reading in itself and it subtly makes real the fictional events preceding and to come. The story is solidified by these very credible characters, and there is only this danger in them—the subsequent threats of cannibal Bully Rumbolt seem somewhat pale.

No sooner is the treasure forgotten than interest in it is freshly renewed and the climax is on. Every fellow craftsman will admire the smooth skill that rescues Jim from his flogging, and postpones the finding of the gold; and all readers will enjoy the quiet pages of its disposition.

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It is certain that "East South East" will engage the interest of those who enjoy "Treasure Island," largely because of its difference. Some will think it might have gained by a greater intensity of feeling. The apprehensions are mild, the enmities not very deadly. From first to last the strength is on the pleasant side, in spite of tragic events, as if the treasure-hunting had been done in an atmosphere of Indian summer. The style is clarity itself, with that recreating power which comes from the use of the right word. One fancies that Mr. Morley's gifts lie in the direction of Mr. Parker and points to successes in work of greater humanness than the adventure tale, successful and excellent as this one is.

This notice might well end with Mr. Morley's views of his book as culled from the work itself in this enigmatic quotation: Farr and sailor Jim are studying a bookshop window and Jim asks

"Who wrote those Tales from Shakespeare—can you see?"

"Some are Charles and some are Mary Lamb," I answered. "He must be a funny philosopher, to publish children's books."

"One comes to that," said Jim.

A DIXIE DOLL. By KATHERINE VERDERY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1929. $1.75.

THE MAGIC DOLL OF ROUMANIA. By QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $3.

THE REAL STORY OF A REAL DOLL. By VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by RACHEL FIELD.

ONE hears from all quarters that dolls are out of fashion, that children no longer play with them, and yet each year stories of dolls, present and past, continue to be written and, to judge by the battered condition of certain library copies which we have encountered, someone *must* read them. And then there was the famous Doll Convention in Boston, last winter, which was so popular that doll delegates arrived from all parts of the globe, and at which the classic toast was made which ended with,—

Poohs may come and Poohs may go,
But Dolls go on forever.

Yes, there is certainly something about dolls, especially the old ones, but for this very reason the books about them must have dignity and charm and a flavor as quaint and gay and determinedly cheerful as their own pink cheeks, round eyes, and upturned mouths.

Of these three new doll stories "A Dixie Doll" by Katherine Verdery appealed to us most strongly. This was partly because it had more exciting adventures in it, especially where a little Southern girl escaping across the Northern lines with a wounded Confederate soldier, took the doll along too. There is a nice feeling for the Old South in the tale which the doll tells herself, and the author has managed to tell it from the Southern point of view without in any way becoming bitter or involved in side taking. Even the strictest abolitionist Great Aunt could not object to it on that score. We felt it something of a pity that the author felt called upon to introduce so much comment by the modern dolls and so much nursery gossip. Personally we much preferred to have the doll tell her own story of the past without such introductions and interruptions. Some of the pictures by Winifred Bromhall are pleasant, others, out of keeping with the little tale.

"The Real Story of a Real Doll," by Violet Moore Higgins, is another doll story with an American background, though in this case it does not go back so far historically or have as much that is genuine and adventurous to recommend it. The story also is told by the doll herself and on the whole it never rises above a rather commonplace recital. Although the doll is supposed to travel from Maine to other parts of the country one gets little atmosphere and the children who own her somehow never become creatures of flesh and blood. The illustrations, also by the author, leave a great deal to be desired, though it is plain that she is struggling to give the feeling of the period in these.

Queen Marie's story, "The Magic Doll of Roumania," is cut on quite a different pattern. This is out and out propaganda to acquaint the children of America with the customs and doings of children in her own country. The idea is a commendable one and the publishers and the artists, Maud and Miska Petersham have done their best to make the book attractive to young fancies. We doubt, ourselves, if children will be willing to wade through so much description and so much verse, even though the idea of a Roumanian peasant doll coming to life and conducting a small American girl back to her own country is a pleasant one. The notion of dolls coming to life persists in fascinating little girls, but if this method is tried there must be something exciting and out of the ordinary for the doll to do, else what is the use of it all? One cannot but feel the shadow of information falling across the page too often, and too great a desire to instruct the young reader in the ways of another people,—too much "hands across the sea" idea, and do not think for a moment that children do not scent such attempts as quickly as the rest of us. We also resented the way the Queen introduced herself and her daughter into the last part of the story.

Taken all in all and comparing these three with Abbie Farwell Brown's "The Memoirs of a London Doll," and with that altogether infectious and enchanting tale of the inhabitants of an old dollhouse, "Racketty-Packetty House," by Frances Hodgeson Burnett, these do not quite measure up to the standards which dolls themselves have raised.

GREAT MUSICIANS AS CHILDREN. By FRANCESCA SCHWIMMER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929.

Reviewed by FANNIE REED HAMMOND

THIS is a book which would be a welcome addition to any music teacher's library. The author, Franciska Schwimmer, has given us, in the all too short Introduction, a charming picture of her own girlhood in her Hungarian home—a childhood filled with associations of music, creating a background of lasting value. Alas! that so many of our American homes have little time for a background of this kind, the family assembling every evening at dusk for music, singing and playing its national airs and the lovely folk-songs of other countries; and the delight of early learning to know the operas, going together, as a family, to the theatre to see the folk plays, listening to the military and gypsy bands of the city, and learning to make music oneself as a part of one's ordinary education. All this is delightfully pictured in the introduction and makes one wonder why the old world has learned so many secrets of which we of the new world, in our hurried, busy quest for prosperity, have somehow lost sight. Surely the contrast between Miss Schwimmer's childhood, with its evenings of music on the Hungarian lake and its appreciation of the culture that comes from close acquaintanceship with art in its various forms, and our rushing life, with its evenings of victrola jazz and the art of the movie house, gives ground for reflection.

This book is intended to stimulate the young music student to further endeavor by showing him the great musicians as little children, and very human little boys and girls they were. Thirty different children are brought to us, from fourteen different countries. It is interesting to note that these children all felt and thought as we ourselves once felt and thought. Many of them hated to practise, and disliked their music lessons; they were naughty and mischievous. But all of them had to work and work hard. Genius conquers not because of itself but because it has learned the "grace of forgotten toil," and it cannot fail to inspire and stimulate any boy or girl to read these excellent sketches of the great men and women who have become famous, not alone because of their gifts and genius but by patient, faithful work. It is also inspiring to feel somewhat akin to the little Mozart who loved to romp and play, and loved a good joke as well; with Clara Schumann, who, in her triumphal tour as a child, was glad to turn aside to play with the little lamb under the cherry tree of her friend's garden and to revel in the raspberries and gooseberries there, and to feel that after all children, gifted or ordinary, understand one another.

Many of these sketches and anecdotes were related to Miss Schwimmer by her teacher, who was a pupil of Liszt, and therefore they are new to us and so all the more delightful. This book will find many warm friends here in the new world and we only regret that its author did not tell us more of her own early life and experiences which are but briefly touched upon in the first chapter.

Roads to the Past

The following list is reprinted from "Realms of Gold in Children's Books," by Bertha E. Mahony and Elinor Whitney (Doubleday, Doran)

THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW. By ERIC P. KELLY. Macmillan. $2.50.

A story of fifteenth century Poland. The Great Tarnov crystal brings mystery and excitement into the life of the young hero, Joseph.

HEREWARD, THE WAKE. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Macmillan. $1.80.

England in the eleventh century. Hereward was an outlaw and a patriot.

THE BOY AND THE BARON. By ADELINE KNAPP. Century. $1.75.

"How Karl the armorer took the 'Shining Knight's' treasure from among the osiers and what befell afterward; a tale of feudal times in Germany and of the conquest of the robber barons by Rudolph of Hapsburg." (Children's Catalog, Pittsburgh.)

IN THE DAYS OF THE GUILD. MASTERS OF THE GUILD. By L. LAMPREY. Stokes. $2.50.

Pictures in color and black and white by FLORENCE GARDINER and MABEL HATT. Children's experience in the Middle Ages told to illustrate the guilds and the life work of their craftsmen.

MAGIC GOLD: A Story of the Time of Roger Bacon. By MARION LANSING. Little, Brown. $2.

Pictures by FRANK MCINTOSH. A good picture of life on a medieval barony and a story that centers about the desire to solve the secret of the philosopher's stone that will turn everything into gold. Roger Bacon, the great scientist of the Middle Ages, comes into the story.

PAGE, ESQUIRE AND KNIGHT. Ginn. 64 cents.

Stories of heroes of chivalry from King Arthur to Chevalier Bayard, showing the meaning of Knighthood, its customs and responsibilities.

THE BOY KNIGHT OF REIMS. By ELOISE LOWNSBERY. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Jean d'Obrais, decendant and namesake of the great master builder who designed the cathedral of Reims, lives in the shadow of the cathedral, and his dreams center around the glory and beauty of its architecture. In and out of the story of Jean is woven a vivid picture of Reims of the fifteenth century, with its craftsmen making wonderful things in gold and silver, in rich embroideries, in stained glass, and in carvings in wood and stone. Joan of Arc into the story.

STORIES OF THE VIKINGS (Told to the Children Series). By MARY MACGREGORY. Dutton. $1.

"VIK-ings was the name given to those wild sea-rovers from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, because they sought shelter with their boats in one or another of the numerous viks or bays along their coasts." (MARY MACGREGOR.)

THE STORY OF MARCO POLO. By NOAK BOOK. Century. $1.75.

The Venetian toured Asia in 1271, stayed sixteen years in China and held a court position under the Emperor Kublai Klan.

MEDIEVAL PEOPLE. By EILEEN POWER. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Illustrated. Map. A series of sketches based on original documents, reconstructing certain medieval characters, a Frankish peasant in the time of Charlemagne, a Venetian traveler of the thirteenth century, Chaucer's Prioress, a Paris housewife in the fourteenth century, a Merchant of the Staple in the fifteenth century, and an Essex clothier in the days of Henry VII.

OTTO OF THE SILVER HAND. Scribners. $2.50.

"A tale of the olden days of romance, of robber barons and of deadly feuds." The scene is medieval Germany.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH (International Classics). By CHARLES READE. Dodd, Mead. $2.

No book makes the 1400's in Holland, Germany, France, and Italy live as this book does. The hero has adventures in all these countries.

ENGLISH INDUSTRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By L. F. SALZMAN. Oxford. $3.50.

New edition enlarged and illustrated. Intended to be an introduction to the industrial history of medieval England and also as "a road map, the footnotes being the finger posts" to guide the student to completer knowledge.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. Oxford. $3.50.

Covers all phases of life in an interesting live way, and is intended as an introduction. The quotations from original material and the illustrations taken from medieval sources the author considers the most valuable part of the book.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL (Lang Edition). By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Page $2.25.

Nigel is a young Scotch nobleman who has many adventures in London and at court in the early days of James I (the 1600's). Nigel marries the daughter of a London watchmaker, and guilds and craftsmen have a part in the story.

The same (Dryburgh Edition) Macmillan. $2.25.

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page 262*)

American revolution playing in an imaginary country. The scene of James Gould Cozzens's red-blooded tale, "The Son of Perdition" (Morrow), is Cuba which Mr. Couzzens uses as background to excellent effect. That about does for Latin America, so on to the old world we pass. If you would read of Italian life you can turn to Francesco Perri's "Enough of Dreams" (Brentanos), which begins with a group of peasants in Calabria and eventually carries them across the seas to America and disillusionment, and which was adjudged good enough in Italy to win the Mandadori Prize, or else take Marie Cher's "Up at a Villa" (Appleton) which delightfully conveys the flavor of Rome and the Roman countryside, or capture something of the Venetian atmosphere in Emil Ludwig's "Diana" (Viking). Yes, Emil Ludwig, biographer of Napoleon, William III, and others of the mighty has gone the way of all flesh and turned novelist at last. Or perhaps we shouldn't imply that he hadn't yielded to the lure of fiction until now; we believe that we'd be nearer the truth if we stated that until now his fiction had not been translated into English.

Oh, woe is us. Right in the middle of our disquisition on fiction we remember that we forgot to remember before when we were talking of war-books that Frederick A. Pottle has a cracking good volume, a chronicle of an evacuation hospital in France, begun (we have been told by the author) as a company history, and developed, we would state on our own account, as a narrative that has nothing of the categorical or prosaic quality that might have been expected from a military history. It's called "Stretchers," and it's published by the Yale University Press, and it is the product of the pen of one of the foremost authorities on Boswell and his day in the United States. Just try it if you want to see what scholars and university presses can do if they want to go into "human interest stories."

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However, *revenons à nos moutons*, or back to our chops, as the good old Americanese has it. Where were we when wandered off the path of fiction? Oh, yes, we had just finished with Italy. Well, there are peasants in other countries, too. Panait Istrati has pictured some of those in Rumania in "The Thistles of Baragan" (Vanguard), Eduardo Zamacois weaves his story in "Roots" (Viking), about the Calabrians, and Jean Giono, in "Hill of Destiny," the Prix Brentano novel, depicts French peasant life. If you want a good, hilarious novel with a foreign background, you had better try Valentine Kataev's "The Embezzlers" (Dial), by means of which you can go on what Christopher Morley calls "the longest spree in history" in the company of two minor Soviet officials who have made off with their company's payroll. You will be setting forth, we can assure you, on a highly diverting expedition, filled with alarms and excursions, and full of the flavor and humor of Russian life. Then, if these adventures incline you to soberer experience for a change, you might try Sigrid Undset's "In the Wilderness" (Knopf) or Richard Bloch's forthcoming "& Company". We've been living in the most horrible anxiety for the last twenty-four hours, for Simon & Schuster, the publishers of the latter book, have entrusted us with the manuscript of the novel which boasts not even a carbon to replace it in case of loss, and what with the Phoenician's pet mouse roaming around again we're in mortal terror lest some ill befall this long chronicle of the building of a business and business prestige by a French Jewish family. However, it will shortly be on the press and out of harm's way, and then off the press and in your way. We don't, of course, mean it will be an impediment in your path—but in the way of allowing you to have your way if you are wise enough to go out of your way to find your way into a bookstore (or perhaps your way leads always to a bookstore) to get it. My, my, we grow maudlin.

But who wouldn't who had to sit here and announce that Governor Smith's autobiography "Up to Now" has just appeared instead of going to the tea which its publishers, the Viking Press, are giving to celebrate the event? At this very minute, if we weren't a galley slave and the victim of a press gang, we'd be shaking the Governor's hand as big as life. Yes, truly, we should. Well, we never shall be missed.

And now it seems that we've suddenly and for no reason at all except disappointed hopes slipped into talking of biography. And we haven't made the slightest impression as yet on the list of novels that have to be enumerated. Well, perhaps by not thinking of them for a while we may be able to forget some of them afterwards, thus lightening our labors. But we must haste us. Double, double, toil and trouble.

It was biography we were speaking of, wasn't it? And a goodly array of it there is, too. Here's a life of James Ramsay MacDonald pat for his arrival in America. (Did the publishers, Stokes, hold it, we wonder, till the *Berengaria* docked?) It's by H. Hessell Tiltman and it's edited by the Prime Minister himself, which ought to vouch for the accuracy of its characterization. And, speaking of British Government figures, Macmillan has issued a life of the Prince of Wales by W. and L. Townsend; Sears has a biography of David Lloyd George, by J. Hugh Edwards, due to come from the press any moment, and Houghton Mifflin has "The Letters and Friendships of Cecil Spring-Rice," edited by Stephen Gwynn, impending. Spring-Rice, who was once Ambassador to the United States, a poet of pretty taste and graceful expression, and the associate of all of the important figures of his day in England, ought to have left reminiscences of large interest. Our own Ambassador Herrick is to have a biography by Colonel T. Bentley Mott, which Doubleday, Doran is to issue, and the same firm, has just brought out, to return to Premiers, the second volume of Raymond Poincaré's Memoirs, translated and adapted by Sir George Arthur. Under the title, "The Evening of My Thought," Houghton Mifflin are promising a portly volume in which Georges Clémenceau has set forth his philosophy, political, social, and moral, and we understand that in due course (we presume that means when the manuscript is completed and serialization has been accomplished) Harcourt, Brace are to issue the Tiger's autobiography. Appleton is announcing the autobiography of Philipp Scheidemann, a large part of which is devoted to the war years, and Harcourt, Brace a life of the great German industrialist, Walther Rathenau, by Count Harry Kessler. And, to pass from statesmen to the military leader on whose abilities not so long since the destinies of nations hung, there are three volumes on Foch, the first, "Foch Speaks" (Dial), by Major Charles Bugnet; the next, "Marshal Foch" (Macmillan), by Major General Sir George Grey Aston, and the last, "Foch: My Conversations with the Marshal" (Appleton) by Raymond Recouly.

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From Europe to America we make the transition by means of the third volume of Rupert Hughes's "George Washington" (Morrow), a volume which traces the General's career from Trenton to Yorktown and the end of hostilities. In Shelby Little, whose life of the first President Minton, Balch publishes, Washington has found another biographer whose chronicle is excellently worth the reading. Brand Whitlock, whose pen has a novelist's colorfulness even when writing sober history, has produced a two-volume life of Lafayette (Appleton), and Bernard Fay, a French scholar whose knowledge of the American Revolutionary period would put many of our native historians to shame, is about to publish through Little, Brown, a life of Franklin which is the result of an immense amount of delving into the vast store of original Franklin material to be found in this country and in France. We have been privileged to see a typescript of the book, and can assure you it makes vivid and fascinating reading. Another Revolutionary figure has found description in Thomas Boyd's "Mad Anthony Wayne" (Scribners), while a second Frenchman turns his attention to American annals in Gilbert Chinard's "Thomas Jefferson, the Apostle of Americanism" (Little, Brown). And, finally, there's what might be accounted the biography not of Washington the man but of Washington the city in H. W. Dwight's "Versailles on the Potomac" (Harpers), an account of the town which L'Enfant planned, together with a great amount of matter of general historical interest.

Right into the middle of our disquisition on biography breaks a rude interruption. "Lend me not thine ears but thy Concise Oxford Dictionary," exhorts our neighbor the Phoenician, appearing, despite the weather, in shirt sleeves (nay not even in shirtsleeves since they are rolled up above the elbow), from the glass-enclosed cubby hole in which he and his mouse play hide and seek with each other, and making ready to lay hands upon one of our choicest possessions. But truly the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee. We know a trick by which we can preserve both our belongings and our generosity. Even in the act of his reaching for our most indispensable of reference books, we slide into his hand not the new edition with which the Oxford University Press has just presented us, brave in its cloth of blue, but a shabby-ish red volume which until now has served us. Rejoice, all ye users of words, the C. O. D. is bigger and better than ever. Cash on delivery. It's worth it every time.

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Oh, misery, misery, we ramble along, sliding in an ejaculation where we should have a title, and getting nowhere at all with our list. There's nothing for it but to be categorical. Ladies and gentlemen, hark to the unembroidered tale of the new biographies, a tale which we take up where we left it off—in the field of American political figures. There are announced or published: "An Epoch and a Man" (Liveright), by Denis Tilden Lynch, a study of Martin Van Buren and his times; the Diary of President Polk (Longmans, Green), edited by Allan Nevins; "Jefferson Davis" (Minton, Balch), by Allen Tate; "John Brown" (Payson & Clarke), by Robert Penn Warren (possess your souls in patience and you'll see a review of it by Stephen Vincent Benét in our columns), "Abraham Lincoln: the Politician and the Man" (Minton, Balch), by Raymond Holden; "The Peerless Leader: William Jennings Bryan" (Farrar & Rinehart), by the late Paxton Hibben; "Daniel Webster" (Cosmopolitan), by Allan L. Benson; "Sherman: Soldier, Realist, American" (Dodd, Mead), by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart; the "Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge" (Cosmopolitan), which readers of *Hearst's Cosmopolitan* will recognize as having appeared in that periodical; "George Harvey: A Passionate Patriot" (Houghton Mifflin), by Willis Fletcher Johnson, a volume peppered with interesting correspondence and incident; "Hanna" (Knopf), a work that has not yet seen the light of the bookshops, but into which we have dipped rather extensively and which is written with the emphasis and color which might be expected of the author of "The Mauve Decade," and finally, "The White House Gang" (Revell), by Earl Looker, a narrative in which one of the lads who joined in their pranks recounts the happy, if on occasions strenuous, activities of the younger Roosevelt boys and their friends in the White House in the days of the Colonel's Presidency and residency.

Having now dispatched America in one grand burst of speed, back we go to Europe and its great figures of the past. But not so fast. Here's a man of whom a biography has just been published who serves admirably as a bridge between the two continents, for though he was admired by Napoleon and protected by Catherine II, he was the knight-errant of Spanish-American liberty. "The Life of Miranda," written by William Spence Robertson, and issued by the University of North Carolina Press, should prove of high interest to those who find the annals of revolution fascinating. Beaumarchais, too, should engage their attention, and the life of him by René Dalsème (Putnams) prove welcome. Napoleon himself—since there was a time when Napoleon ranked with the revolutionists—should fall within their field of reading, and, therefore, "The Life of Napoleon" (Dutton), by Dmitri Merezhkovsky. So, too, by reason of that most dramatic of cataclysms which she helped to precipitate, should Marie Antoinette win their interest; John Garber Palache has written her up in lively fashion under the sub-title of "The Player Queen" (Longmans, Green). And so—But, halt. Bolivar should have been named with Miranda before,—a "passionate warrior" (Heavens! do the "passionate" attached to the title of Mr. Johnson's life of George Harvey, and now to this book, mean we are in for a season of fervor?), whose career Thomas Ybarra has chronicled in a volume which Washburn publishes.

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We are through with the revolutionists, so on, or backward, to the despots. There are two lives of Peter the Great, one by Stephen Graham (Simon & Schuster), already published, and the other, by Georges Oudard, to be brought out by Payson & Clarke in November. There's an impressionistic study entitled "The Incredible Borgias" (Liveright), translated from the German of Klabund, and a life, by David Loth, of Lorenzo the Magnificent (Brentanos). Alas! we begin to feel shaky as to our category. Are the Medicis, even though they extinguished all freedom in the Florentine state, justly to be called despots? Well, we'll call them monarchs (but maybe that's wrong, too, since their Florence was a republic) out of sheer necessity, since it lets us slide on to a mention of the new life of one who was every inch a Queen,—Queen Elizabeth, of whom Katharine Anthony has just written a biography (Knopf). Incidentally Sidney Dark has corralled "Twelve Royal Ladies" between two covers in a book which Crowell has published. And Queen Victoria—no, there isn't a new biography of her but there's plenty of allusion to her in the two volumes of "Letters of Disraeli to Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford" (Appleton), edited by the Marquis of Zetland, formerly Lord Ronaldshay. (No wonder Pelmanism flourishes in England where people have to remember not only who anyone is today but who he was yesterday). That's a meaty work for you, containing as it does over 1,600 letters—love letters, the publishers designate them—written by a statesman who was nearly seventy to one lady who was over that age, and to another who, though younger, was yet a grandmother. Disraeli actually proposed to Lady Chesterfield, her of the seventy summers and more, though the majority of his letters were written to the married Lady Bradford. Talking of letters, Cape-Smith have issued "The Later Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley," edited by the Dean of Windsor and Hector Bolitho, and covering the years 1864-1876. But stop, we must haste us, for there stalks before us the twofold spectre of time and space. What if we found enough of the former to be beguiled into writing too much for the latter, or too much of the latter to be able to fill it in the former? The *Saturday Review*—the rest of it—is at this very moment on the stone at the printers, ready to go to press, were it not for the ghastly emptiness where these maunderings should be. (Except, thank heaven, and heaven forbid that our business department should hear the ejaculation, that the advertisers keep us in countenance by not having sent their plates in as early as might be).

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But really, this is foolhardiness. We are off to another one of those time-saving, space-saving enumerations such as we indulged in before. *Also*, as the Germans would say: There have been, or are to be, published (thus we make our peace with the bookshops who rail if we send them customers before they can supply their wants) the following biographies of note: "Richelieu" (Lippincott), by Hilaire Belloc; "Marlborough" (Day), by Donald Barr Childsey; "Hannibal" (Dodd, Mead), by G. P. Baker (we must pause long enough to say that we read part of it in galley form and that it interested us exceedingly), and "Martin Luther, a Destiny" (Dutton), by Lucien Lebore. With that last title we seem to have slipped out of the category of rulers, statesmen, and military men into another field. That daunts us not at all. We go on with our list, merely concentrating now on literary figures. Attend: there have been issued the following biographies in recent weeks: "Alice Meynell" (Scribners), by her daughter, Viola Meynell; "Hawthorne" (Little, Brown), by Newton Arvin; "Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand" (Appleton), by Anna de Koven; "Goethe" (Coward-McCann), by Jean Marie Carré; "Barrie: The Story of a Genius" (Dodd, Mead), by J. Hammerton; "Weir Mitchell" (Duffield), by Anna Robeson Burr; "Tu Fu: The Autobiography of a Chinese Poet" (Houghton Mifflin), by Florence Ayscough; "A Victorian Village" (Farrar & Rinehart), the reminiscences of the poet, Lizette Woodworth Reese; "The Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge.—But here we absolutely refuse not to stop no matter what collision results between time and space. We always found Stuart Sherman, when he was alive, one of the most stimulating forces in the American literary world, and now in this correspondence issued after his death he looms up bigger than before. Here are two volumes of letters such as are not often to be found, full of thought and of incandescent comment, rich with a passion for learning and the truth, seasoned with affection for friends, and alight with unflagging curiosity as to the temper of the times. We commend them to all who would make acquaintance with the American critic of finest mould.

Beethoven and Rabelais are being propelled into the limelight of a sudden. We suppose they are having anniversaries, but we don't know of just what and when, and we can't stop at the moment to look it up. But, as we said, we suppose there must be an anniversary in the background when there's a sudden eruption of books on a particular person. As to Beethoven, Harpers are issuing a volume heralded from abroad, of Romain Rolland's life of the composer, now translated into English by Ernest Newman; Doubleday, Doran have just put out

(*Continued on page 272*)

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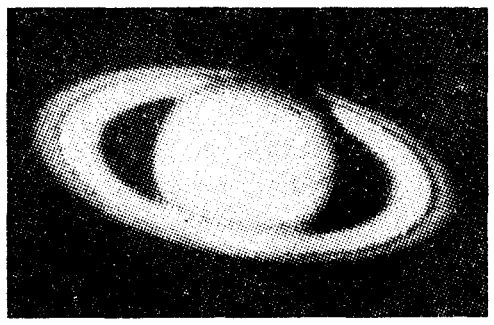

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from* page 264)

A KING OF SHADOWS. By MARGARET YEO. Macmillan. 1929. $2.

Again the ill-fated James Stuart, father of the more celebrated "Bonnie Prince Charlie," exiled Pretender to the thrones of Scotland and England, serves as the central historical figure in a gallant, glamorously written romance. We first meet him entering triumphantly into Dundee, in 1716, to lead the disastrous rising of the clans, which ended in his flight to France with a few faithful followers. The high-keyed action, thereafter, shifting back and forth from Paris to Avignon, is carried on largely by the two stanchest adherents to the Stuart cause, a valiant Scots girl and a knightly Italian prince, who repeatedly preserve their beloved master from the intrigues of his enemies. Foremost among the latter, the Earl of Stair, British ambassador, when various attempts to assassinate James have failed, prevails upon Orleans, the Regent, to banish the harassed fugitive forever from France, forcing the then young "Old Pretender" to retire into Italy with his little court of loyalist inseparables. The story, in the main, does not depart from the broader outlines of history, but it seems to us that James is excessively sanctified, while the portraits of Stair and Orleans show these two as darker villains than records of their times reveal them.

THE RED NAPOLEON. By FLOYD GIBBONS. Cape & Smith. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Gibbons herein gives his conception of how the next world war will come about, and what it will be like when it does come. The story received considerable attention when it ran serially in *Liberty*, comment ranging all the way from more or less intelligent criticism of the plausibility of the tale's military aspects to hysterical protests over the fact that it pictured Al Smith defeating Hoover for the Presidency in 1932.

The gist of the book is as follows: The Soviet dictator Stalin is assassinated and a general named Karahkan succeeds him. Karahkan, half-Mongol, conceives the dream of crushing White supremacy and blotting out race distinctions from the world. To this end he assembles vast stores of war materials and energetically sows the seed of communist propaganda through Europe and Asia. By the end of 1932 China and Japan are in the hands of communistic governments and the western powers are preoccupied with crushing the revolt of a million Arabs in North Africa. (An interesting guess in view of the present trouble with the Arabs in the Near East.) Karahkan, a military genius, strikes suddenly at Central Europe and carries everything before him. France puts up a valiant struggle but is crushed. The Red armies, whose battle-cry is "conquer and breed," overrun the whole continent, aided by the powerful Soviet sentiment in the capitalistic countries.

At this point the Red Napoleon finds himself confronted with the same obstacle that proved the downfall of the original Napoleon—the barrier of the English Channel and the English fleet.

The rest of the details of the story are certainly possible as the author presents them. America, of course, is the next prey of Karahkan's flaming ambition. As might be expected, the American flag still flies at the end, but there are some anxious moments, and before it is over Manhattan Island, among other places, has been turned into little more than a memory by the heavy artillery of "the yellow hordes," as Mr. Gibbons is fond of calling them.

As in all such tales the characterization in the book is of the flimsiest. This is natural, but the dialogue and the love story are more stilted than they have any right to be, even if the writer's chief interest does lie in writing history that hasn't happened. But readers should find Mr. Gibbon's theory most interesting, at the least.

EVANGELICAL COCKROACH. By JACK WOODFORD. Louis Carrier. 1929. $2.50.

The title of this collection of short narratives gives the whole show away—"Evangelical Cockroach." Mr. Woodford is conscientiously and arrogantly the smart-aleck; he is a show-off, parading an exhibitionist's desire to shock the ordinary reader. We should not score him for being non-conformist if there seemed to be honesty in his revolt. But speciousness seems to shout aloud from almost every page, as he chases after the normal decencies with a sawed-off pop-gun. He tries especially hard to mow down our notions of love, marriage, and fidelity. His pop-gun has the same effect upon us as a persistent mosquito: we burst out angrily, "Go away and shut up!" The literary qualities of his work are practically nil. He has little more than fluency and a sharp nose for a rotten egg. Somewhat hesitantly we suggest that the trouble with Mr. Woodford is that he has not really and truly grown up.

LONE VOYAGERS. By WANDA FRAIKEN NEFF. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.50.

This is a story of life in one of the large mid-western universities, and, like most such tales, it lay stress on the fact that such a place is no utopia. Instead of dealing with the intellectual poverty of the undergraduate, however, the author writes of the material poverty of members of the faculty, and the vicious tricks it plays with their intellectual wealth. Mrs. Neff is particularly concerned with those women of imagination and background—the type of women who marry the professors—and their efforts to make life attractive for themselves and their husbands on a salary rather less than that of the average trades-union worker. She paints the results in detail on a large canvas; the drudgery of housework gradually forcing the wives out of the intellectual life they married their husbands in order to share, the warping concentration on penny-pinching economics, the bitter politics played to gain advancement in the university because of the few extra dollars.

Janet Lamberton gives up an instructor's position to marry Keith, her husband, a young English instructor, whose salary is little more than hers. Professors' wives are not supposed to work for a living, even if that is the only way to have it. Keith must not be made aware of the scrimping that goes on. It would upset him. He is writing a book on eighteenth-century life that is going to establish a name for him. It will take years, of course, to write a book that will stand as an authority. Janet tries to carry her end of the load, but isn't equal to it. She persuades him to make a hurried skimming of his work and throw it into a book. Their poverty is somewhat abated when the book is acclaimed and advancement follows, but it takes the heart out of Keith. He is too acutely conscious that the work was not what he could have done. And Janet on her side is painfully aware of what she has done to him. The end of it all is a vague hopelessness. It is a hopelessness that turns to bitterness in many of the faculty households.

Mrs. Neff obviously knows of what she writes, and the book is filled with a wealth of pertinent detail. In spite of the fact that she is a good reporter, or it may be because of it, the writing never rises to any heights. There is more poignancy in the tale than in the telling of it. There is no magic in the words, and a little magic would have gone a long way.

TRENCK. By BRUNO FRANK. Translated from the German by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

"Trenck" is far less successful than Bruno Frank's other writings dealing with Frederick the Great. The author seems never to have been able to make up his mind whether he was dealing with history or fiction. Excellent in the vignette, he is woefully incompetent in handling the structure necessarily involved in a sustained novel. The story begins well, with its brilliant picture of the dashing young Baron Trenck, who gains the favor of the King only to forfeit it when he wins the love of the King's sister Amelia. The cynical monarch's cold cruelty toward his former favorite is traced back not to any moral scruples or pride of family, but to a sex complex which hates the successful lover just because he is a successful lover. The author therewith adds another illustration to his previous characterization of Frederick. But as the story goes on, the interest shifts constantly between Trenck and Frederick, whose careers meanwhile trace a parabola, growing farther and farther apart. The reader is compelled to do what the author should have done—create a unified story out of this scattering material; eventually the reader rebels and his interest inevitably flags. Only toward the end, in presenting the pathos of old age, does Bruno Frank once more come to grips with his subject and then it is too late.

THE WOMAN OF IT. By CLARE OGDEN DAVIS. Sears. 1929. $2.50.

The author of this novel held the post of secretary to Ma Ferguson while the latter was governor of Texas, and though in an accompanying note she disclaims that the story's principal is patterned after any woman recently prominent in political history the exact veracity of that assertion seems questionable. For as one reads the book, the impression grows stronger that the character of Della Lawrence, chief executive of her state and its feminist leader, has been conceived in the likeness, perhaps a bit idealized, of none other than Mrs. Ferguson. Beyond that basic parallel, the resemblance does not seem to go, nor can it be inferred that the people and events of the story reflect to any degree the realities of the original's private and public life. High-bred, popular, a born organizer, middle-aged but still handsome, a widow with two grown children, Della Lawrence is the first woman to be elected governor of an unnamed Southern state.

Her vital advocacy of reform, enthusiastically supported by her own party, provokes the vice and liquor interests of the opposition to work the incorruptible governor's downfall. Unwittingly, Della plays into her enemies's hands when, during her first term in office, she remarries, a step which ultimately proves fatal to her political future. When she runs for re-election, her foes manufacture a law suit against her husband, prosecuted by the federal government, charging him with swindling his clients and misappropriating their funds in dubious oil-stock investments. And that, of course, spells defeat for Della in the race for the governorship. Her husband's chances of acquittal seem hopeless, but Della believes implicitly in his innocence throughout the dark days of his trial. The climax of the legal proceedings (these to our mind constitute far the best pages in the book) is led up to skilfully and with strong dramatic effect, the accused man, providentially saved at the last minute, emerging from his ordeal with a verdict of "Not Guilty." We privately suspected that he was something of a rogue, but had he been so proved the fact would have brought needless grief to the admirable Della and an unhappy ending to the novel, both results obviously out of place in the story.

BETWEEN TWELVE AND ONE. By VERNON LODER. Morrow. 1929. $2.

That most familiar of detective story openings—the group of guests assembled for the week end in an English country house—appears again here, but with attendant circumstances radically differentiated from the customary. The host is Cupolis, a crooked Greek financier and drug addict, the guests nine of his investors whom he has diddled for the loss of some 200,000 pounds. Feigned illness confines the rogue to his room and he fails to appear, but on the night of the company's arrival dies, whether by murder or suicide is the question. The embezzled capital has vanished, none of the guests is long suspected, and the mystery of Cupolis's death persistently defeats all efforts of the local police. Toward the end, however, in a remarkable spurt by Cobham, the indefatigable sleuth, the killer is apprehended and the missing funds recovered. Most of the story drags rather tediously, and Cobham seems to the reader, as to the characters, a blunder, but in the end he proves himself a master.

(*Continued on page* 276)

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In the last two years Professor Babbitt has swung from recognition by the few to a position, as leader of the "humanists," in the very center of American literature and thought, a figure with whom a rapidly increasing number are finding it necessary to reckon. "Coleridge and the Moderns" is his most important recent statement. It uses as a point of departure *The Road to Xanadu* by Professor Babbitt's Harvard colleague, John Livingston Lowes. Other contemporaries are also discussed.

THREE POEMS
By V. Sackville-West

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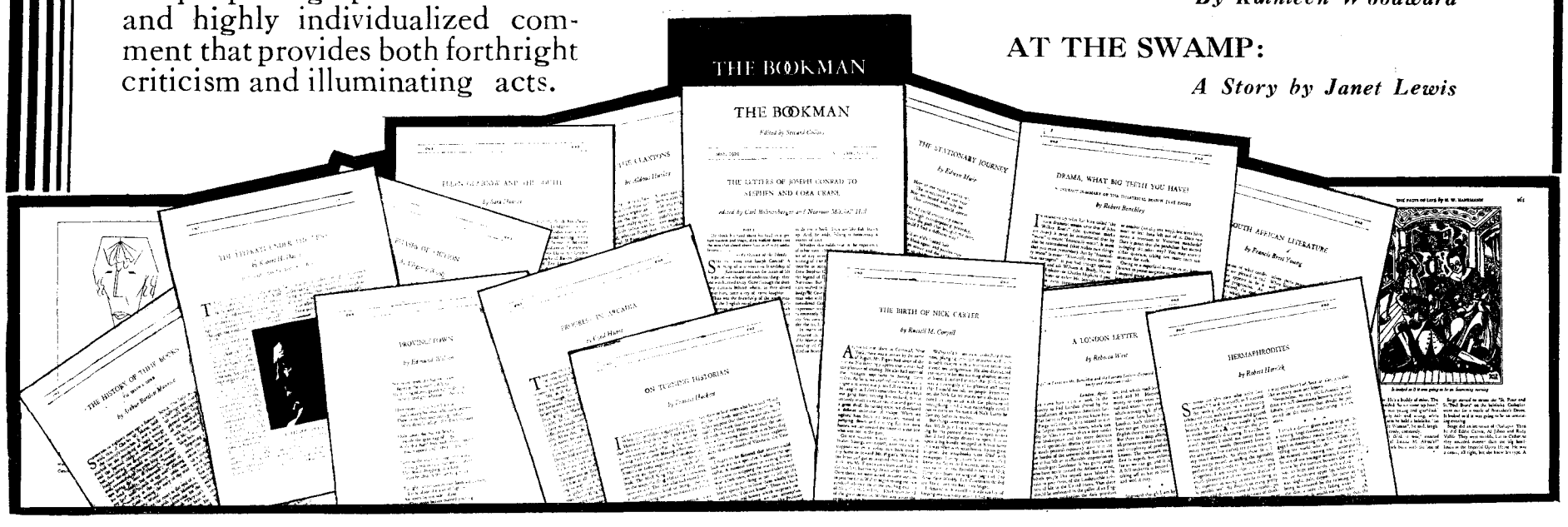

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 274*)

THE DOUBLE AXE: A Romance of Ancient Crete. By AUDREY HAGGARD. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

It was in a remote, semi-legendary age that the kingdom of ancient Crete fell, and though the sources of its destruction have remained historically obscure, the author of this novel has constructed a fairly plausible imaginative version of how the catastrophe might have happened. The last ruler of the Minoan dynasty—"Minos the Great King"—is depicted beset by the traitrous intrigues of his vassals to ally themselves with the powerful Dorians and bring his realm to subjection by these encroaching aliens. Konestes, a young loyalist chief, strives to warn his sovereign of the gathering dangers from within and from impending invasion, but the hosts of the united enemy strike with unexpected, overwhelming might, rout Minos's forces, capture him, raze his cities, lay the land waste, and drive the surviving Cretans into exile. The main question which the book posed for us is: What section of the reading public is supposed to have a penchant for fiction of this type?

JOHN QUIXOTE. By C. E. SCOGGINS. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $2.

In this glamorous short novel of modern youth adventuring and in revolt, a knightly fellow, John Harvey, self-appointed protector of a lovely Spanish girl fleeing from the tyranny of her home in Valencia, overcomes many perilous hazards and despite all opposition valiantly gains him a bride. He first sees Dona Elena at a bullfight, thence follows her by train to her English grandfather's secluded house in the La Mancha country, is warmly welcomed by the benign old man, but robbed and otherwise rudely handled by the hostile peasantry. Elena's enraged father arrives in pursuit of his runaway daughter and furiously attacks John as her betrayer, repenting of his wrath, however, when the lad proves his honesty of conduct and intentions toward the girl. Restraint, a gracious style, picturesqueness of settings, and vigor of characterization create from these threadbare materials a story of no little beauty.

Miscellaneous

THE LAST STAND OF THE PACK. By ARTHUR H. CARHART and STANLEY P. YOUNG. Sears. 1929. $2.50.

In collaboration with Mr. Carhart, Stanley P. Young, principal biologist of the U. S. Biological Survey, who had charge of the work, relates the story of the government's campaign, several years ago, to exterminate the last of the predatory native wolves which ravaged the sheep and cattle ranges of Colorado. There are nine chapters, each depicting the life of an outstanding wolf, a ferocious killer, either hunting his prey alone or as pack leader, and the grim, relentless endeavors of the most skilled Federal hunters to destroy these scourges. Though the book is written in the rugged style of Western thrillers, the solid authenticity of the contents renders it a contribution of value to American wild animal literature.

ON THE HIGH SEAS. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Lippincott. 1929. $5 net.

Written without any literary distinction, Commander Chatterton's sea-going medley is good reading after all for those who have tasted in fact or imagination the hazards of service in ships. He describes the procedures of English piracy in the seventeenth century, when it was potentially a genteel profession; tells of the perils of hunting slave ships off Africa a century ago; collects a fine nosegay of grisly trials for mutiny at Saint Helena, and tops off with unedited episodes of the naval warfare in the North Sea during the late war. Here much attention is naturally given to submarine and anti-submarine service, for the author served with distinction in the anti-submarine patrol. What we have is episodes of life at sea through three centuries, assembled without much order or other bond of relation than the sea itself. One would most advantageously read it when anchored in a very safe harbor during a very bad blow.

DEMOCRACY. By EDWARD MCCHESNEY SAIT. Century. 1929. $1.50.

Avowing as his purpose "to indicate the existing clash of opinion over the fundamentals of democracy and to fix attention on the more prominent writers and their varying points of view," Professor Sait says that he has attempted "only a most superficial inquiry." His characterization of his attempt, unfortunately, is fairly accurate. He presents brief extracts from forty current writers, some of which he appraises, some of which he does not, so that at certain points his book seems to be analysis and criticism, at others merely a survey. Moreover, he leaves unchallenged some of the citations which go farthest toward sheer absurdity, like Frank Exline's precious dictum, "Democracy, in so far as it exists in fact, is Anarchy . . . as a form of government, it is impossible"; or Norman Angell's portentous pronouncement, "The hope of democracy lies in fully realizing the truth that the voice of the people is usually the voice of Satan." Professor Sait's own comments are apt to be more relative than this. To him, democracy is neither heaven nor hell, but a mundane instrument of government which, with all its limitations, is our best hope. His book would be greatly improved by a steadier cross-examination of the witnesses he puts on the stand.

STERILIZATION FOR HUMAN BETTERMENT. By *E. S. Gosney* and *Paul Popenoe*. Macmillan. $2.

PAPAGO MUSIC. By *Frances Densmore*. U. S. Government Printing Office.

LATIN THOUGHT DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. By *Cesare Tolligno*. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

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THE LAWS AND LIBERTIES OF MASSACHUSETTS. Harvard University Press. $5.

FORTY YEARS WITH GENERAL ELECTRIC. By *John T. Broderick*. Albany: Fort Orange Press. $2.50.

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GREEK MEDICINE. By *Arthur J. Brock, M. D.* Dutton. $1.75.

PLANT HYBRIDIZATION BEFORE MENDEL. By *H. F. Roberts*. Princeton University Press.

SRI RAMAKRISHUA. By *Sister Devamata*. La Crescenta, Calif: Ananda-Ashrama.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WHEEL AGE. By *Stanley Burnshaw*. The Folio Press.

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"... How do you know he's full-blooded?" asked Penrod.

"My goodness!" Sam exclaimed. "Can't you look at him? Don't you know a full-blooded dog when you see one? This dog is the most full-blooded of the whole kitamaboodle."

"Of the whole what?" Penrod inquired.

"Of the whole kitamaboodle," Sam repeated carelessly.

"Oh," said Penrod, and he again considered the pup. "I bet he isn't as full-blooded as Duke. I bet he isn't anywhere *near* as full-blooded as Duke."

Sam hooted. "Duke!" he cried. "Why I bet Duke isn't a *quarter* full-blooded! All you haf to do'd be look at Duke and this dog together; then you'd see in a minute All I ast is, you go get Duke and just *look* which is the most full-blooded."

"All right," said Penrod. "I'll get him, and I guess maybe you'll have sense enough to see for yourself which is. Duke's got more full blood in his hind feet than that dog's got all over him."

* * *

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Books of the Fall

(Continued from page 272)

a biography by Robert Haven Schauffler, and Simon & Schuster have recently published Samuel Chotzinoff's "Eroica," which, under the title of his symphony, is a life of the great musician. Rabelais, the first complete and unexpurgated rendering of whose works into English was recently published by Covici-Friede, is to have biographical treatment in "Francis Rabelais: The Man and His Work" (Harpers), by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson, and in "François Rabelais: Man of the Renaissance" (Cape-Smith), by Samuel Putnam. Oh, and while we are still near the subject of musicians, even though we've wandered off to talk of a satirist, we might mention the fact that a life of Pablo Casals, by Lillian Littlehales, is shortly to appear from the press of W. W. Norton & Company. Mr. Norton, by the way, who made his first plunge into the publishing of fiction only within the past year, recently carried off the Book-of-the-Month selection with his "Ultima Thule," a sombre but powerful story with Australia for a background, written by a woman who lived her early life on that continent and has since been resident in England, and who writes under the masculine pseudonym of Henry Handel Richardson. She has not paid a visit in many years to her native land, we believe. However, though these are biographical facts we are doling out about her, they get us no "forrader" with the biographies we are engaged in enumerating, so no more of the lady except to say that "Ultima Thule" is the last of a trio of novels of which the earlier two are to be published in America during the coming winter.

Back to biography we go, or rather to autobiography, for the nonce. Ford Madox Ford has under way an informal record of his own career which the Macaulay Company are to publish under the perplexing title, "No Enemy," and Cape-Smith are planning to bring out "The End and the Beginning," by Maxim Gorki. Doubleday, Doran have already published the eighth and final volume of the Farington Diary, edited by James Greig, aond the Columbia University Press are at any minute to issue a large and elaborate work enshrining "The Career and Writings of President Samuel Johnson," who directed the destinies of King's College in Revolutionary days. It has been edited by Carol and Hubert Schneider, and is to be in four volumes, containing many documents of historical importance. Under the piquant title of "Pineapples of Finest Flavor," and under the editorship of David Mason Little, the Harvard University Press is to bring out a selection of unpublished letters by David Garrick. What with "Stretchers," which we mentioned before as a forthcoming publication of the Yale University Press, and these two works from Harvard and Columbia, "The Saleslady," by Frances Donovan, recently brought out by the University of Chicago Press, a piece of economic research, but also a fascinating "human interest" story, "The Tree Called John," by John Sales, a recreation of the folklore and folk life of a Mississippi plantation, issued by the University of North Carolina Press, and the volumes in the delightful World's Classics series which keep coming in off and on (who would have believed such a conjunction of words possible?), the public must soon wake up to thinking of university presses as a source of books of general, not only of special, interest. But again that's neither here nor there as far as our biography list is concerned. Once more we gather our titles for a final spurt that should land us at the gates of fiction.

This time we are resolute that we shall tell you nothing more of the following books than their titles and authors: "The Life and Strange and Surprising Adventures of Daniel Defoe" (Macaulay), by Paul Dotlin; "The Incredible Marquis" (and here we must backslide at once, but just far enough to state that this is a life, and a lively one, of Alexander Dumas), by Herbert Gorman (Farrar & Rinehart); "Ibsen: The Master Builder" (Holt), by A. L. Zucker; "Stendhal" (Holt), by Rudolph Kayser; "Life's Ebb and Flow" (Morrow), by the Countess of Warwick; "Casanova" (Day), by S. Guy Endore; "Seven Iron Men" (Harcourt, Brace), by Paul de Kruif; "The Life and Times of Joseph Pennell" (Little, Brown), by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, and "Edward Coke: Oracle of the Law" (Houghton Mifflin), by Hastings Lyon. Edwin F. Dakin's "Mrs. Eddy," a detached and dispassionate study of the founder of Christian Science, is already off the press of Scribners, while one of the same leader, entitled "According to the Flesh," by Fleta Campbell Springer, is still to come from Coward-McCann.

Hooray, huzzah, banzai, whatever expression surcharged emotion can take, we write it here in imagination. Biography is behind us. Well, fiction waits before.

We'll resume it way down South in Dixie with Stark Young's "River House" (Scribners); Maristan Chapman's flavorful story of the Tennessee mountaineers, "Homeplace" (Viking); Percy MacKaye's narrative of the Appalachians, "Weathergoose—Woo!" (Longmans, Green), and William Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury" (Cape-Smith), the chronicle of a run-down Southern family. Before we leave the South, we'll just tuck in for your information the statement that the University of North Carolina Press has published a study, by Rupert B. Vance, of "Human Factors in Cotton Culture." That's a *non sequitur*, we suppose, since we are writing of fiction; but we don't care. You see, we have a little list, and anything we can strike off of it anywhere gets us just so much further on our way. Why we let you into the secrets of the prison house (yes, we're a prisoner of gloom), we don't know, but, at any rate, an honest confession is good for the soul.

There! that gave us a lead. Souls remind us of holy men, and holy men put us in mind of monasteries, and monasteries bring us to the fact that Payson & Clarke have already published one story of monastery life in Gleb Botkin's "The God Who Didn't Laugh" and are to bring out another shortly in Dorothy Glaser's "Brother Anselmo." If we weren't so determined not to make any incidental comments we'd stop to tell you that we read the galley proofs of this last with delighted interest.

Well, where are we now? Far from the madding crowd, nearer perhaps to the uncomplicated life of Oliver La Farge's "Laughing Boy" (Houghton Mifflin), a tale of the American Indians, than to Nat J. Ferber's "New York" (Covici-Friede), or Alexander King's "Laughing Medusa" (is a laughing wave threatening like that "passionate" one that we mentioned before?) a story of the New York of the tenement "studios," to be issued by Cape-Smith, or to "The Chronicles of a Gigolo" (Liveright), by Julian Swift, or to "Broadway Interlude" (Payson & Clarke), by Achmed Abdullah and Faith Baldwin, or to the bitterly painful, but impressive "Mother's Cry," by Helen Grace Carlisle, soon to be brought out by Harpers. There is a book, this last, to brood and moan over.

But why be sad? There's no need to be for there's a new Penrod tale by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Doran), that is yours for the buying, and likewise a volume by Percy Crosby, "Dear Sooky" (Putnams). If you prefer thrills to smiles, choose from the following mystery tales—"Partners in Crime" (Dodd, Mead), by Agatha Christie; "The Pressure-Guage Murder," by F. W. B. von Linsingen (Dutton); "Hide in the Dark" (Doubleday, Doran), by Frances Noyes Hart, or that admirable collection of stories of mystery, horror, and detection, "The Omnibus of Crime" (Payson & Clarke), edited by Dorothy L. Sayers. You would have short stories perchance? Then try "Joining Charles" (Dial), by Elizabeth Bowen, or "Babes in the Wood" (Doubleday, Doran), by Michael Arlen, or "Fables" (Viking), by T. F. Powys,—at least try them when they appear, which is not yet. (This list will be the death of our English if first it is not the death of us.) At any rate, "The New American Caravan" (Macaulay), edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld is to be had, and therein is to be found a variety of writers and moods.

Strange to have gone so far and not to have mentioned one of the most witty and delightful novels we have read since we finished the preceding one by its author. Ellen Glasgow's "They Stooped to Folly" (Doubleday, Doran), is, like "The Romantic Comedians," a comedy of manners, sparkling with epigram, skilful in characterization, revealing in its portrayal of the changing attitude of the world toward woman and sexual morality. It is a book for those who delight in the art with which a story is told as well as in the story itself. So, too, are Hugh Walpole's "Hans Frost" (Doubleday, Doran) and André Gide's "The School for Wives" (Knopf). And now, along with these novels, if only by reason of the prominence of their authors, we must mention Frank Swinnerton's "Sketch of a Sinner" (Doubleday, Doran), Zona Gale's "Borgia" (Appleton), a story a bit tenuous perhaps, but one wherein the author has penetrated with delicacy and precision to the well-springs of action in her characters, and in which the tendency toward the mystical so marked in her recent work has been tempered to a more scientific psychology; Sarah Gertrude Millin's "The Fiddler" (Liveright), a romance of young love and of sin as old as the marriage relationship; G. B. Stern's "Modesta" (Knopf), a tale, surprisingly enough, nothing more or less than "The Taming of the Shrew," masquerading in modern form; John Masefield's "The Hawbucks" (Macmillan), an open-air chronicle in which the English countryside is equally the protagonist with the gay mid-Victorians who hunt and make merry in its midst, and which Masefieldians will want to read if only to confirm themselves in their opinion that poetry, not fiction, is its author's true *métier*; "The Dark Journey" (Harpers), by Julian Green, a sombre story, painful to be sure, but fascinating in its depiction of human baseness; and John Galsworthy's "A Modern Comedy" (Scribners), which consists of our old friends, "The Silver Spoon," "The White Monkey," "Swan Song," and "Two Forsyte Interludes," collected in one volume.

We realize with horror that we are neglecting both the tastes of those who have old favorites and the eagerness of others who would hear of new talent. But let not the faithful of Anne Parrish, Fannie Hurst, Francis Brett Young, Mazo de la Roche, or Henry Williamson be alarmed. We are coming now to their books. "The Methodist Faun" (Harpers) shows Anne Parrish again the keen satirist and accurate observer whose eye is quick for foibles and idiosyncrasies, and whose pen is adept in the details of scene. In "Five and Ten" (Harpers), Fannie Hurst moves among familiar figures of city life, while in "Black Roses" (Harpers) Francis Brett Young, lover of adventure, writes a tale of the wars of yore. (Merciful heavens, into what cadence and language have we slipped! We must reform.) Mazo de la Roche is exactly in her own vein in "White Oaks of Jalna" (Little, Brown), the sequel to her tale of an ingrown Canadian family which is dominated by a remarkable grandmother, and which finds both its strength and its weakness in the closeness of its clan feeling. In "The Beautiful Years" (Dutton) Henry Williamson has turned back the hands of time, or rather his publishers have, for this is the first volume in the series of three of which "The Pathway," the first to be published in America, was the last. In it, young Maddigan is portrayed in childhood and youth with that sympathy, insight, and delicacy of feeling both for things human and for natural life that are so strongly the characteristics of Williamson's works. America has been slow in recognizing his worth, as, indeed, it has been slow in discovering the worth of other authors of whom England has long been vividly aware. Saki, for one, whom the Viking Press within the past two years has presented frequently enough at last to have built up a discriminating and ardent following for him, had died before his name was so much as spoken on these shores. Only recently has it become well enough known to make the announcement of "The Westminster Alice" an event at which many will rejoice. R. B. Cunninghame Graham is another who has long had a far too small, even if ardent, band of admirers in this country. His "Thirty Tales and Sketches" (Viking), which have just appeared, should serve to win new admirers for a man whose peculiar quality is compounded of a brilliance of style, sound scholarship, love of high adventure, and virility of mind and soul.

Inexorable time rolls on; the hours go by, and our tale is still untold. We feel like praphrasing Cowley and instead of "nothing" saying

Something there is to come, and something past,
But an eternal now does always lost.

Something, biography, at least, is past, and full many a category to come, but, alas, this eternal mass of fiction would seem indeed to always last. We must shake free of it by writing off with never so much as a comment by the way the titles of a number of novels, many of them first ventures into the field of fiction which would repay your attention. Here they are: "The Man Within" (Doubleday, Doran), by Graham Greene (and right here, and in the very same breath in which we abjure comment, we find ourselves forced to remark that this is a study of cowardice which has won the most lavish plaudits of the English critics); "I Thought of Daisy" (Scribners), Brown), by Edmund Wilson; "Tomorrow's Voyage" (Washburn), by Leonard Hess; "How Like a God" (Vanguard), by Rex Stout; "Lark's Fate" (Lippincott), by

(Continued on page 279)

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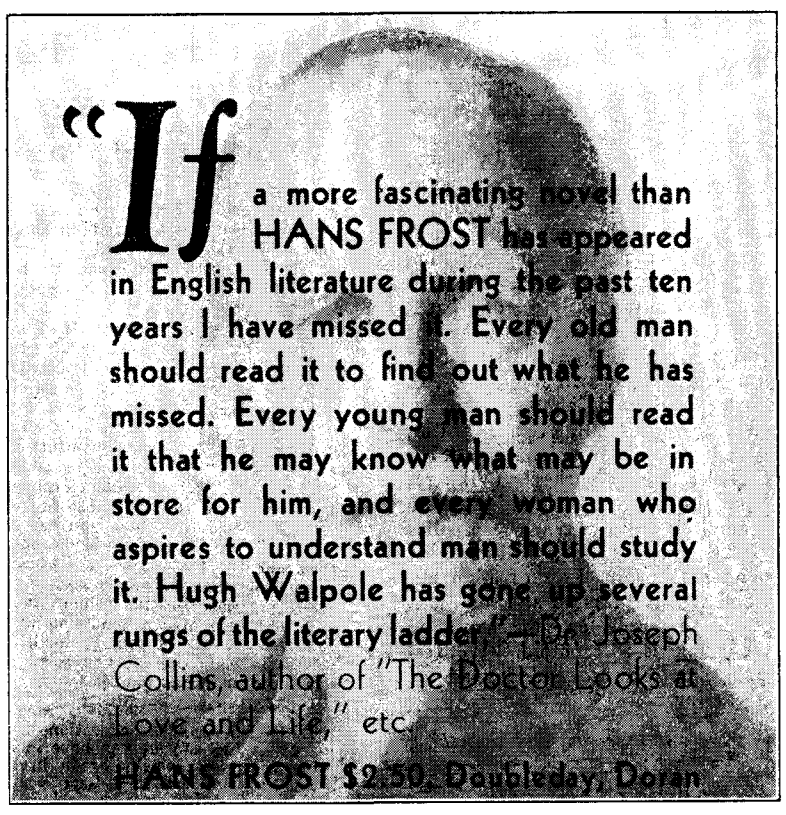
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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

On Board the *Aquitania*

NOW that Land's End has melted into the water, and the ship's clock begins to pick up the hours we dropped over the side last June, it seems a fitting time to count the mercies of four months in London. For a summer that was to have been a masterpiece of inactivity, it was not without incident. I have seen history made: for twelve weeks with one brief interval brilliant sunshine poured down upon an incredulous island. London in especial lifted up her heart to the sun, which even went somewhat to her head—Dean Inge came out for dress-reform for men, something light and jocund with shorts and an open neck, and politicians played with plans for sunbathing in the parks. London knows how to coöperate with weather, spiritually and socially. I have seen an ancient woodcut of the city addressing the returning fugitives from the Great Plague, "Enter not my gates till you have made your peace with my Father in the country." More than in any city ever I knew, London's Heavenly Father keeps a country dress; under the asphalt waits the market-garden she would have been if her ford had not been so good for trade two thousand years ago, and in every square and back-garden it sends up signals of its presence. Londoners meet and respond to weather more than we do in New York; they "intimately live with rain," but let the clouds part on a sudden gleam and every head on every bus lifts to greet it with smiles.

These, however, were beginning to wear a trifle thin when I came away. Sunbaths and sunburn are all very well, but Hugh Walpole came closer to the public mind when toward the end of a tropic September he asked what he was to do after dinner with "five hours before a black grate." The tight little personal fires that do so much to keep Londoners at home in the evening were not once lighted before October. But my Chelsea charwoman says if Mr. Walpole had to pay coal bills on her income he might regard a black grate with a less unfriendly eye.

It is these clear personal fires, whether coal or "radiant gas," that have so far kept central heating at bay, and the Lares for whom they are lighted will protect the city, if they can manage it, from going American and taking to large-scale apartments. But a born New Yorker, who has seen a city of skyscrapers rise from a bed of little buildings like mushrooms through leaf-mould, shivers for the future of the little houses when he sees a Park Lane already like Park Avenue, the Baker Street Tube station covered with a vast apartment house filling all the square, and Portman Square's symmetry broken by a towering marble frontage along one side. Thank heaven, Chelsea is still too poor to make such living-quarters pay; the little fires will burn there long enough to last my time at least.

I have seen King George riding home from his convalescence through miles of clapping hands and the clamor of affection. The sound of many voices speaking well of the King to one another rose in waves around the passing carriage, a curious mingling of tenderness, proprietary interest, and a gratitude not unmixed with foreboding. I have seen old Kings brought back to life in the Pageant of Ashdown Forest, the old Wood of Anderida when Cæsar came over. Near its ancient village Forest Station, in the grounds of one of its manor houses, men and women of the Forest country acted scenes from its long life, many of them representing their own ancestors, Saxon, Norman, Tudor, Jacobean, Georgian. The Forest Spirit spoke V. Sackville-West's prologue and as she spoke a thousand figures out of history came silently out of the shadows of the trees. Of the scenes the most picturesque was the meeting of Henry VII with Anne Boleyn; in this Lord Howard De Walden, the only peer in England who keeps up the ancient sport of hawking, wore the dress of the De Walden of Henry's court and flew his falcons for the king. Of this event I was in a sense an official observer, for a client of the *Guide* has been thinking of reviving falconry in Porto Rico. To this client or other inquirers I can say that if birds must be hunted at all this seems to me the only fair and honorable fashion in which to hunt them. It is also the most picturesque, especially if the falconer be a hunchback incredibly agile, who brings the stand of strange heraldic birds, motionless in their plumed hoods, and places them one by one on an outstretched wrist. From this, the hood lifted, the bird wheels off in fierce, swift circles, unheeding the crowd, strikes, lift its wings, and sends out its harsh scream till the hood slipped over its deadly eyes sends it back into moveless silence. I do not wonder hawking was so popular in the Middle Ages; the sight of barbaric birds lending themselves to a delicate and exquisite ritual must have suited an age delighting in violent contrasts. I do not know how falconry would go as a revival in Ponce, but as a survival in Ashdown Forest it is grand.

The last figure to appear was a little boy who came sauntering across the field, munching an apple: it was Christopher Robin himself, the veritable Pooh under one arm and Eeyore under the other. Pooh surveyed the scene with the same slightly puzzled kindness with which, from my lap last year, he watched Christopher Robin box with A. A. Milne: Eeyore is no more dejected than he was then, and C. R.'s appearance is unaltered save for stouter legs and a sturdier chest. Everyone cried out "There he is!" as they had cried out for Queen Elizabeth; in his own lifetime, in his own childhood, he has become a legend. For ancient Anderida is the wood into which Mr. Shepard's dancing figure disappears in the last page of "The House at Pooh Corner," and the house itself occupies one of its hollow trees not far from where we were sitting.

Readers have asked if I did go to Vienna, as I had hoped. Yes, as an unofficial delegate to the P. E. N. convention. Unofficial delegates differ from official in that their names are printed on the program under a line, like a French feuilleton: like this, too, they enjoy a certain lightness and irresponsibility. I could attend the meetings and see Dr. Canby dealing with three languages at once, and know that I would not have to say anything. I could leave them to their voting and spend the day at the Wiener Werkstaette, buying all the curtains for my new flat. I could devote my attention to Viennese cookery and coffee, at the banquets, and not have to make a speech afterward. I was as silent as the Italian representative, who, I was assured, could not so much as peep because the Duce does not approve of Vienna. How anyone can disapprove of this heavenly city, Socialist or not, passes me; why has no one told me about Vienna before? I am sick at the thought of the years I have not been there. Of course they did tell me, and I did not believe it, and no one will believe me. The London branch of the P. E. N. did not believe H. W. Nevinson when he told them how Vienna entertained us. They thought he must have dreamed the Burgomeister's party, which began with a reception, a symphony orchestra, and a seven-course supper, continued with a cabaret of Royal opera stars, began all over again with a new band playing Strauss waltzes for dancing, and faded into broad day with continuous wiener-wurstl and cognac. Perhaps even the repute of the *Guide* for crystalline truth-telling will not carry the statement that not one in all the companny was the worse for wear at 5.30 A. M., when I left, but this is true.

I have walked well across England on the Roman Wall; this was in some respects the high spot of the summer. I have been so charmed with the railway ride from King's Cross to Edinburgh that I actually took it twice over, and let me tell you that there is no way of "seeing England" more sweetly in a short time than by taking the Flying Scotsman to the North and back again. It tells off cathedrals like beads on a rosary: go one way straight through for the sake of the scenery and the comfort, and stop off as often as you wish on the way back, though you will have to take a train with another name coming home, the pride of the Flying Scotsman being that it is the longest non-stop run in the world. I have heard Chesterton, Goossens, Sturge Moore, and Eric Gill discuss "What is style?" on which occasion Mr. Gill showed us that a sentence may end in a preposition and yet achieve a wild beauty all its own. A nurse in hospital, not quite approving of the book from which a patient had told her to read asked "I wonder what you chose this book to be read to out of for?" Most of the papers next day deranged the exquisite order

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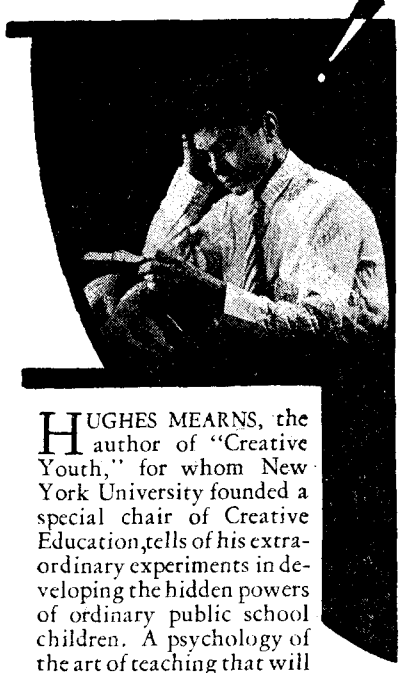

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The Reader's Guide

of this sentence in quotation, but I have it right, for Mr. Gill wrote it down for me at Appenrodt's afterwards. I have, as you know, taken part in the famous bean-feast at Malvern, the performance for the critics of Shaw's "Apple Cart," and attended the Canterbury Festival of ancient plays in the Chapter House, new music in the nave, and serenades of strings at sunset in the cloisters; Americans planning an English August should bear both these festivals in mind. I have seen the same choir of critics turn out for the opening of the season of the Children's Theatre on Endell Street, where grown-ups put on for children every afternoon at 5.45 the best entertainment anywhere offered to children, acted-songs like a British Chauve Souris, pantomimes, and plays such as children themselves make wherever attics still furnish theatre-room. One of these plays was by the fourteen-year-old daughter of the beloved actress, Sybil Thorndyke, and that was one reason why the critics all came, but as it came first on the program that does not explain why to a man they stayed till the last moment of the last number.

It is so comfortable in Chelsea that I might have been taken unawares by my sailing date had not the flower venders begun to show all along King's Road the autumnal blossoms they call Michaelmas daisies. I had never been late enough in London to see them—and now I knew them for the wild purple asters that color the hills of Vermont as heather stains the sides of Scotch mountains or the slopes of the Wicklow Hills. Purple asters mean that at home there is leaf-smoke in the air: I must not miss that rendezvous, I thought, and just then I read that there was a new Penrod book out and I not there to grab it, so I took ship directly.

Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page 277*)

John Owen, a book which we should suggest along "Nicky, Son of Egg" (Knopf), by Gerald Bullett, as likely to meet the taste of those who like the annals of narrow lives which yet can harbor within their restricted scope love and hope, pain and suffering, and resignation that lift them into distinction; "Uncertain Trumpet" (Little, Brown), wherein, we understand, Mr. A. S. Hutchinson has gone religious; "Fugitive's Return" (Stokes), by Susan Glaspell; "Hunky" (Coward-McCann), by Thames Williamson, a Book-of-the-Month selection; "The Waking Bird" (Day), by Barbara Goolden; "Blow the Man Down" (Dial), by Thomas W. Broadhurst; "The Wings of the Eagle" (Little, Brown), by Gilbert Seldes; "All Things Are Possible" (Macmillan), by Lewis Browne; "A Gallery of Women" (Liveright), by Theodore Dreiser; "The Miracle of Peille," by J. L. Campbell (Dutton), "Galaxy" (Appleton), by Eusan Ertz, a novel which swings from mid-Victorian days to the present. We pause for breath.

Now that we have recovered it we can't go on without indulging in a special word in regard to "Seven Women" (Sears), by William M. John, a tale which plays in the space of a single afternoon, and in which life struggles to come into the world and struggles in going out of the world while the gossip of a Ladies' Aid Society and the blustering wind furnish a steady accompaniment to pain and mental suffering; or without taking time to mention Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's "Swift as Any Dream" (Harpers), in which past and present, reality and fancy, meet and blend, and are transfused into a coherent whole by the strong current of feeling which carries them on. Oh, yes, and we must tell the fantasy lovers that there is a group of books for their special delectation, including Helen Beauclerk's "The Love of the Foolish Angel" (Cosmopolitan), Rebecca West's "Harriet Hume" (Bobbs-Merrill), James Branch Cabell's "Ecben" (McBride)—this last not yet published,—Robert Nathan's witty and polished satire, "There Is Another Heaven" (Bobbs-Merrill), and Hermann Hesse's "Steppenwolf" (Holt).

Hermann Hesse brings us to the translations of foreign novels, of which there is a notable group, including Sudermann's "The Wife of Steffen Trumbolt" (Liveright); "The Maurizius Case" (Liveright), by Jacob Wassermann; André Maurois's "The Atmosphere of Love" (Appleton) and Rahel Sanzara's "The Lost Child" (Longmans, Green), one of the most painful books it has ever been our fortune to read, though indisputably a powerful one, and Colette's "Chéri."

And now, at last what almost we had despaired of realizing we have accomplished: we are through with fiction. We pass on to our next categories. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! How these books make night hideous. (It is night again, and only its span separates us from the imperious presses.)

And now truly horror has seized us. For we are convinced that we have far exceeded the space at our disposal. Henceforth you get lists, bald as the following enumeration of new books of interest to the historically minded: "A History of Italy" (Oxford University Press), by Benedetto Croce; "July '14" (Putnam), by Emil Ludwig (novelist and historian in the same season. But we are incorrigible, we should not have taken space to interject that); "The Devil and Cotton Mather" (Liveright), by Katherine Anne Porter (Liveright), and "The Tragic Era" (Houghton Mifflin), by Claude Bowers. Or free—the lists, we mean, will be free—of all side-remarks as the following array of titles in the field of international affairs: "The Imperial Dollar" (Brentanos), by Hiram Motherwell; "Humanity Uprooted" (Cape-Smith), by Maurice Hindus, an extremely interesting study of Bolshevist Russia (count that statement unsaid); "America Set Free" (Harpers), by Hermann Keyserling (we ought to be permitted to say that it is not yet published); "Imperialism and World Economy" (International), by Nikolai Bukharin; "Social Forces in German History" (International), by Franz Mehring, and "The Nationalist Program for China" (Yale University Press), by Chao-Chu.

We're so emboldened by the strides we've made in the last two paragraphs that perhaps we'll relax a little in this that is to follow. It's a miscellaneous group of books which we are about to mention, which means, of course, that it's a group which ought to contain something for every taste. If you like reading of the old days you'll no doubt enjoy Lyle Saxon's "Old Louisiana" (Century), Garnett Laidlaw Eskew's "Pageant of the Packets" (Holt), and Agnes Laut's "The Romance of the Rails" (McBride). If your inclination is for social history, then you may prefer "Marriage" (Cape-Smith), by F. Westermarck, not a condensation of his famous study, but an

(*Continued on next page.*)

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Books of the Fall

(Continued from preceding page)

entirely new one-volume work; "The Science of Living" (Greenberg), by Alfred Adler; "Are We Civilized?" (Harcourt, Brace), by Robert H. Lowie, an exceedingly interesting study in comparative sociology; "The Ugly Civilization" (Simon & Schuster), by Ralph Borsodi, needless to say, a survey of the present mechanized age; "Man and His World" (Van Nostrand), edited by Baker Brownell, a series of books covering a wide range, and "The Story of Money" (Stokes), by Norman B. Angell. And if you choose none of these then perhaps you'll want "The Layman Looks at Doctors" (Harcourt, Brace), by S. W. and J. T. Pierce, a book charged with dynamite; "The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes" (Vanguard), arranged by Alfred Lief; "The Last Stand of the Pack" (Sears), by Arthur H. Carhart; "Animals Looking at You" (Viking), by Paul Eipping, or "The Great Apes" (Yale University Press), by A. W. and R. B. Yerkes, a scientific study, but one profoundly interesting to the lay reader. If you are philosophically minded you ought to find much to interest you in a group which comprises C. Judson Herrick's "The Thinking Machine"; Frederick J. E. Woodbridge's "The Son of Apollo" (Houghton Mifflin), a study of Plato; John Dewey's "The Quest for Certainty" (Minton, Balch), and Walter B. Pitkin's "The Search for Happiness" (Simon & Schuster). If it is religion that principally interests you, here are Arthur Ryder's translation of the "Bhagavad-Gita" (University of Chicago Press), J. Middleton Murry's "God" (Harpers), and H. L. Mencken's "Treatise on the Gods" (Knopf), the last two not yet out, though we note them. And again, if your taste lies in the direction of science you will find something to meet it in Sir James H. Jeans's "The Universe around Us" (Macmillan), a fascinating astronomical study, or Alfred M. Whitehead's "Process and Reality" (Macmillan).

And now, having traversed both the heavens and earth, we are back at the lighter books once more. There are a number of interesting new volumes of verse, among which may be mentioned "Hell in Harness" (Doubleday, Doran), by Joseph Auslander, the chronicle of an East Side boy who met death in the electric chair; "The Trophies with Other Sonnets" (Day), by Jose Maria de Heredia, translated by John Hervey and John Myers O'Hara, and the first complete rendering into English; "Dear Judas" (Liveright), by Robinson Jeffers; "Firehead" (Payson & Clarke), by Lola Ridge, to judge from the small portion we have read of it in manuscript a long narrative poem of the highest distinction; "Twentieth Century Love Poems" (Willett, Clark & Colby), compiled by Caroline Mills Hill, and "Pansies" (Knopf), by D. H. Lawrence.

From poetry we pass to *belles lettres*, there to enumerate "The Iron Man and the Tin Woman" (Dodd, Mead), by Stephen Leacock; "Men and Morals" (Doubleday, Doran), by Woodbridge Riley; "Do What You Will" (Doubleday, Doran), by Aldous Huxley); "The New Word" (Harvard University Press), by Charles H. Grandgent, "Adventurous America" (Scribners), by Edwin Mims; "The Meaning of Culture" (Norton), by John Cowper Powys; "Books as Windows" (Stokes), by our own May Lamberton Becker; "Our Business Civilization" (Boni), by James Truslow Adams, and William Bolitho's "Twelve against the Gods" (Simon & Schuster), a chronicle of the world's great adventurers of which we give you a sample in the essay on Woodrow Wilson in this very issue of the *Saturday Review*. We have virtuously made no comment on any of these foregoing volumes, knowing that the essence of essays is discursiveness, and that there is nothing which we can less afford than any excursions into it.

And now, at last, like some bebogged wanderer, who, having struggled painfully through the morass, finds himself finally reaching the longed-for safety of the solid ground, we approach our final category, Travel. A brief one it is. Here are its titles: "Circling Africa" (Marshall Jones), by Isabel Anderson; "Europe in Zigzags" (Lippincott), by Sisley Hudleston; "Under Persian Skies" (Macrae-Smith), by Hermann Norden; "Idols behind Altars" (Payson & Clarke), by Anita Brenner, "Ends of the Earth" (Putnam), by Roy Chapman Andrews, "Isles of Romance," by Herschel Manuel (Century), and "From Sandy Hook to 62°" (Century), by Charles Edward Russell.

Five thousand books and over the season boasts. Oh, woe, if by Christmas, when next we must assess them, there should be more added! But, no, we refuse to believe it possible.

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FOR may years it has been understood that the "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard" was one of the books rather beyond the means of simple collectors—like the other equally well-known titles in English literature, its popularity has served always to increase its value. Mr. Francis Griffin Stokes, sometime Postmaster of Merton College, in the present work has printed the text of the first quarto issue of 1751, together with the variants shown by the three manuscripts extant in Gray's handwriting (those possessed by Eton College, Pembroke College, Cambridge, and the British Museum), and by all—or "very nearly all"—the printed editions, pirated as well as authorized, that appeared between 1751 and 1771, the year of Gray's death. To this he has prefixed an introduction dealing with the date of writing of the poem, and with the circumstances leading to its publication, and a full bibliography that includes the manuscripts and the printed editions of various kinds up to 1771.

The whole book is an excellent piece of work, and the bibliographical section, which is, perhaps, the most interesting part, shows the care and thoroughness so characteristic of the best English books of this kind. "Two rough wood-blocks, depicting funereal emblems in white on a black ground, are placed the one at the head of the title-page, and the other above the imprint." (Mr. Stokes is describing the title-page of the first Quarto, as he calls it.) "The wood-blocks are in the form of bands about five inches long and one-third inch wide, bevelled at the ends like the upper and lower portions of a picture-frame. . . . The heading, on page 5, is 'An/Elegy, &c.' It is preceded by a woodcut similar to, but not identical with, the first band on the title-page. This heading is reproduced in all the Quartos, but the band is varied in certain editions." The collations are unusually detailed and accurate, and in every instance the location of at least one copy of the particular issue described is mentioned. Although Professor C. S. Northup's "Bibliography of Thomas Gray" has ever since its appearance been recognized as the standard work on the subject, the present volume supplies an admirable supplement by giving, within its stated limits, a much more complete description of the various early editions of the "Elegy" than its predecessor attempts. Mr. Stokes has every reason to be proud of his present achievement.

G. M. T.

THE death, in the latter part of June, of Alexander Smith Cochran served to bring out the fact that, although the newspapers (and the public they represent) seemed to think he had, at some time, given enormously valuable books to Yale University, they had apparently overlooked, or forgotten, the exact form of the gift. It will always be Mr. Cochran's greatest distinction among collectors that, taking his books as a foundation, he built around them the idea of a club primarily for undergraduates, where, in surroundings he himself had never found during his own university life, these volumes might be seen and touched by a class of persons to whom similar collections in public libraries would never, except under conditions of the utmost discomfort and dissatisfaction, be made available. That at least three of his books are the only copies known, that his Elizabethan masques as a whole could never be replaced, or that his Shakespeare Quartos represent the finest small collection of their kind in existence, is, in the end, of less importance than his conception of the Elizabethan Club itself; it is unfortunately true that no one yet seems to have been inspired by association to attempt any collecting of especial interest, but at least the inspiration is there, to be taken advantage of by any one susceptible to such influence. And in a time when it is practically impossible, either because of physical distance or because of personal insignificance, to attain access to the great public and private libraries, it is rather remarkable to have constantly under the eyes of presumably intelligent undergraduates books that the most distinguished collectors would everlastingly cherish. As a gift and as a memorial the Elizabethan Club will continue to be perfect, the unique expression of one man's intellectual generosity.

G. M. T.

RETURNING travellers repeat in varying ways the same lament. "There *are* no books in England," they say sadly, exactly as if they had, somehow, expected in English bookshops to come upon all the nice things that apparently have disappeared from the possession of dealers in this country. "It is far easier and better, in spite of the fact that the majority of books one wants are invariably sold, to order from catalogues—every dealer knows his stock and its value much too well ever to have bargains hidden away in dark corners. Bargains almost never exist. Stay where you are, and read catalogues; read nothing else, if necessary, and in the end you will get infinitely more out of it than if you had exhausted yourself, and your money, in endless searching." It is at least consoling to such readers to realize that their efforts are not in vain; that if they are interested in certain writers whose names are, so far as they can discover, entirely unknown to the compilers of book-lists, they are not necessarily losing chances to find what they want because of their inability to make personal visitations to all the English and American book-stores. In all probability, the books they are looking for are only to be found now resting quietly in the libraries of conservative persons still unaware of the fact that several rather enjoyable things are worth more than the original published—and forgotten—price; eventually, one may be sure, something will happen, and a representative of a rebellious generation will sell the family collection in parcels to the nearest dealer who will instantly include these purchases in his next catalogue. And in this manner will be kept alive the excitement of catalogue-reading for stay-at-homes in America.

"Surely there must be somewhere any number of copies of the Victorian novels" (or whatever it is that happens to seem desirable at the moment) "in decent condition," anxious persons may say. "My grandfather at fifteen had 'Don Juan' and most of 'Cain' by heart, and my grandmother always read everything as it appeared—of course, they had no money for anything but food and clothes and the children's education, but that can't have been the case with everyone." No, undoubtedly it was not—it is merely that with the growth of rummage sales which reached the height of their popularity in the early nineteen hundreds, and of the admirable practice of passing on to the Salvation Army Rogers Groups, marble-topped tables, and everything else that was thought to be in the way, American families have tried consistently to make their household property conform as nearly as possible to the standards of the moment. No one ever supposed that books would have a value equal to that of grandfather clocks or inlaid Sheraton drum tables, and naturally, unless there happened to be some especial association with a book, some possibly sentimental reason for keeping it, it was handed over, at some time when space was needed for the works of newer writers, to housemaids with literary inclinations, or to the town public library, where at once it became a prey to labels. Bookcases with glass doors have preserved beautifully for posterity any number of useless volumes that might well have been sacrificed in place of "Ayala's Angel" and "It's Never too Late to Mend." Perhaps a millennium, equivalent to the present insistence upon guaranteed first editions of new books, will produce a large supply of older ones in their original wrappers and cloth—it seems unlikely, but it may

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take place, along with the discovery of several perfect copies of the 1603 "Hamlet."

It must be delightful to feel optimistic about anything that has to do with book-collecting, to feel that the antics of mountains and little hills observed by the Psalmist in connection with the appearance of Jehovah are being repeated because of the continual rise in auction sale price, and the growing number of persons who consider themselves collectors. "Just joy . . . Gladness that we are alive, that we have things to do that we like, and praising the Lord. It is just letting out what our hearts are full of"—Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, through the medium of perhaps the most objectionable little girl in early twentieth-century fiction, presents in this manner the ideal attitude to be adopted by all truly worth-while writers on the subject. Nothing could be pleasanter to consider, or more completely lacking in justification. It is a great thing to be capable of detachment, to be able to give thanks daily for the progress of bibliography and the perpetually enlarging class of valuable books, but how it is possible, under the circumstances, without straining the imagination, no one knows. It is quite true that most situations can always be wriggled through no matter how forbidding their appearance may be, and no doubt the time will come when the present ills will in retrospect assume the same joyous look that the conditions of the eighteen-nineties bear now. Optimism is notoriously blind to the fact that the future is, in all likelihood, going to be far worse than the present—certainly, in book-collecting it is so, and so it will remain unless, by some intervention of Providence, the greater part of the national collecting energy is transferred into other, less crowded fields. There are, in other words, comparatively few desirable books to be had at present, and the number shows every sign of diminishing—nothing in particular can be done about it, and there, obviously, the matter ends.

G. M. T.

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It has recently been announced that the American Art Association and the Anderson Galleries, the two most widely-known auction sales organizations in this country, have been merged under the somewhat clumsy title of "American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc." During the past summer, the galleries of the American Art Association have been greatly altered—additional exhibition galleries, and a special auditorium for book and etching sales have been added. The building at Park Avenue and 59th Street, used by the Anderson Galleries since 1917, is to be vacated, and all the various exhibitions and sales of the combined organizations will be held at the present American Art building (Madison Avenue, 56th to 57th Street).

The American Art Association, begun by the late James F. Sutton and the late Thomas E. Kirby in 1883, remained at 23rd Street and Fifth Avenue until 1922, when it was moved to the present galleries at 57th Street. The Anderson Galleries were founded by John Anderson, Jr., in 1900; three years later he bought the auction business of Bangs & Company, which had been in existence since 1837, and in 1915 the Anderson Galleries, Inc., were organized. In June, 1923, Mr. Cortlandt F. Bishop acquired the American Art, and in October, 1927, the Anderson Galleries. For the lovers of statistics it may be added that the total sum realized by the auction sales of both galleries up to the present amounts to over one hundred and thirty million dollars.

G. M. T.

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Once more *The Inner Sanctum* has forsaken the bucolic beatitudes and gone on a first night rampage, by sojourn —to The Last Seacoast of Bohemia for *The Star of Bengal*, and to the Vanderbilt Theatre for *See Naples and Die*.

The reason for this fiesta is the celebration of Thursday, October 3rd, the busiest day in five years of *Inner Sanctum* publishing, with four new books coming out in as many hours:

The Drift of Civilization [a symposium]
Hollywood Girl, by J. P. MCEVOY
Peter the Great, by STEPHEN GRAHAM
Murder In the Gilded Cage
by SAMUEL SPEWACK

The contributors to *The Drift of Civilization* have been characterized by *The New York Times* as "a roster of a World's Academy of intellect and action." They discuss the future of man, the future of science, and the future of America. Their names follow:

H. E. HOWE
H. G. WELLS
HENRY FORD
MAXIM GORKY
HANS DRIESCH
PAUL DE KRUIF
REV. DEAN INGE
MICHAEL PUPIN
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GUGLIELMO FERRERO
MORRIS FISHBEIN, M. D.
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Believe it or not, the price of *The Drift of Civilization* is only $3.00, and it is the only scholarly survey of the destiny of mankind that is enlivened with an AL JOLSON story [see page 231 in STEPHEN LEACOCK's *Chapter on The Future of Humor*].

Hollywood Girl is funnier than *Show Girl*, thus reaching a new high in mirth, and adding sound and effects to DIXIE DUGAN's adventures with sun-kist scanties . . . directors who have more Yeth-men than Paul Whiteman has chins . . . reporters who work up from ghosting on a tabloid to writing dialogue for Rin-Tin-Tin . . . colossal producers with rat-trap minds, Frigidaire hearts, and nerves like E-strings. . . .

STEPHEN GRAHAM, author of *Peter the Great*, has crossed the Caucasus on foot four times, and has ranged from Archangel to Moscow, and all over Siberia, penetrating, as few non-Russians have ever done, into the soul of that inscrutable land.

More cruel than IVAN THE TERRIBLE, throned amid a sea of blood, the gigantic barbarian known as *Peter the Great* was the real Westernizer of Russia. . . . He ruled in an atmosphere of terror, and was attended by fantastic bacchanalia. His orgies and tortures are a hundred crimson streaks on the pages of his life. One of his last acts was to present his wife with a nicely preserved head of her lover.

As for *Murder In the Gilded Cage* it is the first of *The Inner Sanctum* keyed mysteries, and the best detective story that has been encountered since the Rothstein case.

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DOUBLEDAY-DORAN

AT last we are upon the track of *O'Reilley!* We are practically positive that he is riding mail-cars. And, just because we fired him some time ago, he is indulging in sabotage. . . . This is what makes us think so. We have recently received from *C. L. Brooke*, Esq., of the Division of Agricultural Biochemistry, University Farm, St. Paul, Minnesota, an envelope containing (1) Exhibit A., being a copy of *The Saturday Review*, violently gnawed and rodently eroded along the right-hand edge, (2) Exhibit B., being a copy of the *New York Times Book Review* in tip-top shape and as prosperous looking as the caricature of *Mr. Gorman's* Dumas which fairly bursts with health out of the front page spread. . . . Now, as a matter of fact, the *Saturday Review* goes out to subscribers in an envelope, the *Times Book Review* in a wrapper. There is even less chance of *The Saturday Review* having its edges scuffed than of the same thing happening to the *Times*. . . . But we know it is that Irish mouse who is making all the trouble. He probably sneaks out in the dark, takes as many *Saturday Reviews* out of their wrappers as he can, gnaws them rapidly along their edges, replaces them in the envelopes, and then sits and holds his shaking sides in wicked glee, picturing the wrath of old subscribers. . . . If you find any of your *Saturday Reviews* from here out gnawed or perhaps we should say gnawn, send in this additional evidence against O'Reilley. . . . And if O'Reilley ever says we sent him to the Geneva conference to do any lobbying for a larger cheese appropriation,—it is an utter falsehood! . . . At last New York Playgoers are to get a chance to see *Sean O'Casey's* play "The Silver Tassie," which opens at the Greenwich Village Theatre on October 21st. The newly organized Irish Theatre is undertaking the production. We are all for it and them. This theatre movement will inject a new and utterly delightful element into New York's winter season; and the Greenwich Village Theatre is very easy to get to with ample accomodation. We have faith in what the Irish group that will occupy it are going to furnish their public in the way of plays. . . . Our own *May Lamberton Becker* has put forth a new volume through Stokes, entitled "Books as Windows." It does for any age what her "Adventures in Reading" did for the teens and the twenties. She quotes, by the way, in one chapter on Ireland, *St. John Ervine's* remark that O'Casey's "The Silver Tassie," of which we were just speaking, is "raw stuff but living stuff, passionately sincere." . . . . Practical evidence of the way in which the buying public regards the last book of poems of the late *Elinor Wylie* resides in the fact that merely to June thirtieth last her "Angels and Earthly Creatures" sold over six thousand copies, nearly two hundred of which were of the special ten dollar edition,—one instance where an extremely rare work of art has also secured for itself an unusually large audience. . . . Writes *S. G. Morley*, from Berkeley, California:

> Thank you for your column on Herbert Trench. Years ago you quoted the first stanza of "I heard a soldier sing some trifle." I remembered the lines with delight and tried in vain to recall the author's name. Now I have his "Lyrics and Narrative Poems," and find a treasure. What rhythm! What tact in setting a pause in the only right spot. What true lyric élan! Maybe Trench is only a minor poet, but —are there many more such pockets of gold?

William Nicholson, the famous English artist, is illustrating the new gift edition of "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," which will be published in November by Coward-McCann. It will be printed from new plates on paper made especially for the edition and imported from England. . . . *Nathalia Crane*, at sixteen and in her third year of high school at the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, is bringing out her sixth book and second novel through the same firm. It is called "An Alien from Heaven." She states that "nearly all the characters in the book are drawn from life-members of my own family or friends." . . . . *Helen M. Winslow*, editor and publisher of *The Annual Register of Women's Clubs* says our recent remarks quoting from a letter concerning a ship's bar, calls to mind "a story an old teacher in Boston used to tell about a youth who sat under her teaching for several years."

Like most people he grew up, and she married and went away. Years after, she was invited to a reunion of the school. There was after-dinner speaking of course, and as guest of honor she told about her work for the school and how she tried to awaken ambition in her boys, several of whom had achieved something somewhere, and how proud she was of it.

After the exercises were over a plump, debonair man approached her and held out his hand. "I am George Smith," he said, "and am proud to say I am one of your boys who has made a name for himself. I feel that I owe it all to your example and good instruction. Yes; I am, owing to you, a success."

Delighted. she shook hands and asked him what line of work he was in.

"Mrs. C.," he said, "I am a bartender. I am called the best mixer of fancy drinks anywhere around Boston."

Of course, this was before Prohibition, Volsteads, and censorship!

We wish to thank *Clinton Scollard* for sending us his poem written as a tribute to the late *Bliss Carman*. It originally appeared on September 14th in the *Boston Transcript*. *Robinson Jeffers*, the distinguished American poet, has been lately in Ireland, to be specific at Dromore Cottage, Knocknacarry, County Antrim, North Ireland. The cottage, he says, is of whitewashed stone, belongs to a priest, and was wrecked in the last uprising. This is the first time in a number of years that Jeffers has been away from his home in Carmel, California, and we understand that he has done no writing in Ireland. . . . Eight years ago, Minton, Balch informs us, *Allen Tate* went to his friend *Raymond Holden* and announced, "I've decided, after all, to do a biography of Lincoln." "Not so fast," said Holden. "We stick to the original plan; I do the Lincoln —after all, I'm a Northerner; you're the Southerner—you do Jefferson Davis." And now both books, "Jefferson Davis: His Rise and Fall," by Allen Tate, and "Abraham Lincoln; the Politician and the Man," by Raymond Holden, are published in a series of Biographies of Unusual Americans by Minton, Balch. Mr. Tate's former biography is also in this series, "Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier." . . . . A new novel by *John Dos Passos* will be published in the spring of 1930. It will be called "The Forty-Second Parallel," which has nothing to do with Forty-second Street and Broadway but refers to the path of the storms and blizzards which take their freezing way east from Medicine Hat. Dos has been in Chicago, which he has declared to be a "swell summer resort.". . .

And now, lo and behold, toward the end of our stint we turn up a letter from the *Clinton L. Brooke*, concerning whose inclosures we started this column. Heavens! How did it get divorced from the magazines in the wrappers! It seem that we have been *entirely* wrong in analyzing Mr. Brooke's intention in sending the two reviews to us. It seems he buys the two papers every week, and frequently leaves them lying about in the laboratory. And his building is pestered with mice, though the building is new. Some time last week he left the two papers on one of the laboratory desks. The next morning, when he walked in, he found that the mice had made a meal off *The Saturday Review* and had not even nibbled at the *Times Book Review*, nor had they molested a pile of University catalogs. Mr. Brooke thinks that this must signify something or other. "I should like to suggest," he says, "the institution of some feeding experiments, including some of our other leading magazines. Wonder what they would do to the *Mercury?* . . . .

Well, we apologize to Mr. Brooke, and we most certainly shall have to take back everything we said about O'Reilley. Far from becoming a Bolshevist, he seems to have gone in for biochemistry and to have built up a fine mouse-claque incidentally, for the *Saturday Review*. Sabotage indeed! By a forceful, concrete example he has proved up to the hilt what literary fare mouses like. Yessir, that's my mousie! It opens up a new circulation field, and an intensive campaign aimed entirely at the large mouse population of these States will be sure to result—well, in something. We're going in and talk to the Advertising Manager about it right now.

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